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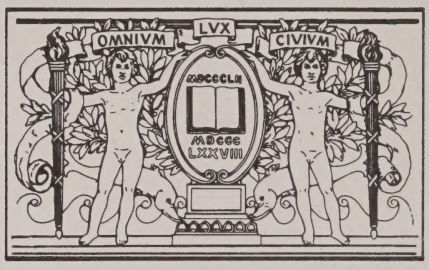

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXII.

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No. CL.

JANUARY, 1851.

ART. 1.—*Remarks of the* HON. DANIEL WEBSTER, *in the Senate of the United States, on the Resolution offered by the Hon. Mr. Downs, of Louisiana, relative to the Funeral of* GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States. New York Herald, July 11th, 1850.

THIS brief, temperate, and apparently well-pondered eulogy, pronounced in the Senate of the United States by the great orator and statesman of Massachusetts, upon the character of General Taylor, late President of the United States, between the death-bed and the grave, must have accorded with the solemn feeling then prevailing, not only in that body and throughout the capitol, but also throughout the nation. At that time, though hardly a day had elapsed since the illustrious deceased had closed his life, much of that nation had become aware of the event, and was reflecting deeply upon its consequences. The body politic, by the extraordinary application of scientific improvements to the diffusion of intelligence, had then a quickness of perception, a power of rapid communication, that likened it somewhat to the body human. Through the wonder-workings of this power, the whole country, even before the remains of the dead were entombed at Washington, throbbed almost simultaneously with the same pulsations of regret and sympathy. It was as if the heart had sent forth a strong impulse, which pervaded, with electric celerity, the whole body. It was a fitting time to exert, in such a manner, such a power. It was probably

the first time it had been exerted to such a marvellous extent.

The occasion which called forth these remarks from the eminent Senator, was one that was likely to give them unusual fervor as well as solemnity. Those who preceded him had felt such to be its influence, and had spoken with corresponding emotion. The Massachusetts statesman seemed to deem it a time for words of truth and soberness alone. His heart seemed to be held back from his tongue, and his strong intellect gave out its biddings with all the calmness and dignity of ordinary times. He may have thought that such a semblance of moderation was in keeping with the gravity of his character, if not also with the gravity of the subject; and probably he judged rightly. It was certainly a grateful change, to leave the embossments and gilt of some of the eulogies heard at that time in other quarters,* and turn to the severe simplicity of the address now under consideration. Probably this very simplicity all the more strongly invited attention, and awakened a deep train of reflections, which another manner might have left dormant. We therefore conclude, that the impression made by Mr. Webster on his auditory, (which embraced not only the Senate, but a large concourse of other hearers,) was eminently congruous and effective.

We shall be likely, in the course of this article, to allude particularly to those influences of a military character which are stated in this address to the Senate as having led to the elevation of General Taylor to the high place, from which he had so recently been wrested by the hand of death. We shall also feel strongly moved to bring into relief several other passages, which so sententiously and expressively present the marked characteristics of General Taylor to view. At this stage, we shall make only a quotation or two, which are so eloquent in his praise, that we feel they cannot meet the eye of our readers without warming their minds into respect, if not admiration, for the departed, and thus make

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* We may well except from this animadversion the few remarks made by Mr. Conrad, of the House of Representatives. Speaking in behalf of Louisiana, the State in which the illustrious dead claimed his citizenship, his remarks were touching and appropriate, and sketched out the characteristics of General Taylor with boldness and truth.

them the more willing to accompany us onward through our labor of justice and of kindness. The words of the eulogist, in the midst of his remarks, flowed into the following just and encomiastic tribute: — "I Suppose, Sir, that no case ever happened in the very best days of the Roman Republic, where any man found himself clothed with the highest authority in the State under circumstances more repelling all suspicion of pursuing any crooked path of politics, or all suspicion of having been actuated by sinister views or purposes, than in the case of the worthy, and eminent, and good man, whose death we now deplore." We can hardly present to our minds a measure of encomium more abundant, pressed down, and running over, than was presented to the minds of those who listened to this sentence. To deserve such praise in our country, and under such circumstances, is, certainly, glory enough; and well might the distinguished orator add, under his sincere conviction that it *was* deserved, that General Taylor had "left to the people of his country a legacy in this: he has left them a bright example, which addresses itself with peculiar force to the young and rising generation; for it tells them that there is a path to the highest degree of renown, straight onward, without change or deviation." Well might this broad seal of approbation be fixed by the greatest of minds, the most sagacious of statesmen, the most ripe and sound of politicians, to such an example, so rare in a republic like ours, where the temptations to change and deviation are so numerous and so alluring. A concurrence of circumstances like that which marked the life under review, almost alone, is likely to exclude them. Ordinary careers to eminence in civil affairs are beset with them throughout, and it is hardly in the strength of human forbearance to resist them. Fortunately for our country, the first experiment of our government had the benefit of a leading man who exhibited a similar example. Washington was not raised to the Presidency; he was merely transferred from one dominant point to another, both upon the same level. He had no climbing to do, and consequently was independent of party aid.

Mr. Webster states that General Taylor's services were mostly upon the frontiers. This is true; and yet we are not warranted in supposing that his life had no training but in the

camp. General Taylor had reached the age of manhood,* though still a young man, when he entered the army. The many years which preceded this important event of his life were the plastic years of that life. His character had then, no doubt, taken much of its form and pressure. We have not understood when he moved from Virginia to Kentucky. If it were after he had passed the age of infancy, such a journey, made, as all such journeys in those days through that region were made, could not have been without its deep engravings on his youthful mind. Obliged to share in the rough and tumble, the privations and exposures, of a long and hazardous route over mountains and through a wilderness, where as yet there were only Indian trails, or bridle paths, that youthful mind would develop itself more in a few weeks, than, under ordinary circumstances, in as many years.

The condition of such a family, even after the migration had come to an end, would, for some years perhaps, be that of destitution of most of the comforts, and many of the refinements, of life. Education, especially, in all its higher branches, would necessarily then be out of reach. Common schools spring up, in such cases, of course, even under the shade of the forest. In such rude nurseries for the mind, General Taylor may have begun his intellectual training. With the spread of advantages, that training improved; and when, at the age of almost twenty-four, he entered the army, his general intelligence placed him on a footing with most of his comrades.

But it was doubtless during this period of boyhood and youth, that General Taylor imbibed his taste for rural life. He seemed to regard agriculture, in all its forms, with strong and predominant favor. The surface of the earth, subdued, cultivated, productive, was ever a pleasant sight to his eye. Its teeming varieties caught his glance in all situations, under all circumstances, and would often call forth a cheerful expression, in look or in word, at times when that situation was beset with profound anxiety. Farming was a subject on which he was more fluent and animated than on any

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*General Taylor was born in Orange county, Virginia, 1784; and married Miss Margaret Smith of Maryland in 1810.

other. He had read much upon it, had thought much respecting it, and had done as much to improve its character and results as his profession, so adverse to such pursuits, would admit.

General Taylor, therefore, when he started in his career as a military man, had some of the best qualifications for success in it. His frame, thoroughly adult and matured, and hardened for endurance by a training from boyhood to manhood that made it compact and sinewy, fitted him for the vicissitudes of service. He had also acquired, it is probable, during his subjection to the fare and labor of a new country, those habits of abstemiousness, which were likewise equally favorable to the preservation of health and strength amid those vicissitudes. His education, of course, had not been military in any sense of the word, unless the hazards of a frontier life, which made most persons exposed to them, young and old, familiar with the rifle, and always under many of their most appalling aspects, may have been deemed, in part, such an education. When he joined his regiment, he had to learn, like nearly all the commissioned officers of that time, the whole routine of his duty. How far he became proficient, how well he prepared himself for the most arduous and responsible calls of duty, the opening events of the war of 1812, which was declared some few years after he had entered the army, give the most satisfactory proof.

In April, 1812, Captain Taylor was assigned to the command of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, about fifty miles in advance of the settlements. This work had been hastily built by General Harrison, on his march to Tippecanoe, having one row of high pickets on three sides, and log-huts on the fourth side, with a common block-house at each end of the row. The garrison under Captain Taylor's command consisted of a broken company of infantry. Its strength, as well as that of the fort, had become well known to the Indians generally, through the small parties of those who professed friendship for the Americans, and had been in the habit of frequently visiting the place. The Prophet's party, still somewhat formidable, though repulsed at Tippecanoe the year previous with loss, was then in hostile array on the Wabash above, and was expected to attack the fort. At this moment of hazard, Captain Taylor was the only officer

present, his subaltern having been allowed a leave of absence for the recovery of his health, and he was himself then slowly recovering from a severe fever. He had with him, however, a surgeon, who rendered good service to his commander throughout the subsequent attack. On the 3d of September, 1812, two men were killed by the Indians within a few hundred yards of the fort; and late in the evening of the 4th, some thirty or forty Indians approached it with a white flag, informing Captain Taylor that the principal Chief would have a talk with him the next morning. Captain Taylor was too well versed in Indian wiles not to know that this demonstration was the precursor of hostility. He accordingly kept the party at bay, and immediately completed all his arrangements necessary to repulse such hostility.

The force with which Captain Taylor was to effect this did not exceed fifteen men; and even some of those were, like himself, only in a state of convalescence. As had been anticipated, the attack was made that night, the few defenders being found at their posts. Almost simultaneously with the discharge of musketry on both sides, an alarm was given by the non-commissioned officer in charge of one of the block-houses, the under story of which contained the provisions of the fort, that the lower part of the building was on fire. It had been an easy matter for the Indians, amid the darkness and the interchange of musketry, to creep up to the base of the block-house, there being no exterior ditch or impediments in the way, and effect a design of that kind. The wood of which the fort had been made, was at that time dry and combustible. The proper orders were immediately given to extinguish the fire, buckets and water being at hand; but the cry of "fire" had caused some confusion among the men, so few in number, and many of them still debilitated from sickness; and before a check could be applied, the flames had communicated with some whiskey among the supplies, and at once spread aloft to the roof. Captain Taylor, in his official report of this event, says: — "As the block-house adjoined the barracks that made part of the fortifications, most of the men immediately gave themselves up for lost, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting any of my orders executed. And, Sir, what from the raging of the fire, the yelling of several hundred Indians, the cries of nine

women and children, — the wives, a part of soldiers, a part of citizens, who had taken shelter in the fort, — and the desponding of so many men, which was worse than all, I can assure you my feelings were very unpleasant." "And to add to our misfortune, two of the stoutest men in the fort, and whom I had every confidence in, jumped the pickets and left us."

This simple statement shows a fearful crisis. It was one of those points of extreme flexion, when the bough either breaks, or regains its position by a force that exceeds the pressure. Captain Taylor adds to the foregoing, with an ingenuousness that suits his character, "but my presence of mind did not for a moment forsake me." We can fully believe the truth of this assertion, which found a warrant in the measures for averting the imminent destruction, that were at once adopted. He saw that, by removing a portion of the roof of the barrack contiguous to the burning block-house, and keeping that end constantly wet, the flames could probably be arrested. The loss of the block-house would leave only a gap of about thirty feet in width, which could be filled by a temporary breastwork. His men resumed their confidence at hearing these wise and suitable orders, and went heartily to work to execute them. While some of them kept up a discharge of musketry from the other block-house and from the two bastions, others, with Doctor Clark (the gallant coadjutor of Captain Taylor during this perilous night) at their head, ascended to the top of the threatened barrack, and in a short time threw off sufficient of the roof to fulfil the necessary purpose in view. Of the men who discharged this important duty, and who were in unobstructed range of the enemy's fire, and were rendered shining marks by the flames, one was killed, and two were wounded. Notwithstanding this successful check of the fire in that quarter, it still frequently burst forth in other quarters, and kept the small garrison in constant anxiety about this destructive enemy within, which was even more formidable than the enemy without, though the latter was repulsed in all his efforts to enter the fort through the breach, or at other quarters, only by the same hardy and inflexible perseverance which had subdued the flames.

The assault did not slacken for the space of seven hours.

At about 6 o'clock the next morning, the Indians, finding the guns of the fort, though few in number, aimed with deadly effect, after daylight exposed them to view, withdrew to a safe distance. During the following day, the breach was closed up by a line of pickets, made out of the materials of the guard-house, and the fort remained without further molestation. As will be anticipated, it appears, by Captain Taylor's report, that all the contractor's supplies for the garrison were consumed. On this subject, so well fitted to produce despondence and importunity, the report merely says, "we lost the whole of our provisions, but must make out to live upon green corn until we can get a supply;" words of submission and good nature, which, under the circumstances, strike us as being in admirable harmony with the resolution and fertility of shifts that marked the event from which this destitution sprung.

We have entered into the details of this affair more, perhaps, than would seem at first view to be warranted. A little reflection, however, will show that it deserves all the space we have given to it. In such cases, it is not alone the numbers engaged that give them character. Difficulties often multiply as numbers diminish. Captain Taylor found it so in this instance. His fort was small, it is true; and yet it was out of all proportion to the force with which he was to defend it, and gave him little chance of defending it with success. He could place but one or two men at each face of it. This inadequacy of means might well have discouraged his men, even while the defences remained entire. When a wide breach was made in them, it was natural that they should have despaired. All officers are not equal to such emergencies. Indeed, it is only a few who prove themselves to be so. Captain Taylor happened to prove himself one of those few. This defence of Fort Harrison exhibited most of the strong points of his character. He there proved himself to be a firm and able man, fully equal to the strait in which he found himself, and one who would not probably be found wanting in other straits of greater magnitude.

This instance of good fortune on the interior frontier was of national importance. A series of disasters had happened there by which the nation was filled with doubt and discouragement. The Indians had signalized their zeal in favor of the

British, and their enmity towards us, by hearty and efficient coöperation in the field at Mackinac, and by a cunningly devised plan of getting possession of the fort at Chicago, following up the event by treachery and bloodshed, which showed what formidable auxiliaries our new enemy had found within our own borders. Fort Harrison was in no suitable condition for successful defence. Prudence would have dictated its abandonment in time to save the few men there from a destruction that seemed otherwise inevitable. Captain Taylor had no orders for such a course, and felt himself bound to defend it to the last extremity. Chicago fell, when it ought to have stood, and could have stood; Fort Harrison stood, when, under the command of most men, it would have fallen. The two instances were a trial of character, and the result showed who was found wanting in the hour of need; who was to sink into obscurity; who to rise in the scale of services and distinction, as opportunity might open the way.*

During the ensuing years of this war with Great Britain, Major Taylor was upon the western and northwestern frontier, having no share in the more conspicuous events that marked its progress in other parts of the United States.

At the reorganization and reduction of the army at the peace of 1815, Major Taylor, according to the mode adopted at the time, in order to crowd as much rank and experience as possible into the diminished establishment, was retained as a Captain, with the brevet rank of Major. The more fresh and, perhaps, importunate claims of those who had served in the brilliant campaigns of 1814 and the beginning of 1815, may have led the Military Board, to which was assigned the difficult task of selecting the complement of officers to remain in service, to weigh somewhat lightly the initial success on land of the war, — the first dayspring of victory that broke through the thick darkness of disaster with which it had begun. Major Taylor had no hesitation as to the course he ought to take. He quietly declined to accede to any surrender of his well-earned rank, and prepared to resume an agricultural life with feelings that probably had less of regret in them than gratification. Fortunately for the country,

* Captain Taylor received the brevet rank of Major for his services in the defence of Fort Harrison. It was the first compliment of this kind conferred during this war.

however, this turning of his sword into a ploughshare was not permitted. He was subsequently retained with his rank as Major, and resumed his military duties as an infantry officer, which still kept him on the interior frontier.

During the years which elapsed between this restoration and the war in Florida, Major Taylor became successively promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of infantry, and held various commands near and among the Indians, which always involved more or less responsibility, the tribes long retaining an unquiet feeling, arising from a partiality for the British, and an aversion to the United States, that frequently broke out into open hostility. Among these ruptures, which always began in massacre, and generally ended in hollow truces, that which was termed the Black Hawk war threatened to throw back the advancing settlements from many broad and beautiful sections of country, fast assuming the aspect of civilization and cultivation. Colonel Taylor was associated with General Atkinson in the campaign that brought this contest to a fortunate close.

Mr. Webster, in his address, quoted a remark made by one of his predecessors, as to the influence of Indian warfare in forming able commanders; namely, "that it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated, but that it is there they are formed." It is no doubt true that few men have become favorably celebrated for their achievements while commanding troops against Indians. Many have lost reputations previously acquired, while thus commanding. It is generally a blind, haphazard warfare, and one in which ordinary generalship has little scope. No one, however, can contend with such an enemy, and in such a country as they are only found in, without finding a constant necessity for vigilance, activity, readiness for change of plans, and the exercise of many of the qualities which are important in conducting any campaign against any enemy. General Taylor's career as a military man was, with little, if any, exception, on the Indian frontiers. His military experience was therefore altogether in that severe and profitable school. This experience was not always that of active service. But there is no military service on such a frontier that allows the qualities to which allusion has just been made, to rust in idleness or disuse. On the maritime frontier it is otherwise. A season of peace gives there an

assurance of security from external attack, that warrants a confidence in such security under all ordinary circumstances. Hence, such maritime commands, while they are generally marked by a high condition of discipline, and great proficiency in all military exercises, are not the best nurseries for field commands. When General Taylor was engaged in the Black Hawk war, it was only in a subordinate capacity. He had no opportunity to exhibit his perseverance and boldness in following up the track of an Indian enemy, his thorough familiarity with forest warfare, and with the best modes of meeting it. When he came into the command of a body of troops in Florida, such an opportunity presented itself.

During the autumn of 1838, while the Indian war in Florida, after a lapse of more than two years, remained as implacable as ever, General Taylor was ordered to march from Tampa Bay against the Indians, with a column of about a thousand men, mostly regulars. At the time he left that place for the central parts of the interior peninsula, in order to seek a body of the enemy reported to be gathered there, occasional negotiations went on between the contending parties, as the olive branch was always held out by our troops to those Indians who might choose to emigrate; emigration being then the stern and sole condition on which any overture could be received from them. This made each march of our columns a *quasi* embassy of peace. The Indians were well aware of this semi-pacific character of our warfare, and made free use of the white flag on all occasions; sometimes, as the event proved, with a sincere desire to end their restless wanderings in emigration; more generally, as a cover for sinister purposes.

This double capacity in the Florida commanders was often a serious embarrassment to them. As they could not generally determine whether the flag met them in truth or in guile, without a council, or a talk, this tedious introduction often delayed the march, when promptitude of movement was most necessary. General Taylor, as he moved onward towards the Ochechobe, understanding the Indian character, would seem to have resolved that no delays should arise from such a cause. He steadily neared the resorts where he was told a stand would be made, establishing such small forts in his rear as prudence and his force would admit, counciling, or talking, as

he went along, always ready, and always determined, to make the attack, whenever and wherever that stand should be made.

On the 25th of December, 1838, General Taylor found the enemy had taken possession of a hammock, which was nearly surrounded by a swamp, covered with *saw-grass* about five feet high, and so wet as to be impassable for horse, and crossed with difficulty even by men. Without any hesitation, he resolved on an immediate attack. The case obviously admitted no delay. Whatever might be the advantages of a position, chosen, no doubt, by the enemy with care, and whatever the probabilities of success arising from those advantages, and the superiority of his numbers, yet, such is the prudential character of Indian warfare, that the lapse of a night might lead to a change of mind, and consequent change of scene. The experience of General Taylor, particularly his observations on the events of the Black Hawk war, taught him most distinctly all this. Another day might only call for another march. Besides, he probably saw no demand for reconnoisance, as his determination did not depend on the numbers before him, even if they could be ascertained by delay; and the defence likely to be made could not be better known the next day than the next hour.

After the manner of the arrangement at Cowpens, General Taylor placed his volunteers, forming about a quarter part of his force, in the front line, with directions to fall behind the second line, consisting of regulars, provided a retrograde movement became necessary. According to this arrangement the swamp was entered, and the hammock approached. As soon as the first line came within rifle shot, a fire broke forth from the thicket, which killed the gallant officer (Colonel Gentry, of Missouri,) in command of it. This severe loss, combined with other losses, led this line to fall back; and it came no more into the fight as a body; producing, however, no other influence on the fortunes of the day, than to induce the enemy to advance a little from his coverts, and encourage him to receive somewhat more boldly the charge subsequently made by the second line.

General Taylor and staff, as well as the field officers of the regiments, were obliged, by the nature of the swamp, to dismount at the beginning of the advance. But the attack was simple and straight forward, and required little direction.

Each regiment had its position and its object, and went forward steadily and courageously, gradually overcoming the obstacles presented by the saw-grass and the sponginess of the soil. This grass takes up in its growth an unusual quantity of silicious matter, which makes it stiff for its height and slenderness, and gives it serrated edges, which first tear the clothing, and then lacerate the skins, of those who attempt to pass through it. To divide this dense and somewhat matted mass was slow and painful work; and when the line came within reach of the enemy's fire, that work became dangerous in proportion to its slowness. The Indians saw all these difficulties, and the advantages they gave to their concealed position; and as their well-directed fire, coming from every trunk of a tree, and from many of its branches, prostrated officer after officer, and thinned some of the companies to such a degree, that one company (of Colonel Thompson's 6th Infantry) entered the hammock with only four bayonets, they had reason to hope that the second line would soon follow the first. But General Taylor had no fear of the result after a few fires had been received by that second line. The hammock was gained in due time, and the enemy dispersed after a contest of about three hours. After some ineffectual attempts had been made to cut off the retreat of the Indians, General Taylor turned his attention to the wounded, and then slowly retraced his steps towards Tampa.*

It has been said, in the spirit of animadversion, that General Taylor, in this action, took the bull by the horns. He did not hesitate to do this, as he had no chance of seizing him in a less formidable quarter. As we have already remarked, had any time, particularly if a night had, been lost in looking out for weak points, the bull would not probably have been there to be seized at all. It was necessary to take him by the head. As soon as he should turn, all attempts to seize him would be vain. Nor did it seem expedient to General Taylor to lose a moment in endeavors to see how the enemy could escape, if defeated; as he had reason to believe the wary Indians would decamp at the first demonstration of such an endeavor. A stand had at last been made, and an

* Colonel Taylor received the brevet rank of Brigadier General for his services at the battle of Ochechobe.

immediate advantage must be taken of it, before fear, doubt, or caprice should produce its usual effect. And he well knew that little expectation of captures in such contests could be entertained. These chartered libertines of the forest look behind, as well as before. They never willingly go into a place, without first ascertaining how they can get out of it again. Escape is always in their calculations. General Taylor intended to meet them on their own terms. They evidently offered a fight at the edge of the hammock which they occupied, provided the approach were made through the swamp towards the side of his march. The advantage given by this impediment, no doubt, alone led them to make the offer.

Besides, General Taylor had reason to think that even a dislodgment of the enemy, with some loss, would promote the objects of the war. The successful massacre of Major Dade's party encouraged the Indians to meet General Clinch at the Ouithlacouchee. A new coalition of chiefs had been made near the Ochechobee. They stood there loosely banded together; to be, perhaps, more united and strong, if successful; to segregate and scatter, if unsuccessful. After the battle of Ochechobee no large body of Florida Indians again offered battle. They fell into small bands, all the more unconquerable while hostile, but more easily tempted to treat, when the rigor of terms became somewhat softened.

The chief command in Florida devolved on General Taylor in May, 1838. Thus far, the war had been a series of experiments. The nature of the country, without a parallel in the latitudes and longitudes of the United States, and the habits and policy of the enemy, had baffled all the attempts made to attain the objects of the war. Movements through the country by columns, starting from widely separated points, and concentrating upon one point, had been proved unsuited to the country and the enemy. He stealthily watched such movements, and easily avoided all contact with them. War by detachments, which patiently followed up trails to hiding places, scoured plains, pierced hammocks, and threaded many of the mazes of the everglades, had better results, but none which warranted a hope of pacification, — that is, general emigration. General Taylor, in coming into command, saw that the case demanded something new. The plan he adopted for prosecuting the war differed from the

preceding plans. This plan embraced a system of squares. The peninsula was run off, with sufficient precision to suit the plan, into large parallelograms, in the centre of each of which was to be constructed a stockade work, to be garrisoned by a suitable force. The different arms of service were to be placed, in the distribution, where they best could operate.

General Taylor, no doubt, anticipated beneficial results from this plan, which seemed to extend something like a tangible guardianship over the whole country; and, if the garrisons were large enough to admit of detachments, and such detachments were active and vigilant, the enemy must have felt a restraint on his movements, that might have led to more promising overtures of submission. The system was a vast net work, but which had also a vast deal of open work. Many believed the latter would give ample room for skulking parties to keep in their usual motion; while the works were so many beacons to be avoided, and broke up the force of the war into fragments, so weak as to invite concentration against them separately with flattering hopes of success. This weakness as to numbers probably did not alarm the defender of Fort Harrison. A stockade work, when vigilantly guarded, he believed to be nearly impregnable to Indians. And no doubt such is the fact. But General Taylor had no opportunity to prove his experiment. An arrangement was soon after made with the Indians by General Macomb, the commander-in-chief, who had come on to the seat of war with extraordinary powers, which suspended for a while all hostile operations in Florida; and before they recommenced, General Taylor had been relieved from his command there.

The annexation of Texas to the United States brought with it many consequences. At the time this event took place, Texas was in a state of hostility with Mexico. There was no actual collision, but there was no peace, between them. They regarded each other with stern and implacable bitterness. The Mexican government did not acknowledge the treaty made by Santa Anna in captivity, and, probably, under the fear of death. It looked upon Texas as still a Province of Mexico, and impatiently anticipated the time when it should be brought back to its allegiance. The disaster at San Jacinto had weakened the Mexican power, and tarnished her fame. The government and the people looked

forward to a campaign that should restore the lost Province, and efface the disgrace that accompanied the loss, with a feverish eagerness and a never dying hope.

The incorporation of Texas with the United States, contiguous and strong, and augmenting her chances of maintaining her independence too manifold to admit of any calculation, so far from cooling that eagerness, or weakening that hope, happened, with some appearance of sufficient cause, to give new energy to both. Texas had been for some time an apple of discord, which was to be thrown into some of the many laps that were spread out to catch it. No one could expect to be the lucky recipient, without also receiving all the consequences the gift entailed. When the United States proved to be that recipient, all the losers most naturally regarded her with jealousy, and some of them with a much stronger feeling. The European nations most interested in this transfer of a nation, after the manner of a large business transaction, probably would have been contented with seeing Texas set up for herself, equally independent of all, and equally under the guardianship of all, so far as respected the designs of Mexico. When those nations saw their transatlantic rival agglutinate this new mass to her already enormous body politic, they at once began to manifest a sympathy for Mexico, most naturally leading that power to expect that her new crusade against her revolted province might be double, if not treble, handed. This sympathetic coalition, however, was not consummated. The two neighbors were permitted to settle their quarrel without interference.

Mr. Webster, in the course of his remarks before the Senate, states that, at a time when he had a short connection with the Executive government, "very perilous and embarrassing circumstances existed between the United States and the Indians on her borders," and adds, that "those who took counsel together on the occasion officially, and were desirous of placing the military command in the safest hands, came to the conclusion that there was no man in the service more fully uniting the qualities of military ability and great personal* prudence than Zachary Taylor, and he was of course appointed to the command." This very complimentary and honorable state-

* We quote the report of Mr. Webster's Address before us; but we can hardly believe that the speaker, so distinguished for sententious rigor of phraseology, made use of this expletive.

ment does not appear, by the report of Mr. Webster's address, to allude to the command conferred on General Taylor at Corpus Christi; though it has been generally understood, that the selection made on that occasion was the result of councils that weighed deliberately and anxiously the qualifications of those officers whose names came under consideration. It was deemed important by the nation at large, that the officer in charge there, during the approaching collision with Mexico, should unite this "great prudence" with "military ability." On him would probably depend the event of peace or war. On him was to devolve the high responsibility of determining when the gates of Janus should be shut. Well might the councils of the nation seek out, with extreme solicitude, the rare combination referred to by the eminent Senator, since they were about to confide to it a power, on a remote frontier, whose exercise carried with it such momentous consequences.

While General Taylor remained at Corpus Christi with his command, no actual collision was likely to occur. That place was within, or quite near, the undisputed limits of Texas. The Nueces was regarded as the Rubicon. There seemed to be little or nothing beyond that river to occupy or to guard which had ever any connection with Texas. It was, however, considered expedient by the government to advance our military occupation to the Rio Grande, and General Taylor received orders accordingly in April, 1846. His command numbered less than three thousand men, all regulars, embracing every arm of service, and in the best condition for active operations. As the order made the Rio Grande the object of those operations, every supply was suited to that object. Transportation, provisions, stores, were all sufficient to attain it. At a river about half way between Corpus Christi and the Rio Grande, the Mexicans made a stand on the western or right bank, having signified, by a message in due form, their determination to dispute the passage. General Taylor paid no regard to the prohibition or the defiance. His troops, the usual precautions having been taken, passed over the ford, as if no opposition had been threatened. Observing this forward movement, the Mexicans withdrew, so that no blood was spilt on the Colorado; and General Taylor reached the Rio Grande the latter part of April, no further hinderance besetting his march.

As General Taylor now stood, by order, on the verge of Texas, with a fortified town immediately in front, he deemed it his duty to secure his troops there, in the ordinary way, against such demonstrations of hostility as met his eye. A field-work was accordingly begun without delay on the left bank of the river, under range of some of the works at Matamoros opposite. When this work was sufficiently advanced for defence, a suitable garrison was placed within it, and General Taylor retraced his steps in part, with the residue of his force, in order to meet such ordnance, ordnance stores, and other supplies, as he had directed to be sent by water from Corpus Christi to Point Isabel, a few miles within the outlet into the Gulf at Brazos island. This point was about twenty miles distant from Matamoros. While there, he ordered another field-work to be thrown up, to become a depot on the Gulf for his army. Another detachment was made from his small force to garrison this work also, thus reducing his numbers to about two thousand three hundred men, with which he recommenced his march for the Rio Grande, on the 7th of May, 1846.

While occupied in this manner at Point Isabel, General Taylor heard that the Mexicans had crossed the river in force, and were no doubt between him and his field-work opposite Matamoros. When about to start, he addressed a letter to the Adjutant-General at Washington, in which he said, "if the enemy oppose my march, in whatever force, I shall fight him." This resolution, expressed with such simplicity and brevity, was taken at a time when no war had been declared, and he was on the brink of an encounter that would bring it into existence without any such formality. But he had no hesitation about his duty. It had been decided for him, that he occupied grounds he was to protect from aggression, especially to repel aggression actually made. He was permitted, with great propriety, to consider the initial step as having already been taken by the Mexicans, in their late capture, with bloodshed, of a squadron of his dragoons.

About midway between Point Isabel and the Rio Grande, the Mexicans were found arrayed across his path at Palo Alto. This was on the 8th of May. The enemy being all prepared, General Taylor made his preparations to accept the challenge thus gallantly offered. He made no reconnois-

sance of the enemy's numbers, as, "whatever his force," he was determined "to fight him." The grounds of Palo Alto are as smooth as a race course. There is not an inequality, within the range of the fight that took place there, where men in a standing posture are under shelter. Some slight undulations here and there would protect them lying down. The action began with artillery; and every ball thrown on either side raked the field without let or hinderance. A growth of chapparal, which skirted the position chosen by the Mexicans, enabled them to mask portions of their line; so that General Taylor felt bound to engage them with wariness, until they should more distinctly manifest their strength and intentions.

The sun went down, the evening of the 8th, upon the two parties with no great variation of their relative positions. Our light artillery had been managed with distinguished ability, and had evidently forced back one of the wings of the enemy with heavy loss; while an endeavor by his cavalry to turn our right flank had been repulsed by a regiment of infantry, some light artillery assisting. The troops of General Taylor lay down at night where the close of the day had left them, he spreading his blanket on the grass in a central position, where he slept until the morning, with only such interruptions as anxious reports about the enemy led others occasionally to make to him. As long as he saw, or heard of, no actual demonstrations of approach, he seemed to be satisfied that the Mexicans were as much worn down by the contest of the preceding day as his own troops, and, if not in retreat, were resting, like himself, the better to be prepared for the morrow. His sagacity suggested to him that an enemy who had fought so warily while the sun was shining, was little likely to have the boldness to make a night attack. He therefore slept on, and recommended others, who were not on guard, to do the same.

Early the next morning, rising from his soldierly bed, General Taylor had a reconnoissance made in front, which showed him that the enemy had withdrawn; whether to cross the Rio Grande, or only to take up a new position, was to be ascertained by a further reconnoissance. This intelligence gave him that insight into the character of his opponent which is so desirable in war. Thus far General Taylor had seen

no indications that gave him that insight. The boldness with which the river had been crossed, and the equal boldness with which his path had been beset, went far to prove the Mexican General a spirited and resolute commander. Hence, at the meeting the day before, General Taylor had acted with caution, holding his troops face to face with the hostile lines, and awaiting such movements as those lines might demonstrate. With strong reasons for supposing that the enemy fully doubled his own numbers, he could not safely approximate too closely his position, without endangering his flanks. Those weak points of his line had evidently been the object of such evolutions as were exhibited by the enemy during the day. It is probable that General Taylor's confidence in his own strength increased as the events of the day unfolded themselves, and that he laid down at night with a belief that his adversary had not the same encouraging sentiment. His discernment had detected sufficient evidences that his opponent closed the operations of the day with less assurance of ultimate victory than that with which he opened them. With these conclusions on his mind, General Taylor began his arrangements for the 9th.

With a view to know the position of the enemy, General Taylor directed an advance party of about 400 men, well selected both as to officers and men, to move forward on his trace, and send back information. In the mean time, the remaining troops prepared to follow, the baggage and supplies being left where they were, with a suitable guard, and with orders to throw up such field-works for their protection as the time would admit. These precautions being taken, the column set forward, considerably lessened, of course, by deaths, wounds, and detachments, but strengthened more than in proportion to these deductions by the cheering fact, that it was advancing, while its opponents were falling back.

The contest at Resaca de la Palma, which began about midday on the 9th of May, was much more animated in its character than the contest of the preceding day. The nature of the grounds, very closely covered for the most part by a chapparal growth, soon broke the regiments, and even the companies, into parties, many of them hardly numbering a corporal's guard. But the gallantry and force of

the attack were not diminished by this disjunction of the masses. They seemed rather to be augmented by it, like the bursting of a shell into fragments. The same cause had produced something like the same effect on the enemy. Maniple met maniple, as in ancient battles. Even individuals had many chances of measuring lances, as in those battles. The column had gone into the fight with an impulse that still kept onward the smallest parts of it. Nothing went back, nothing stood still. New ground was trod upon each minute, the enemy gradually giving way, our troops constantly advancing.

While this strife of companies, sections, and files was going on so bravely and successfully on either hand, the more central portion was the scene of conflicts, of surging to and fro of larger bodies of men, more immediately under the eye of General Taylor, that were watched with profound anxiety. The enemy had selected with much judgment for his stand this day the bank, somewhat elevated, of a ravine, occasionally the bed of running waters, now nearly dry, excepting some wet and miry spots on each side of the road which crossed it at that point. This road, as it crossed, made an abrupt turn, and a strong battery had been placed where it ascended the bank occupied by the Mexicans. This battery, General Taylor saw, was an obstacle in the way of victory that must be removed. The infantry could have turned it, had not the chapparal so much broken its ranks. To push forward a column into its mouth would have been murderous work. Cavalry alone could move with the required celerity, and a charge by that arm was ordered. A light battery, which was in advance of the squadrons, opened a fire upon the enemy's pieces, and drew forth a return.* The squadrons advanced with a rush while the pieces were reloading, and were upon them before the rammers had been withdrawn. The battery was won by the horse; but the enemy's foot in support of it poured in such a destructive fire from the thickets upon the victorious assail-

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*When the gallant leader of this forlorn hope was about to begin his charge, the equally gallant officer in command of a light battery close at hand called out to his comrade, in the kindly familiarity of the camp, "stop, Charley, until I draw their fire;" immediately discharging his pieces, which were mostly under cover, and quickly receiving the fire of the enemy's battery in return.

ants, that it might have been lost again, had not our infantry come to the rescue.

This gallant dash decided the fortunes of the day. The Mexicans withdrew their broken forces with precipitation to the Rio Grande, a few miles distant, and, having the means for crossing at hand, were safely on the other side of that river the next morning. This precipitate retreat, however, had been made only by lightening himself of all burdens. He left his artillery, (no longer his at the moment of retreat,) his camp, his baggage, his mules, his stores, his wounded, all behind, and fled empty-handed. The tents were found all pitched, and the meals prepared, which refreshed, after the labors of the day, very different troops from those for whom the preparation had begun before the fight began. The small reserve which General Taylor had kept behind the fight was pushed forward, after the enemy had given way, with all urgency; but night settled down before his light and unencumbered column could be overtaken.*

While these consecutive combats were passing at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, another scene of warfare was going on near the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoros. The field-work which General Taylor, when he left that river not many days before, had directed to be thrown up, was still imperfect in its defences, notwithstanding the day and night toil of the troops selected to complete and to guard it. Its vicinity to the enemy made all movements on the other bank well known. The large bodies of troops which had crossed the river might, while a part of them endeavored to intercept General Taylor, send such a force against the unfinished work, rising so boldly in the face of Matamoros, as could easily overwhelm it. Fortunately, the efforts in this respect were confined to a cannonade and bombardment. This was kept up for more than 160 hours, — hours of great danger and extreme anxiety. The shells were soon sent with unerring certainty within the line of the breastwork, which had but a few hastily constructed shelters from them, as they fell and burst into fragments. And during the last two days, the garrison had distinctly heard the loud din of the battles that were raging, it knew not with what results, so near at hand.

* Brigadier General Taylor received the brevet rank of Major-General for his services at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Nor could it believe the precursors, who, at the close of that of the 9th, first gave the shout of victory and relief under its walls, fearing, amid the shadows of departing day, that the enemy might be deluding them into false security.

Here may be said to have concluded the campaign for which General Taylor, under his orders from Washington, had made preparation at Corpus Christi. That preparation was complete for the end in view. It went no farther. War had not then been declared; of course, no orders were, or could have been, given to do more than he had done. The Rio Grande was the limit of his operations. To that limit he pushed them rapidly and triumphantly. It is true, that, while his small army was passing to and fro between his two field-works, the one opposite Matamoros and the other at Point Isabel, the public, knowing that the Mexicans had crossed the river in large numbers, and were probably arrayed across his path, felt an apprehension that had in it more of fear than of hope. It did injustice both to the man and the men.

General Taylor, probably, at no time doubted the result. His troops were of the best kind, and in the best order. General Taylor knew he could rely on them, and they felt they could rely on him. The confidence was reciprocal, and it was a bond of strength that could not easily be broken. So events proved. The apprehension of the public for a short season only served as a cloud to set off the shining that followed. The double victory was hailed with rapture. The whole nation shouted with a great shout of exultation, and felt that the war, which had just been declared, and had opened so auspiciously, could not but close with success.

General Taylor was, perhaps, nearly the only man in the nation who, at this time of rejoicing, regarded his position with deep anxiety. He saw that his late triumphs had awakened in the public mind an expectation of other triumphs, which he had no means to achieve. Even the government, which should have judged with more discernment, seemed to share in the expectation, and, in communicating to him the declaration of war, which authorized him to cross the Rio Grande, and seek the enemy within his own borders, spoke as if it thought him all fitted for such a new, and far and wide, campaign. The government knew little of the Rio Grande, or the country beyond. The information picked up from

travels or travellers, on the spur of the moment, did not deserve the shadow of trust in such a grave matter. Here, then, at the Rio Grande, General Taylor should have stopped; and there the government should not only have permitted, but directed him to stop, until a new preparation could be made for a new start, — a start to begin as that from Corpus Christi began.

There was much of accident about what was done on this occasion. Nothing seemed to be done with deliberation, and events contributed for a time to put deliberation out of the question. While General Taylor was thought to be in peril, oscillating between the Rio Grande and Point Isabel, a large amount of volunteer force was called, upon very short terms of service, to be urged forward to his rescue. Before any of this force had embarked, (detachments from New Orleans, perhaps, excepted,) that peril had vanished. All, however, were pushed on, as, war being now declared, if it were not needed for defensive purposes on this side the Rio Grande, it would answer for offensive purposes on the other side. Accordingly, volunteers in myriads were poured in upon General Taylor, who, bound down by circumstances at Matamoros, saw the inundation with regret and embarrassment.

General Taylor was not responsible for this outpouring. A greater part of it sprung from the zeal of the southwest, first, to fly to the relief of a small army supposed to be in great peril; next, to fly to the scene of actual war, now open to all gallant spirits. The rush could not be stopped by the State authorities, even where they interposed to give it more system and preparation. And all that the General Government could then have done was, to direct the best use to be made of those troops whose terms of service allowed a sufficient stay in the field for future operations, and that all others should be turned back. It must have been known that nothing *could* be done at that time with any force under the command of General Taylor. The enemy was beyond his reach, and he had to await means of transportation to follow him. These means were not on the Rio Grande, and could not be there under some months. After the declaration of war, when operations beyond the Rio Grande could be looked to, due exertions were made to provide this transportation. This, however, was not the work of a week, or of a month.

The steamboats for the Rio Grande could be procured only on the Mississippi and its tributaries. These had to be sought out, fitted up, and caused to make a trip on the Gulf, for which they were wholly unsuited, and which, the chances were manifold, they could not make in safety. Many hundreds of wagons were wanting. These were to be purchased or made on the same rivers.

To expect the troops sent to General Taylor to move before these means were at hand would have been inconsiderate, if not absurd. Yet such seems to have been the case, and he set himself manfully to work through difficulties that amounted almost to impossibilities. He had applied, at once, the few means of transportation in his hands to the transfer of supplies from Point Isabel and the Brazos to Matamoros, preparatory to establishing a depot at Camargo, soon determined to be the best point of departure for Monterey, where, it had been intimated to him from Washington, it was hoped he would be before September. But all things ran counter. The rains had begun, and the Rio Grande soon overflowed its banks, and most of the level country on each side was flooded. The ravine at Resaca, in which General Taylor's troops had so lately stood shoulder to shoulder on dry ground, was now an unfordable arm of the river. Much of the grounds at Palo Alto, where he, with his troops, had lain down with at least the comfort of dryness, were now glistening in the sun with sheets of water. Nearly the whole route between Point Isabel and Matamoros, where his batteries had manœuvred with so much ease in the month of May, had become, by July, impassable for wheels. Had not a few small steamboats fortunately reached the Rio Grande before this interruption of the land route was consummated, this transfer must have been wholly suspended. Even with these steamboats it went on slowly. The Rio Grande, as it grew deep, grew strong, and soon became a torrent. The boats, which were weak in power of machinery, wrestled with it often in vain, and had to return whence they had started. Others overcame the difficulty slowly, and only with light loads.

With so much to be done, and with so little to do it with; urged on by the government, and goaded by the unreasonable expectations of the public; General Taylor most naturally became impatient, and resolved to begin his march for the

interior with such force as he could set in motion with due preparation, even if it fell far short of the complement he desired, and had stated to be necessary. That complement, he had stated, ought to be ten thousand men. The country through which he had to pass was well adapted to annoyance and defence. A few troops, it was well understood, could there operate successfully against many. Besides, Monterey was represented to be fortified with considerable strength, and the passes beyond, towards Saltillo, were known to be very formidable. The force then on the Rio Grande could not furnish that complement, and leave the river fully guarded. Only six thousand of them could be moved. Availing himself of all the means of transportation the enemy's country, within reach, put at his command, and putting in requisition all his other means, still Gen. Taylor found himself limited to that minimum of force.

Early in September, 1846, General Taylor left the Rio Grande at Camargo, and began his march for the Sierra Madre. The enemy made no use of the extraordinary advantages for annoyance and defence presented by the route. He left the way clear, as if he designed to allure the invaders to the Sierra Madre, where, far from their resources, the chances of cutting them off were greatly multiplied. The means of transportation afforded no room for forage, and all the animals had to depend upon the country for feed. This dependence was seldom sure. Most of the route was over an arid desert. On the running streams, where there could be irrigation, there was cultivation; nowhere else. It was the season of corn in the silk. The fields of this fodder within reach were appropriated to our use without hesitation, but with proper recompense, determined by ourselves. Fortunately, no animals failed through want, and Monterey was reached the 19th of the same month.

During this march, General Taylor was habitually near the head of his column. Many reports relative to the enemy were continually reaching his ears; but the column went steadily on, and met with no obstructions. General Taylor seemed to feel little anxiety to know the precise condition of Monterey, the strength of its defences, or the probable number of defenders. Whatever these proved to be, his intention was the same, — that is, to attack them. *How* to attack

them was to be determined when he saw the place. His common remark was, that he distrusted what he did not see at the head of his column. He believed when he saw; and he did not deem it necessary to determine in advance of sight. Accordingly, as soon as his column approached Monterey, he rode forward with his staff to the plain spread along the westerly side of it, and there leisurely looked over the whole ground. The city itself was somewhat sunk, on the bank of the San Juan, out of view, showing only its cupolas and other eminent objects. But the heights overlooking it were all in full view; that on which stood the Bishop's Palace, (so called,) converted into a strong castle, and other contiguous and subordinate ridges, all commanding the city; and a still more lofty offset of the Sierra Madre, which ran along the entire rear of it, seemingly also to command it. Rising high above all these elevations appeared the Sierra Madre, like a stupendous wall that shut out the light of the sun from the plain beneath at mid-afternoon. The sight was truly magnificent, and those who beheld it almost forgot that they were probably enjoying it within reach of the enemy's guns. The lapse of a short time proved that such was the case.

After having made such a survey of the scene as gave him a general idea of the relations of the place, and would enable him the better to comprehend the more particular reconnoissances then going on by the proper subordinate officers, General Taylor turned with his small party towards a thicket on the left, which had been recommended as a suitable place for encampment, being nearer the city than that of "Walnut Springs." All reports had concurred in fixing a heavy battery, or fort, on the plain where General Taylor had been standing. A slight undulation of the surface masked it from his position. Just as he turned to change that position, first a smoke, then a shot, revealed the truth. Some four or five discharges of artillery were made in quick succession, having the group for their object, before the danger was lost in the increasing distance.* The first shot

* Many anecdotes have been related to show General Taylor's contempt of danger; most of them showing the mere coxcombry of bravery. In this case, finding his life, as well as the lives of all near him, in danger, and that the risk was useless, he spurred his horse rapidly out of the range of fire, all others following him as fast as they could. He had no fear of being thought fearful, when not

struck the earth a few yards within the party, bounding, by a ricochet, just over the heads of those who composed it. The other shots missed their mark in the same manner. Only a little more elevation was wanting to the aim in order to have inflicted a severe stroke upon the opening fortunes of the campaign. As it was, the incident only served to reveal the exact position of an important work, and the better to guide the movements made on the same plain the following days.

Walnut Springs having been decided upon as the encampment of the army during the operations against Monterey, General Taylor there marked out, without farther delay, the mode in which they should be commenced. One of the divisions, under the command of General Worth, was to move, early the next morning (20th), around to that portion of the rear of the city which looked towards the gorge through the Sierra Madre leading to Saltillo. The building called the Bishop's Palace, crowning the slope of the principal height in that direction, was to be carried, as well as the smaller works observed on another less elevated ridge, more to the rear. The 20th would necessarily be mostly taken up by this movement, and the residue of the army was to rest inactive, until the possession of those heights on the ensuing morning should point out the proper time for a general coöperation.

On the evening of the 20th, General Worth reported that he had reached his position, and should assail the designated heights the next morning, the 21st. General Taylor accordingly led out the residue of his troops that morning, each portion being at its appointed station on the plain between the camp and the city by the break of day. A bomb battery (of one mortar) had been established during the night, under cover of one of the slight undulations before alluded to, which, in conjunction with two howitzers, was to open, at the signal given, upon the fort which betrayed itself the afternoon of the 19th, as well as on the city. That signal was to be given as soon as demonstrations were seen that the Bishop's Palace had

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to have been fearful would have been foolhardiness. On a subsequent day of the siege, he is said to have paused, under a galling fire, on a bridge in the city, and taken out his spy-glass and reconnoitred the place whence the fire came. General Taylor never carried a spy-glass, and it is doubtful whether he looked through one during the campaign.

been taken. The height on which it stood had been carried at daybreak, but the palace did not yield until a much later hour. In the mean time, the fort on the plain, also another work in the southerly part of the city, opened their fire upon every part of the broad level there, severely breaking in upon the troops which were moving, or resting, upon it in different parts; and General Taylor, observing that a feeling of discouragement was likely to pervade the volunteers under such circumstances, ordered the mortar and howitzers to begin their work, and the columns to advance upon the city according to directions previously given. Then the assault began on the westerly side, and soon became general.

A reconnoissance made during the night of the 19th, from the high ridge running under the Sierra Madre, in the rear of Monterey, had disclosed somewhat distinctly the manner in which the fortifications of the place had been made. Under a belief that the advance of the Americans would be by another route, which would have made the approach from the south, that portion of the city had been strengthened by a system of batteries, that closed upon each other almost like the scales of a fish. This system was terminated on the southwestern angle by a more prominent and still stronger work, whose open gorge was protected by a stone tannery immediately in its rear. Between this work, and the large fort on the plain, the city was nearly open, that is, without any exterior batteries, though (as was found afterwards) strongly barricaded within. To this weak part General Taylor directed the main effort to be made by his columns, the work at the angle being approached at the same time.

The columns advanced under the fire of the two forts, whose shot, intersecting each other, raked the plain over which they passed from right to left. One of the brigades of infantry, which entered the streets of the city with imprudent gallantry, met a destructive fire from every house and high wall, all of stone, that obliged it to fall back after a severe loss, particularly of officers. A portion of it, however, which had made a lodgement on the flat roof of a large building that looked towards the gorge of the fort at the angle, and was within effective musketry reach of it, happily coöperating with its fire with the advance of some regiments of volunteers in front, induced the enemy to abandon it with precipitation,

leaving its armament behind. This important acquisition was regarded by General Taylor as securing the conquest of the place. He had evidence that General Worth's operations at the other side of the city had gained a dominant lodgement in that quarter. The possession of this fort at the other side was a double advantage, that must render all subsequent defence of the city twofold in its difficulties and dangers.

The day of the 21st, so full of gallant and successful operations on both sides of the city, closed with a cold rain storm, in character with the season, for it was the equinox. While the important gains achieved by General Worth, cutting off the route for retreat of the enemy to the rear, and placing his command on various heights that overhung the city, cost the army comparatively little loss, the operations immediately under the eye of General Taylor strewed the plain with killed and wounded, many of the latter being necessarily left to abide, during the night, the pelting of the storm. The active operations in that quarter only closed with the day, when night shut in with a darkness that shrouded all things too deeply to find out those who still lay where they fell.

During this eventful day, General Taylor went into the heat of the fire at an early hour, and was at no time out of it, until, by common consent, as the sun went down, and the rains descended, both parties paused in exhaustion. His duties, he considered, left him no choice of position. The uncertainty as to details in the enemy's occupation and mode of defence was such, that no judgment could safely be formed of them but by actual observation and experiment. It was necessary that he should make these observations himself, and that he should see these experiments; that he should be at all times at hand, in order to seize advantages, and rectify errors, with promptitude. He had to work with many troops who were new in the face of an enemy. They looked to him for countenance and example. He gave them both. Besides, the capture of the fort at the angle of the city brought with it great anxiety. Its loss opened a train of consequences to the enemy that must end, unless timely checked, in his ruin. To recover it would seem to be an object likely to call forth all his efforts. These efforts were looked for throughout the day, and were particularly apprehended during the night. Many even suggested that the few troops who could be

crowded into it in order to guard it should be withdrawn at evening, as they might, if kept there, be considered as almost devoted to capture. General Taylor would listen to no suggestion that might lead to such an abandonment. The moment the fall of this fort was reported to him, early in the day, his eye lighted up with hope and exultation, and he instantly and emphatically declared his intention to hold fast to it. The Bishop's Palace on one side, and this fort on the other, he regarded as giving him a power of inward pressure, that would soon constrain all within to surrender.

Early the next morning, the wounded and the dead were collected, the former to be cared for, the latter to be consigned to the earth which had been so freely moistened by their blood. At the same time, preparations were made to pursue the advantages gained the day before. General Worth had reported that his division would begin its operations with the light. The other divisions were to be in readiness for operations on the other side of the city at the same time. Accordingly, with the dawn the storming of Monterey was renewed. The structure of the city made this storming a work of tediousness and peril. The narrow streets were barricaded by stone walls, and the houses, generally one story high, with a flat roof and with battlements, and built with thick walls of stone, had readily been converted into so many castles of defence. Gardens, with high stone walls, were attached to most of the houses. Carrying one of these houses, or gardens, was only one step gained. This was done, not so much by open assault, which would have cost too many lives, but by the pickaxe, which breached the walls in parts least exposed to fire. As our parties appeared through these breaches, the enemy soon disappeared. Thus ground was gradually and steadily won.

In the mean time, our light artillery — that powerful and brilliant arm — exhibited its efficiency under a new phasis. Its ordinary sphere is the broad field, where its sweeping evolutions can display themselves in all their breadth and rapidity. At this time, it was pushed into narrow streets, and there stood crowded among houses, like tigers ready to spring upon their prey. The noble animals which gave the pieces wings in the common battle, were here detached, and sheltered among the high walls; though even there, too often the mark

of covert shots. The pieces, behind some quoin of vantage, were loaded, hastily thrust forward into the street, whose range opened upon the enemy, and then let loose their contents to batter, break down, or blow up, (for they discharged shells as well as round shot,) whatever stood in their way. In this manner, the two parties of the Americans, widely separated in the morning, began to approximate each other, as they occupied house after house, plaza after plaza, until the enemy found his position, as the night drew on, narrowed down to a comparative span. Indeed, those who, from the outskirts of the city, could overlook the progress made from the two sides, so distinctly marked by the volumes of smoke that rose after the discharge of each piece of artillery, began to fear that its shots would overpass the enemy, and fall among the ranks of friends. Under an apprehension of that kind, General Taylor, towards the decline of day, ordered the troops on the south side to pause where they were, until he could learn more clearly the advance made in the opposite direction. The report from General Worth, that he was pushing on with success, and hoped soon to reach the main plaza, did not reach General Taylor until a partial withdrawal had been made of the troops under his immediate eye. Affairs were therefore permitted to rest as they were for this night, which was undisturbed excepting by reverberations of the mortar, now planted where it worked with sure and destructive effect.

The condition of the enemy was now apparently desperate. He had already besought General Taylor, to permit the women and children to withdraw, who, through confidence in better fortunes, had been kept there to brave the siege. Under the circumstances then existing, General Taylor did not deem himself called upon to yield to this appeal. The relief of the sufferers could be attained by a surrender, then fully authorized by the desperate condition of the place. The withdrawal of the non-combatants would only diminish the slaughter; it could not add to the force which still kept up the defence. The laws of war warranted this refusal, and a sense, perhaps a stern sense, of duty also required it. Humanity would have led to an earlier disposition of this part of the population. The events of the first day sufficiently demonstrated the peril they encountered by staying within the city. They could then have gone forth. As they did not,

they chose to abide the consequences, which, lamentable as they proved to be, were only such as might have been, and must have been, anticipated.

During the night of the 22d, the work of destruction went harshly on. Our mortar (as we have already observed) played on through the darkness, having, while it was still light, marked well its range, the main object being a conspicuous church on the main Plaza, known to have been converted into a magazine, and containing most of the ammunition gathered up for the siege. With such knowledge, the church became a legitimate object for our shells. Before midnight, one shell ended its parabola by chipping out a piece from the bell of the church, exploding at the base of the belfry. A slight variation on one side of its direction, would have sent it into the body of the building, with consequences that might alarm the stoutest heart. The hazard was not lost upon the Mexican commander, who, it is said, was at that time holding his head-quarters in one of the vestries of the church. Whether it was this approximation of the hazard to his person, or a belief that further resistance was vain, that suggested a parley, cannot be known; but a parley was asked with General Taylor by a messenger, who left the Mexican head-quarters about the hour of midnight.

A suspension of hostilities followed this message, General Taylor having signified his readiness to meet General Ampudia within the city the next day, in order to treat of a surrender of men and arms, with the usual honors of war, the former to be paroled. This meeting took place the morning of the 23d, just without the line in the city occupied by General Worth's division.* The council was opened by General Ampudia, a clear and graceful speaker, who, after a preliminary suited to the occasion, asked what terms could be obtained as a basis of surrender of his command. The answer of General Taylor was, briefly, that the terms embraced a surrender of men and arms, according to the usual forms in such cases. No doubt, he went into the council with a determination to

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* As General Taylor alighted from his horse at the door of the house where the council was to be held, he was met by one of the Mexican Generals, who, after the manner of his country, opened his arms to embrace him, instead of offering his hand. Such a new and unexpected mode of salutation produced much surprise, and considerable embarrassment, and caused a general smile among the spectators.

adhere to these terms. He had no good reason to doubt his ability to enforce them in due time, provided the defence continued, the advantages he had gained during the last two days justifying this confidence. The remarks of General Ampudia in reply to the answer to his question, probably led him to think a modification might be expedient. Those remarks were made with moderation, and in a seemingly conciliatory spirit. He said that General Santa Anna had just returned to his country, and manifested a desire for pacification. He had been aloof when the contest between the two countries began, and could act in the case with much impartiality. He could be just to the Mexicans, and at the same time act with liberality towards the United States. The character of the surrender of Monterey might have an important bearing on the work of pacification. Harsh terms would most naturally exasperate, while generous terms would as naturally conciliate. These temperate and specious remarks were followed by a proposal to select and commission some from the officers then present on both sides, to digest the terms of surrender.

Before General Taylor left the Rio Grande, he was informed, semi-officially, perhaps officially, that our government intended to permit General Santa Anna (then an exile) to reënter Mexico; that it intended even to aid his return. This step was taken, of course, under a belief that, as he was opposed to the rulers then in power, he was likewise opposed to their policy. The result of this reasoning was, that the introduction of this distinguished chief into Mexico would lead to a party in favor of peace, or, at the least, to a conflict of parties, whose quarrel would weaken the energies of war. In this council at Monterey, General Taylor was officially informed that General Santa Anna had actually returned to his country, and had expressed a desire for an honorable adjustment between the contending nations. This information induced him to listen to the suggestions from time to time made by the commission, giving to the surrender rather more liberality of character. When it was found that one step of concession had been admitted, an importunate spirit began to manifest itself on the part of the Mexicans. General Taylor cut this short suddenly, after he had conceded all he deemed proper, by withdrawing within his own lines, and stating a precise hour in advance, when hostilities would re-commence, should

the terms he offered be declined. They were accepted within the hour specified, and the surrender and evacuation of Monterey took place, according to stipulation, the following day.*

This surrender was made, at the time, the subject of animadversion. The foregoing remarks will probably satisfy those who have not already come to satisfactory conclusions by reading the official reports put forth at the time, that General Taylor had reasons of public policy to justify the course he took. The way of escape was open to the garrison, on one side of the city, to the last moment of the defence. All but the artillery could move out and move off. No terms, therefore, could have secured the men or the small arms of the enemy. Those granted gave up only a small portion of his field artillery. Besides, the suspension of operations granted within certain limits gave rise to no delay that must not have occurred even without that suspension. General Taylor, through the limited quantity of means of transportation he had been able to collect before he left the Rio Grande, had been able to bring with him only a limited supply of provisions and ammunition. The former was rapidly diminishing. Had further operations been free from any check by an armistice, they must have been stayed by other causes. As the event proved, when operations recommenced, under the orders of the government, a few days only before the armistice would have expired of itself, General Taylor's forces were but just refitted for active service. No time had been lost. Much facility, however, had been gained in moving up supplies through the interior. The trains passed to and fro without loss or molestation. When the guerilla parties were let loose upon them by a renewal of hostilities, it was far otherwise.

At no moment during this interval of arms was General

* General Taylor left the camp at Walnut Springs early in the morning, and did not return to it until near midnight. During this time, he had had no communication with the camp. When, at 11 P. M., he started from Monterey, wearied out by the protracted negotiations of the day, he put his horse, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the badness and blindness of the road, upon a round amble, which kept all who were in his suite, some fifty or more, upon a full gallop. As he neared the camp, the party passed over a rocky ridge, which sent forth a sound as of the trampling of thousands. The camp was alarmed, and all the troops were ordered out and under arms on the seemingly threatened side. Fortunately, a suggestion was made that the party might be that of General Taylor, and it was not fired upon, so that he reached the camp in safety.

Taylor inactive. At no moment did he relax his exertions to prepare for a recommencement of the contest. For a brief period, he had a hope that, through General Santa Anna's influence, a peace might be made. This hope did not continue long. That astute chieftain soon saw that the war was popular with his countrymen, and he did not hesitate for one moment to side with the popular opinion. He well knew that whatever obligations were upon him to act otherwise could not be brought to light. As soon as movements were again authorized, General Taylor was in readiness to make them. His plans had already been formed. General Worth was sent up with a division to Saltillo, and occupied it without opposition. General Wool was moving down in the mean time from Monclova towards the same point. General Taylor himself, with a body of about 4,000 men was to move down under the Sierra Madre to Victoria. This last movement was to fulfil arrangements making for a descent on Mexico through an avenue more to the south. General Taylor had corresponded with the government on this subject. His opinion had been asked respecting it, and he was requested to afford such coöperation as would be consistent with a preservation of the country already acquired by him. The column with which he moved on Victoria, towards the close of the year 1846, was the amount of this coöperation he deemed his forces near and above Monterey could afford. Other troops were in motion from the Rio Grande for the same purpose, to meet him at Victoria.

While on this march, about sixty miles south of Monterey, General Taylor was overtaken by an express from General Worth at Saltillo, stating that a large force under General Santa Anna was immediately threatening that position. An immediate countermarch with a part of his column took place, though his own information of the Mexican movements led him to doubt whether the reports which had reached Saltillo were well founded. When General Taylor had repassed Monterey a few miles, further reports from General Worth showed that such was the fact. Retracing his steps, General Taylor reached Victoria in due time. It was there that he was made acquainted, in part, with the plan of General Scott's proposed campaign, and to what extent his

forces were to be diminished in consequence.* With only such a body of troops as made his return to Monterey safe, he again marched upon that place, learning on the route that a special messenger,† having despatches from General Scott, giving him that General's further plans in detail, had been murdered, and the despatches taken. He knew that this mischance must fully instruct the Mexican chief, who was now said to be in large force at San Luis de Potosi, in all these plans, and had reason to believe that this information even preceded his own knowledge of the mischance. It therefore behoved him to regain his positions on his old line with all diligence, as his dangers seemed to be increasing as his forces there were diminishing.

When General Taylor reached Monterey, he found that most of his regular troops had already passed through that place on their way to the Rio Grande, other troops, including volunteers, being under orders to follow. General Wool had taken the place of General Worth at Saltillo, regarding his position as threatened from San Luis de Potosi. General Taylor, from his encampment near Monterey, looked with anxiety to this salient point, but believed he must await the further development of events, before he could decide as to further movements. The position of General Santa Anna was commanding. He now knew the designs of General Scott, could calculate the time required to begin them, and could determine what might be done on the Monterey line, before he looked to that of Vera Cruz. All this General Taylor bore in mind, and was forced to await, as we have remarked, the further development of events, to judge of General Santa Anna's intentions; that is, whether he intended to strike at Saltillo, or descend upon the plains below by other routes, open to him, and threaten our communications with

* There was a question between the two distinguished chiefs of the Mexican campaigns, arising out of this withdrawal of force from General Taylor's line. It cannot even be stated in a brief note. We feel assured, however, that the public does not wish to see it settled, if its settlement serve to convict either of them of intentional injustice. There may have been misapprehensions on one side, and harsh feelings on the other; but these were spots which few, or none, have discovered amid the blaze of their achievements.

† The young and inexperienced subaltern who had charge of these important despatches, was sent from Monterey on his important errand with about ten men as an escort. A squadron of mounted volunteers which followed on his footsteps was too late to prevent the catastrophe that cost the life of the officer and the loss of his despatches. Had it accompanied him, no doubt both would have been saved.

the Rio Grande; or whether he would decide to move at once upon the south, to meet the new and formidable menace in that quarter. General Taylor probably thought the latter course most likely to be taken. To protect Vera Cruz in due time, and repulse the invasion approaching it on the threshold, seemed so obviously prudent and eligible, that he could hardly doubt the choice to be made. Still, he had to await the issue. Monterey was central as to the exposed points. He was couched there, to spring whichever way the prey should show itself.

In this state of uncertainty, and believing that he was likely soon to lapse into a state of inactive defensive warfare, while an energetic and teeming campaign would be reviving the memory of the campaign of Cortes on another route, reports were brought to General Taylor of two small affairs in advance of Saltillo, which, like the small cloud as big as a man's hand, was destined soon to spread into a tempest. These small affairs strongly intimated to him that the Mexicans were resolved, before they looked to Vera Cruz, and met the new invaders there, to make a sudden and bold assault upon those already far within their borders, and who, though formidable in reputation for three triumphs over their arms, now appeared so reduced and segregated, as to give a promise of success to any such assault. Under these convictions, General Taylor, after arranging the defence of Monterey, and providing for his communications with the Rio Grande in the best manner his force would admit, moved up rapidly upon Saltillo, and, after a day or two, occupied, with nearly all his troops, a position some twenty miles in advance of that place, known as Agua Nueva.

The two small events to which we have alluded were the capture, by the enemy, of two detachments of mounted volunteers, about fifty miles in advance of Saltillo. These detachments had been sent out on the routes leading to San Luis de Potosi, and, during a night of incautious negligence, were surrounded by superior numbers, and, after a parley, had surrendered. One man escaped to report the misfortune. Discouragement and mortification seemed to follow this capture; and General Taylor saw that decisive and confident measures must be taken without delay to remove those feelings, which, among volunteers (his main force,) were likely to

unnerve all efficiency. He did not deem it sufficient to make a stand at Saltillo; he determined to throw himself forward to the most prominent position, which had as yet been occupied by our troops. Agua Nueva was that position. His information made him regard a stand there as having many positive advantages. Just beyond that place, a march of nearly two days stretched over a plain that afforded no water. General Taylor knew this could not be crossed by an army of the size then under General Santa Anna, without an exhaustion that would considerably reduce the value of his great numbers, and enable a weak opponent, fresh from rest and strong in supplies, to meet him upon terms that might not be too unequal. A reconnoissance of the grounds that terminated the weary and debilitating march over the desert, showed that their defensive and offensive qualities were highly favorable; and there the shock was to be received, it being now well-known that the Mexicans had left San Luis, and were marching towards Saltillo.

The position occupied by General Taylor's army at Agua Nueva was strikingly peculiar and picturesque. The encampment spread over a plain, about seven or eight miles in width, almost as level as the surface of water, hemmed in on every side by peaked mountains, rising quite abruptly in irregular and cone-shaped masses to the height of many thousand feet, shutting in, as it were, the multitude gathered there to abide its fate. The inlet by which this multitude had entered was closed to the eye. Through the effect of a most sensitive reverberation all around, the sound of voices that rose up from the camp, (for volunteers, unlike regulars, whom discipline subdues into habitual quiet, are vociferous and restless,) struck on the ear with strange distinctness. It was a time of intense expectation, and minds unused to such trials sought relief in agitation and excitement. Reconnoissances were constantly abroad during those days of suspense. Their reports showed that advance parties were daily approximating our positions, and began to throw a doubt over his main design. Saltillo was unequivocally threatened by a strong column, and it was now ascertained that, contrary to the common report, there were avenues between the mountains rearward of Agua Nueva, by which more such columns could interpose themselves between that place and Saltillo. General Taylor

looked anxiously to these avenues, and, although he had, on the 20th instant, sufficient evidence that General Santa Anna was advancing in force upon his front, yet, the liability that now presented itself, of having his position turned, and thus placing him with threatenings in front, in his rear, and against Saltillo, the depot in that quarter of his army, constrained him to fall back without delay.*

This was a moment of severe trial. Retrograde movements have a double consequence; they give spirit to those before whom they are made, while they take away spirit from those by whom they are made. Especially was the retrograde movement now about to be made likely to affect unfavorably the volunteer troops, which composed the major part of General Taylor's force. His bold advance towards the enemy when Agua Nueva was occupied, inspired them with confidence, because it bespoke confidence in himself. Having no experience in campaigning, they thought as he appeared to think. General Taylor knew all this; he knew that he hazarded, by this change of position, the loss of that trust in his sufficiency for all emergencies which forms the nerve and soul of a volunteer army. Yet he hesitated not a moment. At midnight his scouts came in, and he saw the necessity of the change; and the camp was broken up the next day at noon.

Under a belief that Agua Nueva would be longer occupied, General Taylor had had large supplies collected there. These supplies could not be removed as easily as the troops. It was necessary to destroy a part, or leave a strong guard behind, until the train, having once been to Saltillo with a load, could return. To adopt the first measure would bespeak precipitation; the latter measure therefore was adopted, which might succeed if the enemy kept aloof. The army moved at the hour appointed. Most of the column had filed off before General Taylor mounted. He said little, was grave, and even stern of countenance. As he rode slowly by the flank of the column, he scarcely seemed to observe the silent ranks, which, as he came into view, turned with an anxious look of inquiry upon him, as if to read the expression of his coun-

* During the short stay of General Taylor at this time at Agua Nueva, the temperature of the weather was freezing, much aggravated by high and eddying winds. Thick ice formed every night. When the line took up its retrograde march, every man looked dirty, uncomfortable, and savage. Much the same temperature prevailed throughout February.

tenance. Not a shade of doubt or misgiving was there, and each beholder seemed to satisfy himself that the purpose of meeting the enemy was still unshaken, and marched on in better heart, willing to leave to him the time and place of that meeting.

When General Taylor moved forward to Agua Nueva, his column passed through a narrow defile, formed by a precipitous height, some eighty feet high, on one side, and deep gullies on the other. This height was almost inaccessible, and the gullies were impassable for horse and artillery, and even for men, without much labor in preparing the way. It was obvious to every eye, that this was a place where a few could stand against many. As, however, its defensive capability depended upon the feasibility of turning the flank that might be towards the mountains on the south, of which General Taylor had then no satisfactory information, he made only a passing remark upon its seemingly Thermopylæ-like character. On his march back, revolving in his mind the choice of positions where a stand should be made, this formidable looking pass presented itself for consideration. His inquiry of those who had been encamped in that neighborhood was, whether, in case he selected that position, his left flank could be turned? The answer was, that a deep ravine ran from the road to the mountain, which no artillery nor cavalry could cross; and he directed the halt to be made at that pass, (Angostura.) By this decision he lost the aid of a field battery, and one of his best battalions of volunteers, which were then at Saltillo, and were necessary for the defence of that place, an important depot of supplies; while he had reason to suppose he gained a strength in position that more than counterbalanced this loss. Leaving the main body of the troops to take post there under General Wool, the second in command, General Taylor moved on, with a small escort, to Saltillo, to make arrangements for the defence of that place, known to be threatened by a strong column of the enemy's cavalry, which approached it by a pass opening into the valley below.

Early in the forenoon of the next day, (the 22d of February, 1847,) General Wool reported to General Taylor that the enemy's columns were seen approaching from Agua Nueva. General Taylor returned to the position occupied by the troops, about three miles in advance of a hacienda, bearing

the name of Buena Vista. A judicious disposition of the troops had been made by General Wool, suited to the character of the grounds, and the strength of the command. The pass of Angostura was occupied by a light battery, with detachments of volunteer foot to sustain it. This was the key of the position. The broad plain or plateau above, which stretched to the base of the mountains, some two thousand yards distant from that pass, and which was intersected by deep ravines stretching in the same direction, at about right angles with the road, was occupied by other volunteers and artillery. A regiment of volunteer mounted riflemen, having dismounted, was at the base of the mountains, ready to scramble up its steep sides, should any light troops of the enemy make demonstrations in that quarter.

By 11 o'clock, A. M., a cloud of dust, (it had not rained for many months in that region,) rising high in the still atmosphere, and marking by its sinuous line the approaching columns, showed that the hour of conflict was drawing nigh. The enemy advanced with boldness, and with some degree of rapidity, as he probably then thought his antagonist was disposed to avoid this conflict. Such a thought had naturally been suggested by the manner in which the rear detachment, left at Agua Nueva the day before, to see to the removal of the supplies still in deposit there, had abandoned that place. While the return wagons were arriving and reloading, according to orders from head-quarters, a report spread among the troops and drivers there, that the enemy was upon them. The drivers cut the mules out of harness, and fled upon them with precipitation. The troops followed, having set fire to some of the supplies. A small advance of the enemy soon occupied the hacienda which had been so hastily evacuated, finding considerable prey there, and many signs of an abandonment made under a general panic. As he could not determine the extent of this panic, he concluded, with some reason, that it had embraced more than the rear-guard, and pushed on in eager pursuit, as after a flying game. When his leading column found, on reaching the vicinity of the pass of Angostura, that a stand seemed to be making there by General Taylor, that column came to a stand also, the sequent columns spreading out, as they came on, over the undulations in advance of another hacienda near, called La Encantada.

General Taylor, after surveying the grounds, and the dispositions made to defend them, and making such suggestions as he deemed proper, took his stand near Washington's battery, which was to wedge up the pass of Angostura. While in the saddle there, quietly awaiting the development of the enemy's designs, and observing the gradual accumulation of his masses near Encantada, the cloud of dust still tracing out to even distant eyes their progress, a messenger was seen hastily approaching our outposts. The messenger was halted there, but the message came in to General Taylor. When opened, it was found to be a summons to surrender, stating that more than twenty thousand Mexicans were then in his front or rear. When the numbers of the enemy were stated, General Taylor remarked that "twice that number would have made no difference." But even these words of confidence were not used in the answer. His Adjutant-General, dismounting at his side, wrote, at his dictation, in pencil, on the crown of his forage cap, the simple and brief reply which is so well known, — "I decline acceding to your proposal."

The spectators of this scene, being the staff of General Taylor, most of the officers of rank who were to bear important parts in the coming encounter, and some of the troops, regarded it in respectful, though anxious silence. Probably not an eye was turned away from the countenance, on whose expression so much seemed to depend. The haughty message worked no change in the gravity then so habitual there. Neither a swell nor a sinking of the heart appeared; no swell of feeling, that would vent itself in an answer of indignant defiance; no sinking of feeling, that showed that the weight of circumstances was becoming too heavy to be borne. The summons was considered as an ordinary expedient of an enemy, strong in numbers, and desirous of ascertaining how far those numbers would press, as a moral weight, upon his opponent. General Taylor would have had no objections to allowing the messenger to bring the message to his side. He had nothing to conceal. His numbers were probably well enough known by General Santa Anna, and the numbers of that General were well enough known by General Taylor. The summons, if it disclosed any thing new, disclosed an encouraging fact, that those numbers did not come up to what all reports had represented

them to be. As soon as it was answered, it seemed to be dismissed from thought. General Taylor resumed his observations of the movements of the enemy, as if no incident had suspended them for a short time.

The 22d had no fighting. A few round shots were discharged by the enemy at some rather obtrusive advance parties; and as the shadows of evening settled on the sides of the mountains, the light troops of both parties met there, and continued to skirmish until the darkness of the night showed distinctly the blaze of each rifle. Early in the afternoon, while General Taylor was still watching the progress of events on the low level near Washington's battery, several mounted persons of the enemy were seen to take a position on the crest of one of the ridges about midway between Angostura and Encantada, whose numbers were increased to some fifteen or sixteen. They stood there, strongly relieved by the clear sky beyond, and loomed up to the eye below in greatly exaggerated magnitude. The group, which was supposed to embrace General Santa Anna and his staff, stood immovably there, as if minutely examining the positions taken by his opponent, so weak in force, but so strong in those positions. The examination continued, until interrupted by a few horsemen, mostly volunteers, who scouted, under cover of the deep gorges there, into such daring proximity with the group, as to bring it within probable reach of their rifles.

As the sun set upon this magnificent scene, General Taylor rode up to the plateau above, and took his stand there, overlooking not only his own positions, but those of the enemy. The view could stretch far back (some ten miles) upon the road from Agua Nueva, where the tell-tale cloud of dust told that still the columns were coming onwards; while nearer at hand, on the levels of Encantada, regiment after regiment, lancers, dragoons, foot, and artillery, was paraded in regular lines, from the road to the base of the mountains, then sending forth their martial music that marked the hour of "retreat." This handsome and wide-spreading parade of force on the part of the Mexicans, and this pleasant observance of all the forms of the hour, as if on a common holiday occasion, contrasted strongly with the moody silence of our broken lines, perched in detachments on heights here and there, or ensconced in favoring breaks of the grounds, mostly with-

drawn from the enemy's eye. Soon after sunset, General Taylor, concluding from his observations that no attack would be made before the morning, returned to Saltillo, there to finish his arrangements for the defence of that important depot, equally threatened as the camp in advance of Buena Vista.

Early the next morning, (the 23d of February,) as had been anticipated, the enemy advanced upon nearly all the outer positions occupied by General Wool during the night. The column that moved on the pass of Angostura had been given an impetus proportioned to the importance of the object in view. That pass forced, the day was won. His column came on with confidence, but soon fell back in confusion and with loss before the battery that guarded it. Above, the enemy was more successful. A brigade of volunteer foot, with three pieces of light artillery, was in advance on the plateau there, and approximated too nearly the Mexican lines, when, severely galled by a fire from horse, foot, and artillery, overwhelming in numbers, it gave way, leaving one of the pieces of artillery behind.* As this retrograde took place, General Taylor came into the field of action. The troops which crowned the elevations near the pass, having seen the breach made by the enemy in one part of our line, and observing at the same moment the approach of General Taylor, cheered him with loud shouts. He at once ascended the plateau, whence he could have a view of the whole ground. He there met the battery section which had fallen back with the brigade before alluded to, and saw the brigade itself filing, with rapidity and confusion, off the plateau and out of the range of fire. The artillery came to a stand near General Taylor, who despatched members of his staff to rally the fugitives on the Mississippi regiment, which he had previously directed to take ground near the base of the mountains, on another plateau, next to that on which he then stood.

From the elevated position he had chosen, General Taylor overlooked the whole field of operations, except the pass of Angostura, which was covered by the bold steeps of the plateau. He had sufficient evidence, however, as he went into the action, that all was safe in that important quarter. The

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* This was a four-pounder which had been captured from the Mexicans by the Texans, — perhaps at San Jacinto.

battery was heard in loud and rapid play, sending up its columns of smoke into full view from above. The retiring troops first engaged his attention; but soon seeing that they must be considered as deducted from his fighting force for the remainder of the day, he seemed to dismiss them from his thoughts, and to turn his attention to troops which still remained available for the conflict before him. As he looked around, he saw three regiments still at their positions, and that his light artillery (excepting the loss just mentioned) and dragoons were there in their fulness of power and spirit. Without counting the loss that had been sustained, he looked only to the means yet at his command. With these it was evident he had much to do. His left flank had been turned, by cavalry as well as by infantry. The deep ravine, on whose depth and precipitous sides so much reliance had been placed by those who had previously examined the ground, had been crossed by the former. Large masses of Mexican cavalry were seen skirting the base of the mountains, which were joined by their light troops that had been skirmishing on the sides of these mountains, now abandoned by our own light troops. Whether artillery could also surmount this obstacle, remained to be seen.

The condition of the battle was unpromising, but not desperate. The left flank had been turned by a force probably as large as the whole of General Taylor's command. Such an important advantage in that quarter, while the force in front remained overwhelming in numbers, might well give courage to the enemy, and dishearten his opponent. General Taylor, however, began to see hope, when most others saw only despair. The enemy, in thus turning our flank, had greatly extended and attenuated his line. It was all the more liable to be severed. Besides, it exposed to the fire of much of our light artillery nearly the whole length of that part of it which had passed our flank. General Taylor saw the advantage this state of affairs was likely to open to him. He began to think he might cut off that portion of the enemy's line, and to make efforts accordingly.* These

*The hope that General Taylor indulged for a time of being able to cut off a portion of the enemy at Buena Vista probably entered into the breast of no other person on the field. As he afterwards explained, this hope was founded on the following reasons; that the Mexican cavalry had crossed the desert beyond Agua

efforts were necessarily limited by the amount and character of the means at his command. His artillery still held possession of the plateau on which he stood himself, and of the other lateral plateau, where the Mississippi regiment was posted, and was now bravely breasting the enemy's troops that had turned the flank. The artillery was made to play with destructive effect upon these troops, within the range of its fire. The Mississippi regiment, and the other volunteers, parts of the brigade that had been broken early in the day, which had joined themselves to that regiment, were also within musket range of most of the enemy's horse and foot.

Such was the state of the contest as seen from General Taylor's position, when the enemy assumed a new and very threatening aspect on his (the enemy's) extreme right. The numerous cavalry there, which had thus far spread itself somewhat loosely along the base of the mountain, was now seen concentrating itself into a heavy column. This movement was watched by General Taylor with an intense anxiety. All the aid he could afford had been sent to that quarter, and he could only await the result. It seemed hardly possible that the great disparity of strength in favor of the enemy could fail to give him signal advantages. And if he succeeded in dispersing the Mississippi regiment and its adjuncts, the hacienda of Buena Vista, with the train of supplies there, would doubtless follow in the train of misfortunes; when a junction by the victors with General Miñon, then occupying the road leading to Saltillo with some 2,000 cavalry would render the situation of the troops more immediately around General Taylor imminently hazardous. This was one of the decisive crises of the day. Happily, it had not the turn anticipated.

The heavy cavalry column of the enemy came down from the base of the mountain towards the position of the Mississippi regiment with a rapid gait; about midway, slackened its advance; and came to a pause, when within about half musket shot of its opponents. The cause of this hesitation

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Nueva, and had been pushed on to Encantada, and thence, the morning of the 23d, around our flank, in rapid succession, having had little time for rest during four consecutive days; that the animals could have had no water since early in the morning, when they left the camp at Encantada; and that consequently both they and their riders must be nearly exhausted. Had he had one regiment, or even a battalion of regulars, he thought he should have been enabled to fulfil that hope.

and this pause could not be seen or even conjectured by General Taylor from his point of view. Soon after the pause, the column, by a sudden conversion, turned towards the hacienda of Buena Vista. This change was seen by General Taylor with satisfaction, for, though he had reason to apprehend disaster at that place, he did not deem it in any degree commensurate with that which had just before been apprehended. The shock of cavalry at Buena Vista that soon followed, resulted in the discomfiture or retreat of the enemy. He gained none of his objects. A part of the lancers passed over to the other side of the valley, and were lost to the battle for the remainder of the day. That part — the main part — which withdrew to the base of the mountain, took back with it exhaustion and discouragement. Those feelings were already spreading among the troops that had remained at the base, achieving nothing, and constantly galled by our light artillery, distributed here and there so as to reach the whole line of Mexicans that had turned our flank.

At this time, under such circumstances, General Taylor had reason to flatter himself with a hope of cutting off an important portion of this line. It had already began to retrograde, and stragglers were seen scrambling up the sides of the mountain, showing that it began to break up its connection and break down in strength. This hope, however, was soon thwarted by unexpected and untoward circumstances. The appearance of the enemy's cavalry early in the morning on the plateau occupied by our troops, had disproved one of the defensive qualities of the battle field on which General Taylor had been led to rely. About midday, the unexpected appearance of a battery of three heavy guns, not far from the base of the mountains, in this same plateau, disproved another still more important defensive quality of the same, on which still greater reliance had been placed. When this battery opened its fire, it swept the plateau for a time; the foot taking shelter in the slopes of the gorges, and the light artillery, as well as head quarters, withdrawing temporarily to the lateral plateau. The enemy, however, seemed to attempt to take no other advantage of this temporary success, than to hasten the withdrawal of his line on our left flank; and the lost ground was soon recovered, our light artillery playing upon the retiring line as destructively as ever.

When General Taylor again reached his habitual position on the main plateau, a white flag was seen to approach from the enemy. The bearer stated his message to be from General Santa Anna, who desired to know, "what General Taylor wanted?" Somewhat puzzled by the apparent simplicity or stupidity of the message, and thinking, perhaps, that it had not been fully comprehended by those who translated it, General Taylor first replied that he wanted General Santa Anna to surrender. This reply was afterwards superseded by a request that General Wool would proceed to the Mexican commander, and ascertain what *he* wanted. General Taylor, as soon as he adopted this course, despatched orders along his line to cease firing in the mean time. General Wool soon returned with a report that the Mexican battery would not discontinue its fire, and that he had therefore deemed farther proceeding in the matter inexpedient. Thus ended this inexplicable parley. The object of General Santa Anna in leading to it will be left to conjecture, as he has not publicly explained it. If, as many of General Taylor's staff, who were present, believed, it were a mere fetch to gain time, or a cover to the retrograde movement a portion of his line was then making, it was an unworthy and unwarrantable proceeding. General Taylor, considering that a portion of the Mexican line was in jeopardy, and that its chief was seeking, by an early application in its behalf, the most favorable terms, probably thought the message had been sent in good faith. He doubtless felt the responsibility of rejecting it, even if he had a suspicion to the contrary. He therefore consented to a temporary suspension of the firing. It was but temporary, as the battle revived in all quarters as soon as General Wool returned to the position of General Taylor. During this interval, however, the enemy had been busy to his advantage. His long line had been constantly shortening, and General Taylor, knowing that he had not troops to arrest it by an effectual charge upon its centre at the base of the mountain, seemed to make up his mind to let the Mexicans withdraw, satisfying himself with having sustained his main positions, which had been so often and so imminently threatened throughout the day.

After watching the movement until he felt assured that no further attempt upon those positions was likely to be made by

the enemy, General Taylor, for the first time during the day, descended from the plateau, and visited the pass of Angostura, which had been so well defended by Washington's battery and the infantry volunteers supporting it. He had hardly been there many minutes, and had made only a brief observation upon its relation to the enemy's batteries and troops in front, when his ear was startled by a "very heavy musketry fire" on the plateau he had so lately left, showing that the conflict had been renewed there with great violence. This renewal, after he had supposed, with good reason, that the uncertainties of the day were over, and that his positions were safe for the night, filled him with perplexity and uneasiness. The scene of this unexpected outbreak might be a half mile or more distant. General Taylor, with his staff, urged his way back to the slope, and up to the plateau, with all possible haste. The change that had taken place there during his brief absence was appalling. He had left there three regiments of volunteers, which had proved themselves thus far firm and efficient throughout the vicissitudes of the day, and, though somewhat reduced in strength by those vicissitudes, were yet still strong in spirit and self-confidence. Now, when he reached the high level of the plateau, he saw nothing but confusion and dismay. Those regiments, broken and flying, had not a semblance of unity or strength. They met him in remnants, and drifted rapidly by him like fragments of a wreck before a vehement gale. Soon followed such parts of the light battery as had not been left in the enemy's hands. These parts were few and far between. The pieces were gone;* most of the noble animals were gone; and the officers, full of grief, with such men as had survived, rallied around head-quarters, then, for a short period, the only thing stationary amid the sweeping off of all other things before the enemy.

When nearly all had passed by, and the pursuers were pressing hotly on their traces, General Taylor slowly turned about, and somewhat doggedly took the same backward track. Those around him followed, gathering rather more closely to his side. It was the darkest moment of the battle;

* These two pieces were recaptured under General Scott at Churubusco by a portion of the same regiment to which they had belonged. It is said the men recognized them with a cry of rapture.

and when General Taylor then turned his face from the enemy, it is probable he deemed all to be lost, irrecoverably lost. Soon after he turned, however, a little light broke in upon this darkness. As he descended the slope, with the defeated hurrying before him, and the victors hurrying behind him, he saw two of the light batteries nearing its base, and also the volunteer foot, which had so manfully stood its ground near the base of the mountains, approaching the plateau by a shorter line. These batteries and this foot had been liberated from their positions in that quarter by the retreat of the enemy there, and were now most opportunely hastening to the main plateau, where they saw a fearful struggle was going on. General Taylor knew that the Mississippi regiment needed no new impulse, no further direction, and that it would soon be at the rescue; he therefore looked only to the batteries. Meeting them at the base of the slope, he ordered them to ascend at once, and open upon the enemy. The teams were jaded out, there was no infantry to back the pieces, and there was much probability that they would go up only to swell the spoil of the enemy. They went up, however, one after the other, General Taylor immediately behind them, with only a squadron of dragoons to sustain them. The horses of the batteries were urged to the death. All was to be risked where all was in peril. Coming rapidly into battery on the first level, a quick fire was opened upon the enemy, then "but a few yards from the muzzles of the pieces." At this most unexpected encounter of a formidable opposition where all opposition was supposed to be at an end, the Mexicans first slackened their eager pace, next came to a pause, and at last turned and fled.*

Simultaneously with these operations immediately under the eye of General Taylor, larger portions of the routed regiments had fled down the gorges leading to the road in front of the pass at Angostura, and soon presented themselves there in huddled masses, the enemy's lancers in close and murder-

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*It was while in the rear of this battery, during this last struggle, that General Taylor's garments were twice pierced by musket shot. He afterwards said, he deemed himself then on a forlorn hope. *General Taylor's official Despatch.*

It is impossible to allude to the services rendered by these light batteries on this campaign without a glow of enthusiasm and admiration. In the expressive language of the official account of this battle, they "saved the day."

ous pursuit. Captain Washington at once saw that, if he permitted these masses and their pursuers to come upon his battery without check, his position would be overwhelmed, and he adopted the only means likely to prevent such a catastrophe. Slightly elevating his pieces, so as to point above the heads of friends, he sent his shot into the ranks of the mounted Mexicans beyond, who were crowding densely onwards after their game. Each shot emptied many a saddle; and this portion of the victors was also first brought to a stand, and soon after sent precipitately behind ridges that masked it from our fire.

Thus terminated, as unexpectedly as fortunately, the last act of this day's drama. It began in a spirit of gallant imprudence, and ended in a lamentable carnage. The line of the enemy, weakened and broken, was rapidly moving out of fire beneath the base of the mountain. General Taylor, before he left the plateau, had seen this, and having fully ascertained that he had not the force, particularly the description of force, fitted to arrest the movement, had determined to content himself with the advantages already gained, and to permit the enemy to withdraw unmolested. The troops he had left as spectators of this retreat could not, in his short absence, resist the temptation of endeavoring to interrupt it. Preparatory to his withdrawal, the enemy had concentrated his strong reserves in a ravine that there deeply seamed the high level from the road to the base of the mountain. When our troops advanced upon the retiring line, they had no apprehension of being sprung upon by this formidable body, which suddenly appeared on the crest of the ravine, and poured in upon them an overwhelming fire. To waver, break, and retreat from this fire was but the work of a short time. The enemy's lancers rushed on in pursuit with vengeful eagerness. In passing through Agua Nueva, the enemy had seen a spectacle of massacre that had heated his blood. The day had thus far given him no opportunity to cool it by retaliation. In rushing over the fallen in this discomfiture, his lancers glutted themselves with blood to satiety.*

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* The vindictive cruelty with which the Mexican lancers stabbed to the death so many of our troops on this occasion, while lying in their path wounded and defenceless, calls for explanation.

A few days before General Taylor fell back from Agua Nueva, a volunteer was

The day had been cold and blustering. One or two heavy showers fell upon the field, one of them accompanied by hail. During this hail-storm, both parties seemed to come to a pause by common consent. When the sun went down, night closed in with a frosty chillness. All the troops on the ground fit for action lay down at their posts, without even their blankets to cover them, shivering with the harsh temperature, but grateful that they were among the survivors, and happy that they still occupied the positions of the morning. No ground had been lost. The bright moon looked down from a cloudless heaven, and seemed to lend a kindly aid to the sentinels on the outer guards. General Taylor lay down with the rest in harness. He did not apprehend a night attack. The enemy was exhausted as well as his own troops, and both had lost largely of their numbers. The morning, however, was expected to bring a renewal of the contest, though under a varied form. Our army had another flank that had not yet been assailed. On that side it was conjectured the enemy would re-appear. None thought he had withdrawn from the field, giving up the contest.

During the night, General Taylor looked carefully to his means of continuing the defence of his positions, which had thus far been so successfully maintained. He had few regiments of foot in an organized condition. The events of the early part of the day had more than half dismembered one of his brigades, and the events of the latter part of the day had made fearful inroads on the strength and efficiency of three regiments of other brigades. Still, he could count on some regiments that had stood firm to the end of the day, and were then lying down with him in readiness for the morrow, with

found *lassooed*, or strangled, in a gorge near the camp. A portion of his regiment went up the following day to some ranchos in that gorge, and massacred all the women and children found there, exceeding twenty in number. General Taylor, full of grief and indignation, investigated the matter, and the guilt was fixed upon a regiment, and then narrowed down to two companies; which, refusing to give up the names of the individual perpetrators, were ordered to go to the rear in disgrace. The retrograde movement, and the battle of Buena Vista, however, almost immediately followed, and the enemy was supposed to have fully avenged the deed.

There is little doubt the enemy went into the fight resolved to give no quarter. He certainly gave none in this pursuit. The hospital at Saltillo was filled with those who had been stabbed without mercy while disabled on the ground. One man had eleven lance wounds, each lancer, as he said, giving him a thrust as he rode over him. Lieutenant-Colonel Clay first had his ankle broken by a bullet. When his body was brought in the next morning, it had three or four lance wounds, one or more of which was mortal.

such survivors as the previous day had left. He also ordered a fresh battalion at Saltillo to be replaced by the fugitives that had collected there, and to be on the field at break of day; also, a battery of two pieces which had assisted in the defence of that place against General Miñon the day before. During the night, moreover, he received the welcome intelligence of the arrival at Saltillo of four heavy guns from Monterey. With these he could strengthen his position greatly beyond the strength of the preceding day. Having made these arrangements, General Taylor sought a few hours repose with some degree of confidence in his power to struggle through another day. Besides, he knew his antagonist better now than he did in the morning. This knowledge added to his confidence.

As the day of the 24th began to break, a report came in that the enemy had retreated. The report was set down at first as a mistake of the night, and not credited. With the growing light, however, grew the certainty of this extraordinary fact. General Taylor was soon in the saddle, in order to verify it with his own eyes. On reaching the vicinity of Encantada, the enemy's late encampment, it was indeed found that his multitudes had passed away, leaving only a wreck behind. This wreck consisted of groups of wounded and dying, which were found here and there in the more sheltered nooks and hollows through the whole distance from the road to the mountains. After a circuit over the entire grounds, General Taylor returned to the pass of Angostura, having despatched a flag after General Santa Anna to arrange an exchange of prisoners. This flag found that General still at Agua Nueva, with his army passing rapidly onwards to the interior; and on the 27th of the same month, General Taylor reoccupied that place, all the enemy, excepting a rear guard, having withdrawn out of reach. He sent forward strong reconnoitring parties as far as Encarnation the following day, which found there only such sick and wounded, considerable in numbers, as could not be taken on a hasty retreat.

It is hardly necessary to comment much upon the battle of Buena Vista. The sketch we have given of its principal incidents, leaves out of view most of its details. Our purpose has been merely to present it in connection with General Taylor. His predominant agency in controlling the fortunes

of the day is obvious from that sketch. That control had not, however, been complete. General Taylor's position at Buena Vista was strictly defensive. His object was to repel the Mexicans. He had no expectations of doing more, and he knew that doing thus much would be winning nearly all. General Santa Anna* had left San Luis de Potosi with a large army, and with small supplies. His blow must be struck without delay; he must beat General Taylor at once, or his large army must fall back again. It is said hunger will eat through stone-walls. General Santa Anna told his hungry multitudes that there was enough to eat on the other side of General Taylor's positions; that they must capture his train at Buena Vista, and get at his depot at Saltillo. This they attempted to do, but with more appetite than courage and conduct.

As we have remarked, General Taylor proposed to act at Buena Vista on the defensive; for the double reason, that the defensive was suited to the smallness and character of his force, and was likely to compass his objects. He intended nothing salient. The departures from this prudential course, that occurred during the 23d, were not authorized by him. The first departure was in the morning, before he came on the field, that is, by the brigade of Indiana volunteers. That brigade advanced upon the enemy with more zeal than judgment, and the consequences threw, for a time, a doubt over the issues of the day. Had this brigade stood where General Wool had placed it, these consequences had probably been averted. The second departure was at the close of the day. The three gallant regiments, which had contributed to maintain the plateau so long, heedlessly threw themselves, during the temporary absence of General Taylor from it, into a consuming fire. If they erred, (and no doubt they *did* err,) bitterly did they suffer for it. Again were the issues of the

* General Santa Anna was an extraordinary man in all situations but in the field of battle. Even there his designs were often good, but seldom carried out to their proper and seemingly attainable results. But, in bringing forth men, arms, supplies, &c., he showed almost a creative power. He lost all, only to regain all. Beaten, dispersed, he soon rallied as strong as ever. His stern determination was, to make no peace while an invader trod the soil of Mexico. And he had the inflexibility of spirit to have fulfilled this determination, even at the cost of desolating half his country. He well knew that, if he could not drive us out, he could starve us out. Fortunately for us, he gave up his power to those who were less lofty, or more yielding, in spirit.

day in fearful jeopardy. During these moments of dark discouragement, General Taylor's firmness and resource were conspicuous. In neither instance did a shade of weakness pass over his countenance. Those who leaned upon him for support where every thing seemed to be tottering to a fall, found that he held them up. In these moments, and in others less trying, he listened to suggestions and to warnings from those around him with patient heed, but appeared at all times to be guided by the decisions of his own judgment. The whole field was within his view, he saw all, and rapidly determined how to manage all. He said little; seemed to ponder deeply; dictated his orders promptly, and sometimes with sharpness; and overlooked the battle with a spirit that paid no regard to its dangers, and with a mind that felt equal to all its vicissitudes and emergencies.

After it became certain that General Santa Anna, with his main force, had left San Luis and had marched to meet General Scott, General Taylor, leaving General Wool in command above, descended to Monterey, where the dangers were then most threatening. When General Santa Anna determined to attack General Taylor, he sent through the bridle-paths of the Sierra Madre a strong mounted force, to menace the line of communication with the Rio Grande. While the contest was going on near Saltillo, that line of communication was broken by strong parties, which destroyed some large trains, dispersed others, and for a time severed the interior from the river. Having restored the communication, General Taylor reoccupied his encampment near Monterey, and there awaited in quiet the further instructions of his government. These instructions led him to anticipate that he was to be provided with a force which would enable him to penetrate the interior of Mexico, and join General Scott at the capital, which that General was then approaching through a series of brilliant victories. In his correspondence with the government on the subject of this force, General Taylor had expressed an opinion that its amount should be 20,000 men, one half to be regulars, with 5000 men to keep open the communication with the Rio Grande.

With the anticipation alluded to, General Taylor at once began the preparations that depended on him. Means of transportation were provided, and supplies were fast coming

up from the depots on the river below, and going forward to Saltillo. As peace, notwithstanding his own victories, and those achieved by General Scott, seemed still as remote as ever, General Taylor began to believe that his march to the city of Mexico would be required, even if not more than half the numbers he had designated were placed at his disposal. In fact, it became more and more probable each day that his column for this purpose would not exceed that with which he advanced on Monterey. With such a diminished column, or even with one still smaller, he expressed his willingness to go forward if required, and run his chances, unpromising as they seemed to be. Those around him regarded the march as a desperate attempt, particularly since the government had resolved to pay the Mexicans for no more supplies taken from them. Thus far we had made the products of the country available by buying them at a fair price. The moment that price should be withheld, these products would be withheld also. General Santa Anna proposed a Roman plan of defence, — that is, to spread desolation before our march. As long as we paid for what we required, this plan could not be carried into effect. The change directed by our government would probably have enabled him to do so. It would have required no argument to convince the Mexicans, that their chances for remuneration from their own government would be greatly improved, if, with patriotic spirit, they consented to destroy their crops, rather than permit them to fall, unpaid for, into our hands. General Taylor often said that, if he could reach some of the rich valleys on the route beyond San Luis, he would be safe. Others believed he would never reach those valleys; or, if he did, he would find them no longer rich in produce. He would probably have advanced into a desert; his animals would have first failed; then his men; and the result of the attempt would doubtless have been a deplorable catastrophe, as deplorable as any that marks the darkest day of Roman disaster. Happily, a peace arrested the attempt.

While resting at his encampment near Monterey, still a dweller in tents,* General Taylor's mind was much occupied

* General Taylor, from the time he left the Rio Grande — probably from the time he left Corpus Christi — slept constantly under canvas. He had a private vehicle always at hand, but never took a seat in it.

by the growing probability of his becoming a candidate for the Presidency of the United States at the coming election. Such a probability had been foreshadowed for many months. Soon after the two battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the papers began to intimate that his services merited such a reward. He paid no regard to these intimations, or regarded them only as complimentary outpourings of individual enthusiasm. It was not until friends of high standing for character, and high in political life, gave him strong assurances that a just regard for popular opinion demanded of him consent, that he was willing to allow his name to be used in the canvass. Even at this stage of the matter, he looked with unfeigned concern upon the course he was persuaded to take. He was about to enter upon an untried field, one for which his experience had seemed to give him no fitness. Such distrust was most reasonable under the circumstances; though it was also equally reasonable, after more reflection, that that distrust should diminish. His thoughts appeared to be turned with deep attention upon the nature of the duties such a new position would bring upon him. Not that he spoke as if he had any confidence in his being called upon to occupy that position. He spoke with soldierly familiarity to those around him on the subject, and his remarks were always of a general character, and in harmony with expressions seen in his published letters written at that season. Their prevailing characteristics were, good sense, honesty of purpose, independence of party prejudices, and a profound reverence for the constitution.

This political prospect made General Taylor liable to constant approaches through flattering and zealous professions. No man approached him twice through that avenue. His impassive countenance, or a word or two of indifference, repulsed, or discouraged, all such approaches. It may be doubted whether any man became his political friend in this canvass through any hope, raised in any interview with him, of individual preferment. Those who were most with him, and whom he trusted and esteemed, never, we will venture to say, heard from his lips a word that raised in them such a hope.

General Taylor had no enthusiasm of opinion. His estimate of men was moderate. Qualities which give *éclat* and

notoriety waked in him no regard, much less any admiration. He looked to practical wisdom, to power in action. His discernment of character was acute, and hardly liable to be deceived. In his military career, he seldom erred in his estimate of those who could best carry out his purposes. After satisfactory proof of efficiency, his confidence manifested itself on all fitting occasions. Still, he seemed to lean on no one. He seemed to feel as if he could at all times stand alone. The only remark of self-praise he, perhaps, made in camp was, that his "faculties seemed to sharpen as difficulties thickened."

All his habits were simple. In camp, his dress was even careless. Indeed, it was evident that no thought respecting it ever entered his mind. While engaged in writing in his warm tent, he generally sat divested of his upper garments, and, if a call were made on him in that situation, came forth to receive it as the call found him. If the call were made by a stranger, this aspect of extreme simplicity, of disregard of appearances, may have been noticed, for a few minutes, with surprise, and as an incongruity; though, probably, none withdrew from an interview with him without an elevated regard for a character that stood forth in such Doric plainness and strength. The abstemiousness of his appetites was in keeping with this exterior. His ordinary drink was water. He tasted no ardent spirits, and seldom drank even wine. His food was plain, and always taken with the relish of a good appetite. These habits gave him general health. During his campaign in Mexico, he had no indisposition that demanded medicine as a remedy. Abstinence was his remedy. This healthy condition of his body enabled him to keep his saddle in all movements. From the Rio Grande until his return to that river, he made his movements in that way alone.

As soon as General Taylor found that no further active operations were likely to take place on the Monterey line, he requested leave of absence for six months, in order to attend to his private concerns,* which had been much deranged during his campaigns. This leave was granted, and he returned to the United States in November, 1848, being re-

* General Taylor had large plantations on the Mississippi.

ceived with enthusiasm at New Orleans, and such other places in that vicinity as he visited, either in the course of military duty, or to look after his property. Taking post at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, he there remained mostly during the canvass that resulted in his election to the Presidency. His part in this canvass was probably nothing; and no doubt he fully justified, under the trying temptations that beset such a position, the high compliment, already quoted, paid to him, in this respect, by the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts. Mr. Webster, in the same address, further remarks, "unfortunately, his (General Taylor's) career at the head of the government was short;" adding, that he believed "he had left on the mind of the country a strong impression, first, of his absolute honesty and integrity of character and his good sense, and lastly, of the mildness and friendliness of his temper towards all his countrymen. But, he is gone!* He is ours no more, except in the force of his example."

That example would not be without its beneficial influence in a large degree, even if it only showed a character, which, through all the changes of a long life, marked by achievements of great renown, never lost its simplicity and honesty. Those who saw General Taylor before the defence of Fort Harrison, and saw him after the battle of Buena Vista, saw in him no change. Those who sat down with him in his mess-tent in the field, and afterwards sat down with him at his table in the Presidential mansion, saw as little change. The man was the same. Few men pass through such ordeals in such wise. Those who do, have a dignity of nature that may well give force to an example.

Art. II. — *Report to the Corporation of Brown University on Changes in the System of Collegiate Education;* read March 28, 1850. Providence: George H. Whitney. 8vo. pp. 76.

The Report to the Corporation of Brown University on the subject of changes in the Collegiate System of Education,

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* General Taylor died at Washington City, on the 9th of July, 1850.

is understood to be the work of the distinguished President of that institution ; and on that account, if on no other, will receive an attentive and respectful consideration by the public. Few men seem to have given greater attention to the subject, and few certainly have had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with it practically, as well as theoretically. The report is, in many respects, such as might be expected from the author. It is an ingenious and elaborate discussion of the whole subject of college education, as carried into practice in our country, and more particularly in New England. To this topic it is entirely devoted. The author manifests no prejudice, and we presume feels none, against any particular institution ; he indulges in no criticisms upon the manner in which any college is conducted ; his remarks are upon the system of collegiate education generally, and this point he discusses with the gravity and propriety due to its importance. What is original in this report is expressed in perspicuous and dignified language, such, we trust, as will be imitated by all who may either support or impugn his doctrines.

We cannot extend the same praise to all the quotations, which are somewhat largely introduced. We certainly pay very little respect to such sweeping, and, to say the least, not over charitable, remarks, as " that the number of pious young men in colleges is less than it was a few years since." Nor do we think that our author's argument is much indebted to his long extracts from the Edinburgh Review. The pleasantry of those passages (or what was so intended) does not strike us either as very elegant, or very happy ; and the reasoning, whether it be deemed conclusive or fallacious, is founded on a state of things to which there is little or nothing parallel in this country. A thorough classical scholar is, we know, very rare, even in our older settlements ; but certainly not more rare than a popular audience who cannot speak their mother tongue with a tolerable enunciation, and cannot understand and relish an argument expressed in perspicuous and elegant language.

But our chief concern is with the general purport of this Report. We do not propose formally to reply step by step to the author's positions, though we must of necessity allude in the course of our remarks to many of the most prominent of them, but to offer a few desultory remarks on the great

question which forms the theme of his argument, and which has been, for some years, a frequent topic of public discussion as well as private conversation.

Is the system of college education now existing in our country one which in the main should be upheld and cherished, or do the intellectual wants of the community require a radical alteration? To do full justice to this question is a task which we have neither the ability, nor the space, to accomplish. But the subject is one which has never failed to interest the community, and which was never more deeply interesting than now. No examination of it, if made with any fairness, can be wholly without advantage. Before proceeding directly to the examination, we beg leave to offer one or two preliminary remarks.

In the first place, we think that very little aid in our investigations is to be derived from the experience of foreign countries. Our college system, though transplanted at first from England, has been very essentially modified in the lapse of two centuries. We have been absolutely forced to omit, as well as to add, in many important particulars; and the present system of college education is widely different from that now existing in any foreign country. In the actual condition of our community, no European system of university education could be practically carried out here without many substantial variations. It is difficult, moreover, to learn what is the opinion of the most intelligent men of any foreign country, (England for example,) in regard to the system of education there existing. The assertions of anonymous writers, or even of a few well known writers of high distinction, are far from conclusive evidence on this point. It is easy to find such vouchers on either side of that question. We feel, therefore, ittle concerned in determining which party in any such case holds the better opinion; we are, happily, not driven to the dicta of foreign writers, or the experience of foreign communities, as our only or chief sources of light on this extensive and interesting question. They have their value; but it is to our domestic experience, to the history of our own colleges, that we principally look for guidance. That history is fraught with interest and instruction, and we shall be pardoned in devoting a short time to its contemplation, as absolutely necessary to any one who would form any fair judgment of our subject.

For more than threescore and ten years Harvard was the only collegiate seminary in North America. It is a remark of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the honored institution which stands next in succession,* "that Yale College owes to Harvard a debt of obligation, perhaps for her very existence, which she will never be slow to acknowledge. From her, for a series of years, she derived her officers, her modes of instruction, her moral code, and internal discipline." The system of education at all our New England colleges has been all along, and now is, so far as it goes, formed on the model of that of Harvard. Whatever differences may be thought to exist between this seminary and any other of the same class, to the disadvantage of either, no one, we presume, will deny the substantial correctness of the preceding remark. The history, therefore, of education as pursued in Harvard College is the history of our system of college education generally in New England; and it is from a brief sketch of that history, that we can best derive the means of judging of the practical effects of that system.

The foundation of Harvard College by the little colony of Massachusetts Bay, within ten years after its first settlement, has often been the theme of the ablest and most eloquent eulogies; and no wonder. No language can well do justice to the far reaching sagacity and devoted liberality which led to this noble enterprise. It is not speaking too strongly to say, that it is without a parallel in history; and it would be absolutely impossible to trace out all the benefits, religious and political, as well as literary, which have resulted from it to our commonwealth and to our common country. What would have been our condition, had the views of our fathers been less elevated, — had they been contented with such provisions for the cause of learning as might have appeared best suited to their actual condition? If some of their public measures were of more importance, (the foundation, for instance, of our system of free schools,) there was not one which was more original and impressive, not one which showed a more comprehensive and disinterested solicitude for the intellectual and moral wants of future generations. We are strongly reminded of the spirit which prompted the obscure

* See Professor Silliman's remarks at the inauguration of President Everett.

and all but nameless Greek colony at Pæstum to erect those massive and lofty temples, which have stood all but unimpaired for thousands of years, and yet stand, the lonely but gigantic monuments of its existence.

The establishment of Harvard College, when we consider the situation of the little colony of Massachusetts Bay at that period, was, both in an intellectual and moral point of view, a not less magnificent conception. It was an attempt to transplant to these untrodden shores, in its full grown proportions, the highest description of education, which then existed in the most refined communities of the old world, and which had there been the growth of centuries. No other cause than the *religious spirit*, the same spirit which, whether enlightened or misguided, has produced such vast results wherever it has been roused into intense action, could have rendered such a measure an object even of serious contemplation. It was the great purpose of our fathers, in this bold and deep laid project, to preserve and propagate true and unadulterated religion by supplying our pulpits with a succession of wise as well as devout pastors. It was therefore as a place of education for the ministry, that Harvard College was at first chiefly designed, and it was to this profession that a large proportion of its graduates for the first half century devoted themselves.

But at no time was the college, in profession or in practice, a mere theological seminary. The zeal of our fathers, though partaking, of necessity, of the characteristics of the religious feeling of that age, was an enlightened and manly zeal, which sought its ends by the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of a spirit of inquiry. If, in the words of the excellent Robinson as applied to the great leader of his own denomination, John Calvin, "they saw not all things," they certainly were not disposed to shut their eyes against farther light. The college, from its very origin, has been administered with a liberality which existed in no seminary of the same description previous to the latter half of the eighteenth century, and which, to say the least, has not been *often* imitated in succeeding times. No confession of faith is imposed by its charter as a qualification for any office of instruction or government, or by any of its successive codes of laws, from that established in 1642 to the present day, as a prerequisite to admission, for

a degree, or for college honors, — a liberality which we can better appreciate, when we reflect, that to this day, every candidate for a degree at Oxford or at Cambridge must signify his assent to the doctrines of the Church of England. The spirit of independent thought and free inquiry which was spread abroad through the influence of such a seminary was the surest corrective for whatever of bigotry and intolerance existed in the minds of its early patrons. The stern and exclusive orthodoxy of the first settlers soon began to give place to a wiser policy and more enlarged charity. The lamentable injustice and hardships exercised towards Dunster, for mere errors of opinion, (or what were so deemed,) was not repeated towards his successor Chauncy, who was no less heretical, but who held his office without disturbance or censure till his death; and not an instance is on record of the punishing or molesting of any student on account of his religious tenets.

The systems of instruction established by President Dunster, and varied from time to time by his successors as occasion seemed to require, if considered merely in a literary point of view, appear to breathe the same enlarged and liberal spirit. Nothing more was absolutely required for a bachelor's degree than the ability to construe the Old and New Testaments into Latin. But the course of instruction certainly included all the sciences which were then deemed of importance. The table of Theses of the commencement of 1642, is preserved by Hutchinson, and is formed of propositions in grammar, rhetoric, logic, ethics, physics, and metaphysics. There is every reason to believe, that these sciences were as well taught by Dunster and Chauncy, both of them distinguished graduates of Cambridge in England, as at either of the universities of the parent country. It need not be said that the course of education, both in substance and form, was of a highly scholastic, as well as ecclesiastical description. In this respect, however, it only partook of the character of all education then given in the higher seminaries of England and the continent of Europe. How could it possibly be otherwise? The great reformation in the physical and intellectual sciences had scarcely dawned. The year in which the first commencement of Harvard College was held, was rendered memorable by the death of Galileo, and the birth of Newton.

The Copernican system was still a heresy in the judgment of the Catholic Church, and a disputed hypothesis in the learned world. The great works of Locke and Newton were not published till nearly the close of the seventeeth century; and the luminaries of the schools were only beginning to fade before the broad light of the Baconian philosophy.

> "It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day
> Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
> For in the East appeared the morning gray,
> And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined."

But the college was not slow in adopting such improvements in its course of education, as must have been suggested by the mighty changes in the world of science, which marked the close of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the early part of Holyoke's presidency, and probably for some time previous, Locke and Watts were the text-books in intellectual science, Ward in mathematics, (a work greatly resembling the valuable compilation since made by President Webber,) Euclid in Geometry, and Gravesande as translated by Desaguliers, (both of them disciples and warm admirers of Newton,) in Natural Philosophy.

It must be confessed, however, that the amount actually taught in Harvard College, at any period previous to the Revolution, was exceedingly scanty. The text-books just mentioned, constituted all then in use, with the addition of Wollebius's Compend of Theology, Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations and Offices, the Greek Testament and a little of Homer, and Gordon's Geographical Grammar; — comprising a much smaller amount of knowledge, on the whole, than is now required for admission. This scanty list continued almost unchanged till the year 1763, and probably several years longer; and with the writing, occasionally, of Latin syllogisms, it formed almost the whole course of college study. It was far from sufficient to occupy the time of the student; and no academy or high school could now hold a respectable rank with so meagre a list of required studies. The truth is, in the words of President Quincy, that the best part of the education at this college, and that for which its students have been everywhere distinguished, was that they were taught, according to the language used by President Mather, "*libere philosophari, et in nullius jurare verba magistri.*" In this

branch of study, at least, they were any thing but dull proficients. We find that the right of resisting the supreme magistrate for the preservation of the Commonwealth, was publicly maintained in a thesis at commencement, in 1740, by Samuel Adams; and one of the candidates for the master's degree in 1736, proposed to call in question the doctrine of the Trinity, which was permitted by the corporation, and only prevented by the interposition of the overseers.

The New England church, though almost universally Calvinistic, soon had, like all other churches, its more orthodox and more liberal party; and the contest between them was fiercely and pertinaciously carried on for more than half a century. The control of the college was then, as it has been since, one of the chief prizes of the contest. In almost every instance after the division had become decided and conspicuous, the liberal party prevailed; and their ascendency seems to have been finally secured by the election of Holyoke, whose long and distinguished presidency extended from the year 1736 to the eve of the American Revolution. When that great crisis approached, the alumni of the college showed, in a still more striking manner, at what school, and in what spirit, they had been educated. They were found manfully doing battle, in many cases in more than a figurative sense, for the cause of liberty. The great majority of the graduates of Harvard, as well as of our other colleges, of whatever profession or calling, were devoted unreservedly to this sacred object. We shall not be suspected of maintaining that this spirit of liberty, this stern determination to resist all tyranny in the beginning and to the last, was peculiar to the educated men (so called) of our country, or that such sentiments owed their birth or their vigor exclusively to our colleges. But that those seminaries contributed materially, directly and indirectly, and that probably to an extent far greater than can be fully traced, to our emancipation from the power of Great Britain, as well as to the well-ordered and stable liberty which has arisen from the ruins of that power, is what no one, versed in the slightest degree in American history, will pretend to call in question. We know of no terms in which justice has been better done, in the same compass, to the character of our New England colleges in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, than those found in Dr. Wayland's Report, page 11, to which we refer our readers.

The next paragraph in the Report is one which, we must confess, we have read with no little surprise. It commences with the two following statements, couched, it will be perceived, in emphatic language, with the slightest possible qualification.

"It ought not here to escape remark, that these colleges were almost wholly without endowment. They were nearly self-supporting institutions."

Now, let it be recollected that until the year 1707, that is, for seventy years from its foundation, Harvard College was the only one in New England. In 1707, Yale College was fairly put in operation; and these two were our only New England colleges till the establishment of Brown University in 1764, and of Dartmouth College in 1769; or, in general terms, Harvard and Yale may be termed the only colleges in New England in full operation, previous to the Revolution. No one, we think, who recollects the history of Harvard during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, can assent, for a moment, to the propositions above quoted. It certainly was a material inadvertence, — for to this cause we ascribe the error, — to lay down any such propositions as generally true, in disregard of the striking facts recorded in so many pages of every historian of Harvard College, from Mather to Eliot. These facts can all be found clearly and fully stated, in the valuable work of President Quincy.

Not one of the college edifices standing at the commencement of the Revolution was erected wholly, or in any great degree, at the expense of the college treasury. All of them were monuments of public or private liberality. Every professorship then existing was founded, and in a great degree supported, by funds derived from the source last named; and down to the year 1780, the salary of the President from the beginning, and from the year 1750 those of the Professors, also, were paid, in great part, directly from the public chest.* The noble benefactions of the Hollis family, for successive generations, were all bestowed within the same period; and the college was, on the whole, more liberally endowed, — regard being had to the means of the donors, and this consideration, according to reason and Scripture, furnishes the truest

* Quincy's *History*, vol. ii. pp. 224—241.

standard of liberality, — than any college now existing in our country.

In making these statements, we are not impelled merely by the wish to correct what we conceive to be a grave historical error. Those who peruse the Report before us will find our author's assumption, that before the Revolution our colleges existed and flourished almost without external aid, is made to serve as a basis to a grave charge against our college systems of education at the present day. We are, at any rate, highly gratified in finding that there is no difference of opinion between our author and ourselves, and we think it may be added, no difference of opinion in the public mind generally, as to the benefits derived by New England and by our common country from our colleges as they existed previously to the Revolution. So much as this, we trust, will be collected from the sketch we have given (however brief and imperfect) of the history of education in Harvard University, the forerunner and the model, if not the parent, of all others. So much as this seems, at least, to have been believed and felt by the wise patriots who formed our Massachusetts Constitution in 1780, and commended the university to the especial care of their posterity, in more than one emphatic passage of that instrument, for the reason, as most briefly and comprehensively stated, that "the encouragement of arts and sciences, and all good literature, tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States of America."

Such, then, without question, were our New England colleges previous to the Revolution. What was actually taught, was, as we have said, confessedly very little. Those graduates who considered their literary career closed by the conferring of their degree, were certainly satisfied with exceedingly scanty intellectual acquisitions. Of these, as well as of those who failed to learn even the little which they were enjoined to study, there were doubtless many; and the nature of all institutions, not to say of man himself, must be greatly changed, before such results can be precluded. But there must also have been many, who not only fully improved every opportunity offered to them, but who did far more; who caught the inspiration which prevails in every well-ordered

place of public education, and in every community of intelligent and emulous young men, and in whose minds their college exercises, few and short as they were, served only to excite an inextinguishable thirst for more extended knowledge.

Has all this changed? Are our colleges now less deserving of the public favor than in time past? Or is the condition of the community so altered that the colleges can no longer exercise the same beneficial influence as formerly, unless their system of education be upturned from its very foundations? We would premise, that in any reply we may make to these questions, we shall refer more especially to Harvard College, not simply because we are better acquainted with that institution than any other, but for the reasons given in the beginning of this article, and for the further reason that we believe its condition is more frequently and fully disclosed to the public than that of any other college in New England. It is the only one of the colleges, according to Dr. Wayland, which publishes an annual report of the state of its finances and of its general position. It is placed in a densely peopled region, almost within the precincts of a great city, and is closely scrutinized alike by its vigilant opponents and its solicitous friends. If the remark of Alexander Hamilton be correct, that jealousy is often the surest proof of strong attachment, Harvard College must be deeply seated in the affections of a large and intelligent portion of our community. Its supposed merits and demerits stand in bold relief before the public, and are almost daily the subject of public or private discussion. "We work," one of its most distinguished Presidents has said, "in a glass hive." Apparently for these reasons, the course of education existing in this university, has been selected, not unfairly, by Dr. Wayland as a specimen of our collegiate system generally. As such, we shall all along refer to it. With the complaints made against this institution, in particular, as distinguished from its sister seminaries, we have at present nothing to do.

Were, then, those who were graduated at Harvard before the Revolution better educated on the whole, better fitted to play their respective parts in the great theatre of after life, than their successors of our time? We are told, and it is the first time we have seen the assertion, that the mind of the

student was then suffered to invigorate itself by reflection and reading; and hence, with far less perfect means than are now possessed, it seems to have attained a more manly development. We trust we have given our readers some idea of the amount actually taught at Harvard during our Colonial and Provincial existence. If it be a merit in a seminary of education that the amount of instruction given is small, it is certainly one which our New England colleges possessed in a high degree before the Revolution, and which they could recover now on cheap and easy terms.

But we are told, and public opinion is invoked to ratify the assertion, that the alumni of the college, previous to the Revolution, were greater statesmen, jurists, and divines than their successors; that the average of professional ability among us is declining, &c. It is candidly admitted in immediate connection with these remarks, that we are all, to a considerable extent, *laudatores temporis acti*, the eulogists of the past. There is certainly in this country much in the past to eulogize. We had great men previous to the Revolution, and we have already said that their college education, such as it was, had much to do with their greatness. But that this education was any the better from being incomplete, is, we think, something worse than a paradox; and that there were no other circumstances which contributed to the greatness of those distinguished men, or at least facilitated the manifestation of it to their country and the world, is any thing but true. Much of their renown, if not of their intrinsic power, was owing to the great crises which called forth all their talents and all their exertions at the peril of liberty, life, and character. Should such calls now arise, we have no doubt that they would be responded to as fully and nobly as by the generation of Seventy-six. What specific evidence exists for the assertion that *professional* talent among us is declining, we are at a loss to know. Our author quotes, in this connection, a remark of the Edinburgh Review, "that it would be difficult to find at present, among the most eminent leaders in Westminster Hall, any whose academical course was crowned with honors." If this remark is considered as applicable to New England we think it will meet with many dissentients. We venture to say that no list will be made, by any competent judge, of the

leaders of the bar in Boston (we are sure this is not a solitary, and we cannot see why it is not a fair, specimen) which will not be composed in great part of the names of distinguished graduates of some of our colleges. Nor have we seen any evidence offered that our divines and physicians are, on the whole, less able, less learned, or less skilful, than those who have gone before them. How, indeed, should they be? The whole community as a mass, is supposed by no one, to be less intellectual or less educated than formerly. Parishioners, patients, and clients, (and this includes every one, for every one is called upon to act and to suffer in one at least of these capacities,) are more enlightened than formerly; and it is not to be supposed that they would intrust the care of their health, the adjustment of their controversies, or the ministry of their souls, to less competent agents, or that their standard of competency will be less elevated.

But the question, whether the minds of pupils are less developed and strengthened by a college education now than a century since, can be settled by a more direct test. We propose to bring it to this test by a few questions.

Are the text books now used in our colleges better or worse than those formerly in use? Are our teachers more learned and skilful, or less so? Are the performances at our commencements and exhibitions marked by greater comprehensiveness, depth, and precision than formerly?

We have heard one answer, and only one, given to these questions, and that, in many cases, by men very far from any bias in favor of our system of college education generally.

We do not intend to deny, however, that the alumni of our colleges have not the same relative superiority to the rest of the community enjoyed by their predecessors sixty years since. It is certainly true to a considerable extent, that the productive callings, so called, by which, we suppose, are meant those which produce most money and add most to the physical wealth of the community, are filled with men who have not received a college education; and that the position of these individuals, compared with that of professional men, is far in advance of what it was formerly. But one material cause of this difference is, not that college education is less perfect than it once was, but that education of all other kinds is better. In the last century, few who had not passed

through college were well educated in any way. A common school education, and this was then almost the only education except a collegiate one, comprised little else than some instruction, and that none of the most complete, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In a certain sense, every man in New England was taught to read and write; and this was certainly infinitely better than no education at all. But the reading of a common English author with a tolerable enunciation, and spelling with exactness, were rare accomplishments. High schools scarcely existed in name or in fact; and normal schools for the education of teachers, except so far as the colleges might be considered such, are, at least with us, the growth of the present generation. All this is now changed, and we rejoice that it is so. Public office and private consideration are, professedly at least, bestowed on those who are most competent and deserving, without inquiring in what seminary, or under what training, their qualifications were acquired, and without making either a college education or the want of it a ground of exclusion. This is as it should be.

Whether our colleges have degenerated since the Revolution is, however, a question principally important for its bearing on another of a more practical and momentous kind, which we have already touched upon; namely, whether our New England system of college education is, on account of what it includes and what it fails to include, unfitted to supply the great intellectual wants of the community. It is said that education at our colleges is not practical, and that, for many of the most important avocations of human life, the student leaves college as unprepared as he enters it. College education, we are often told, does not make better farmers, mechanics, or merchants, and does little or nothing to develop the physical resources of the country.

That such charges are true to the full extent, certainly cannot be maintained. The elements of many practical sciences are taught, and well taught too, at more than one of our New England colleges. Besides, the general education given in all those institutions, has or is supposed to have, a value in preparing the student for whatever avocation he may afterwards select. To develop even the physical resources of our country, we know of nothing better, as a

first step, than to develop the minds which are to carry on the work. But if it be meant that our colleges do not prepare young men fully for agricultural, or mechanical, or mercantile pursuits, this, no doubt, is true. It may be added, that the knowledge required for the successful pursuit of most avocations of those descriptions cannot, to any thing like the full extent, be communicated in any collegiate seminary. Take, for instance, the business of agriculture. It is certainly possible to teach the elements of this great science in a single course of lectures. In the hands of a lecturer like Professor Low, of Edinburgh, this subject might be rendered highly interesting to every college student; and that, too, at the cost of very little time, and a moderate degree of agreeable exertion. He might thus qualify himself, certainly not to be a skilful farmer, but to appreciate fully the importance of this great branch of human industry, and to pay to it not only a just, but an intelligent homage. He could at least lay a foundation for farther advancement, should his thoughts be directed to agriculture at any subsequent period, either as a leading pursuit, or as a favorite recreation. We think, therefore, that the study of the *elements* of agriculture might be introduced into our colleges or our schools, with the highest benefit, not so much to those pupils who were already practically acquainted with farming, as to those who might otherwise grow up in profound ignorance of the subject. But we doubt exceedingly the possibility of carrying instruction in agriculture, in any of our colleges, much beyond its elements, (without converting those seminaries into mere farm schools); and we believe that whoever desires to be a thorough farmer must leave his place of instruction, be it what it may, at an early age, and enter at once on actual business. But if it be necessary to carry agricultural schooling to a farther extent, if there is, in fact, a demand for a complete education in agriculture, which shall occupy the time of the student till he shall reach the age of eighteen or twenty, we are satisfied that this object can only be accomplished by separate institutions for an extensive course of instruction in this art, resembling the school at Hofwyl. It is for the State or for individuals, if they deem it expedient, to found such institutions.

These remarks may be extended to the pursuits of the merchant or mechanic. No man, practically acquainted with

either of these pursuits, would say that specific instruction in them, beyond the teaching of a few simple elements, could be given at any college to the slightest advantage, or that such institutions could be any thing better than very imperfect substitutes for a good workshop or counting room.

Another objection has, however, been urged against our colleges; namely, that they fail to fulfil the promises held forth to the pupils and their friends, or, in other words, that the education which they give is not thorough of its kind. This complaint is made with the greatest frequency and earnestness, in relation to the instruction given by those seminaries in classical learning. It is this objection which has led, in no small degree, to such animadversions on our whole system of colleges, as we find in Dr. Wayland's report, in the remarks quoted by him from a pamphlet by one of our most distinguished writers, and in the speeches and writings of many eminent scholars. It is often said that our youth employ by far the larger portion of their time in learning what is sure, in a few years more, to disappear from their minds, without leaving a token of its existence. Now we are far from denying, that classical education in this country is less complete than in England and Germany; but we think that this difference has been exaggerated, and that, such as it is, it is far from being entirely chargeable to our colleges. Much misapprehension exists in our country, as to the proficiency made by the great mass of English students at Oxford and Cambridge. It may be safely said that the pupil, at either of those universities, who aims only at an academic degree, adds little or nothing to the knowledge which he brings there, and that the university is to him merely an elegant literary retreat, in which he can pass on from early youth to manhood. The few who strive for honors are compelled to task themselves to the utmost, and are rewarded accordingly in after life.

We do not deny that classical scholars in England generally are far superior to those of our own country, in their knowledge of the niceties of the Latin and Greek languages; and we are far from saying that this is an unimportant particular. But their superiority is owing, not to the colleges in England, but to the *schools*. There, the classics are taught with untiring assiduity, and, we may add, with unsparing rigor, by men whose whole lives have been devoted to this sole

occupation. A blunder in quantity is an offence for which there is no palliation and no mercy; and hence, he who enters Oxford or Cambridge, whether the range of his classical studies has been more or less extensive, has learned, with the last degree of exactness, every book which he has studied at all. It is, under the circumstances of the case, no very discreditable charge against the great majority of classical instructors in this country, to say, that such an exact and finished education is beyond their power to furnish; and it is a highly gratifying fact that some of our schools (the Latin school in Boston is a striking, though not a solitary instance) are decided exceptions to this general position. But our colleges must be supplied with pupils, if at all, from our schools as they are, or as they may gradually become. The requisitions for admission, at Harvard or Yale, might be so raised, that none, but a few pupils from our large cities, could pass an examination; and the necessary consequence would be, to reduce the list of annual graduates to the primitive number of ten or a dozen. But if such a step, as is self-evident, is out of the question, the only course left for our colleges is, to make the best of the pupil as he comes to their hands, and to maintain their relative standing in advance of our preparatory seminaries. We have seen no evidence that this is not done.

But if our classical education is less perfect and exact than that of England or of Germany, it is going quite too far to say, (as often is said,) that it is useless or worse than useless. Our youth are not taught to speak in Latin or Greek; and if they were, their power of doing so would rapidly die out on their leaving the college walls. They are not taught so well as might be desired, to write in those languages. But, to say nothing of the mental discipline derived from classical studies, (a most important point, to which we shall presently recur,) our students, after all, acquire the learned languages as thoroughly as many of the distinguished writers of England acquire those of modern Europe; that is to say, they can read correctly so much of those languages as may be actually thrown in their way in after life; and this, if not a creditable, is, at any rate, a comfortable acquisition. The same remark may be extended to many of the other branches of knowledge which form a part of our collegiate course of study. We teach the student enough of several important branches to enable

him to render himself a thorough proficient, in after life, in the one, or the few, to which he may devote himself. This, if you please, is superficial education; but we believe it is better, in our country, at least, than a truly German scholarship in Latin and Greek, and an utter ignorance on other subjects.

We shall doubtless be met by the hackneyed maxim of Pope,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;"

but this, like many other of his maxims, owes its currency much more to its point and its melody, than to its real weight, and is obnoxious to the criticism pronounced by a poet, by no means his inferior,* on his celebrated description of the ruling passion: —

"What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, *truth*, should have missed him."

We might say with as much logic, though not as much poetry, that a little light was a dangerous thing, and that William the Conqueror's curfew law was a wise and beneficent regulation. A little knowledge, even if alloyed with pedantry, is after all better than ignorance. Besides, every well-informed man, and no man who is acquainted with only one topic has any claim to the appellation, must of necessity be superficially informed on a variety of subjects. He may know enough, however, to appreciate, if not to emulate, the superior proficiency of others; and enough for the gratification of his taste, and for enlarging and invigorating his faculties.

But it is time to advert more particularly to the change in our college system of education proposed in Dr. Wayland's Report. The cardinal principle of this change seems to be set forth, in the fifty-first page of that document, in the following terms: —

"That the various courses should be so arranged that, in so far as it is practicable, every student might study what he chose, all that he chose, and nothing but what he chose."

The question raised is, not whether the classics and mathematics should hold their present position in our systems of general education, but whether any such general education

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*Burns's sketch of an epistle to C. J. Fox.

shall exist; or, shall each college, instead of giving an uniform education to all its pupils, be changed into a collection of schools for the teaching, specifically, of the several professions (using the term in its largest sense) which are followed in our community.

This is certainly a bold innovation. We have great doubt whether it be practicable, or, if practicable, whether it will be a useful measure; and none at all, that it will, if thoroughly put in practice, be a most costly one. We look, however, on the experiment with no sinister views, and see much cause of congratulation that it is to be attempted under such respectable auspices. But we trust that other colleges will be contented to wait the result, and abstain for the present from radical changes, which, if once made, cannot well be recalled, and which, we think, for the following, if for no other reasons, of exceedingly doubtful expediency.

In the first place, it seems to be assumed, that a student at his entrance into one of our colleges, that is to say, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, is the best judge of what studies he should pursue. We say the student himself; for though the choice may be left in terms to the parents or guardians, yet these, in nine cases out of ten, even if competent judges of the matter, will be guided by the representations of the pupil. The consequence in many cases will be, that every branch of study will be avoided which is difficult at the outset. Nothing is easier than for a young lad to persuade himself, that he is naturally unable to comprehend this or that abstruse branch of study. But how many proficients would there be in any science, art, or business whatever, which should be pursued only by those who find their path easy and agreeable at the very beginning? On the contrary, is not history filled with the names of individuals, whose highest distinction has been gained in those very pursuits which they found at the outset most distasteful and discouraging. That a study is repulsive to a young pupil may, in some very rare instances, be evidence of an absolute incapacity on his part to pursue it; but it is much oftener a proof that it will afford the very discipline to his mind which is most needed.

But the pupil of sixteen, if of sufficient judgment and industry to select, not the easiest, but the most profitable intellectual pursuits, cannot well decide on his course of educa-

tion, unless prepared also to determine another most important question, — namely, what shall be his avocation in after life. This is a responsibility which, as it is, is cast upon our youth full early. The choice of a profession is, in our country, left in most cases to the student himself, instead of being made for him by his parent, as in many other countries ; and there is rarely a large family of which all the members select the same avocation. This choice is generally made by all who receive a college education at the close of their college life, after the student has had some fair opportunity to ascertain the bent of his genius. And yet a change of avocation subsequently is far from an uncommon occurrence.

Another consequence would probably flow from the plan of allowing the student, at his very entrance on college life, to select his favorite course of study, and abandon entirely the pursuit of every other branch of knowledge, — namely, that education in all cases would be of a very limited kind, and that a man of general information in any reasonable sense of the word would be a rare phenomenon. Every scholar, at the close of his education, might possess an extensive acquaintance with one subject, or with one small class of kindred subjects, and be profoundly ignorant on all other topics. We had supposed that this was considered as one of the most objectionable features of the English system of education. It is that which has called forth the loudest complaints of the opponents of that system, and, we think, with much justice. The classical scholar in England is, it is said, a mere scholar with no knowledge on any topics of interest which date since the Christian era, and with no sympathy in the pursuits, physical or intellectual, of the great mass of his countrymen, who, on their part, are scarcely better acquainted with the history or the literature of Greece or Rome. It is also a common remark, that the English merchant, generally speaking, is a mere merchant, and that by the English farmer, (we mean practical farmer,) his own interests and pursuits are deemed the only objects worthy of the public care and notice. Such results would surely be any thing but desirable in a country like ours, where the usefulness as well as the reputation of every individual may often depend in no small measure on the degree of general knowledge which he may possess in relation to the pursuits and the condition of those who are

engaged in other avocations than his own. Much light would, we think, be thrown on the questions which have formed the theme of our remarks, by a recapitulation of the professed objects of a college education in this country, from the middle of the last century to the present time. It has not been, as seems to be sometimes taken for granted, the aim of those institutions to qualify young men for the practice of the three learned professions, or either of them. The more ancient of our colleges were intended at first as exclusively nurseries of the church; but this, to the regret of some and the satisfaction of many more, they have long since ceased to be, and the pupil now receives his special preparation for the sacred desk at theological seminaries, and, in most cases, after passing through a college life. Our colleges have never been supposed to be, properly speaking, law or medical schools. Institutions of both these descriptions have indeed been connected with some of our largest colleges; but the instruction and discipline administered to the pupils of these different schools, as well as the pupils themselves, are entirely distinct. The real object of our colleges is to give to every pupil, who has the time or money to spare for that object, a good general education, not merely because such education is almost indispensable to those who may afterwards prepare themselves for the learned professions, or for purely scientific or literary pursuits, but because it is highly useful to every one, be his subsequent calling what it may; and because no way has yet been devised by which, in the opinion of the public generally, four years of the period usually allotted to education can be better occupied.

In giving this education, we propose, in the first place, to invigorate and discipline the mind, to prepare it to grapple with whatever subject may come in its way, and search out truth, in whatever path of human industry its subsequent course may lie. It is with this view, though not with this view only, that, in all our colleges, the principal place in their course of study is given to classical and mathematical studies. The knowledge which the pupil of Harvard or Yale actually acquires from the pages of Demosthenes and Tacitus, or of Newton or Laplace, may be far from considerable, and must, in most cases, be fleeting. In a few years, unless subsequently recalled by a reperusal, it must fade away,

in common with all the stores of his early reading, from the tablets of his memory. But the expansion and vigor which must have been given to his mind, by this high converse with some of the mightiest intellects which have ever existed, will endure, it may be, as long as the mind itself. Till it can be shown that other studies are better calculated to effect this great object than the classics and the mathematical sciences, or that a vigorous and well disciplined mind is of no value to any one but a clergyman, lawyer, or physician, we trust that the foundations of our systems of college education will not be changed except upon some better evidence than, we will not say unfounded, but as yet untried, theory.

Secondly, we conceive one leading object of our systems of college education to be, not only to invigorate and expand the mind of the student, but to teach him to communicate his own conceptions most acceptably to others; in other words, to render him, so far as may be, a master of his own language. This we conceive to be the principal object of the study of all classical writers, whether in the language of Greece or Rome, in those of the European Continent, or in English. The student's vernacular tongue is, we need not say, the great instrument by which he is to act upon other men in a public or private capacity; to enable him to use this with effect, or, in simple terms, to write and speak well in English, is an object which holds a high, though by no means too high, a place in our systems of college education. The practice of English composition is enjoined, as far as we know, on the pupils of all our colleges, which differ in this respect, and, we think, greatly for the better, from those of England. It is thought by many, that a vigorous mind will always find a way of clothing its thoughts in apt language. We do not deny that many instances might be brought in favor of this position; but as a mass, we submit that the best writers of our country have been among its best educated men, and we have a striking proof, in one of the most illustrious authors of our own or any country, how far the conceptions of a noble intellect may be disfigured by mere negligence of style. We refer to Jonathan Edwards, a man in whom were combined an acuteness of logic and brilliancy of fancy, which, had his phraseology been worthy of his ideas, would have placed him, as an English classic, in a position

scarcely inferior to any prose writer in our language; but whose grand conceptions, when contrasted with his slovenly and barbarous phraseology, remind us of nothing so much as the wise and mighty Ulysses disguised in the garb of a mendicant.

Thirdly, although, as we have seen, the classics and the mathematics, pure or mixed, hold the principal place in our college system of education, and occupy by far the larger part of the student's time, yet that system is not, as in the English universities, limited entirely to the teaching of one or of both of these great branches of knowledge. From the very beginning, other studies in theology and ethics and metaphysics have formed a part of the college course; and within the last twenty-five years, that course has been so far extended as to comprehend many other studies which have been recommended to the government of our colleges by their popular character, or introduced in compliance with the statutes of professorships founded by the gifts or bequests of liberal individuals. We are free to say that, in Harvard College at least, we think this multiplication of studies has been carried quite too far. It will soon, we think, be a serious question with the government of that institution, whether the list of required or permitted studies shall not be abridged by striking from it such as are of less comparative value, or can be full as well, or better, acquired elsewhere. But we have no desire to return to the English system of education, and confine the pupil to the narrow course of studies pursued in the universities of that country. Some knowledge of the constitution of his State, and his country, of the philosophy of the mind, and of the elements of the leading sciences, should be possessed by every well informed man; and all these can be pursued, at least to the extent to which most of these were taught twenty years since, in our best colleges, without interfering in the slightest degree with the groundwork of the student's education.

Lastly, in all our New England colleges at least, the discipline has been from the beginning, and still is, in a great degree, parental. Our youth enter those colleges, not at the age at which they enter our schools of Law, Theology, and Medicine, or at which young men enter the universities of England or Germany; but at a much earlier period. They

are, in most cases, quite too young to choose their studies wisely, or to be left entirely to their own government, without any vigilant inspection, or constant and active control, on the part of the college faculty. Few New England parents would patronize any college, which was understood to be a seminary, where the pupil was merely *invited* to pursue a regular and industrious life. The relations between the faculty and the students, and those of the members of each of those bodies among themselves, are, to a great extent, similar to those existing among the members of a large family. Could the discipline of an immense university, a mere aggregate of district schools, be administered with the same mixture of kindness and rigor, or generally speaking, with the same constancy and effect? We do not say that it could not; but those who would prove the affirmative by example must look elsewhere than to any university which has yet been established upon such principles.

We have thus stated our views, not so much in regard to the propositions submitted to the public by Dr. Wayland, as upon the great question, whether or not our youth should receive at our colleges a good general education preparatory to the selection and the pursuit of the profession of their choice. It is much easier, on such a topic, to exhaust the patience of our readers than the question itself; to which we shall probably recur on a future occasion. We have endeavored to state the nature and the objects of college education, as conducted in the best colleges of New England. We think our general system, however administered in this or that college, intrinsically good in the main. It was transplanted originally from England, but has since been wisely changed, from time to time, in conformity with the varying circumstances of our growing community. We certainly see no cause for any radical alteration, and no evidence that such alteration is demanded by the deliberate good sense of the community generally. We see new colleges growing up everywhere, modelled essentially on the same principles;* and we find no evidence in the number of students of these colleges, taking those of our whole country into the account,

* We find by the American Almanac, that in 1840, the number of colleges in our country was 93. In 1845, it was 108. At the present time, according to Dr. Wayland, they amount to 120; or, if we include Theological Seminaries and Law Schools, 209. The number of students in all the colleges of the United States is, according to the Almanac of 1850, 10,770. In 1840, it was 9,223.

that a college education is no longer highly prized. Above all, we find nothing in the character (generally speaking) of the alumni of these institutions, in the positions which they hold in society in after life, or in the manner in which they discharge the duties of those positions, which warrants the belief, that a college education is of any less intrinsic value at this time than it was, and is admitted to have been, before our Revolution; especially when it must be allowed by every candid and thorough examiner, that far less was taught then than now. We submit, therefore, that we have other and better reasons than a blind attachment to things as they are for remonstrating against any sudden and radical change in our present collegiate system, and for maintaining, till the contrary shall be proved by actual experiment, the great utility of an extensive and thorough general education.

Art. III. — 1. *Principles of Zoölogy, touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct.* Part I. *Comparative Physiology.* By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1848. 12mo. pp. 216.

2. *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.* Second Meeting, held at Cambridge, August, 1849. Boston: H. Flanders & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 459.

3. *The Foot-Prints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness.* By Hugh Miller, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. *With a Memoir of the Author.* By Louis Agassiz. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1850. 12mo. pp. 337.

If the condition of humanity is under the control of Providence, and if that Providence be beneficent, and have the power to carry its will into effect, then must that condition always be progressive. And mankind is at every moment in some determinate stage of its progress. In some ages this progress may be more obvious than in others. In some, it may be exhibited by an incontestable and salient advance,

while in others, there is a pause like that of a strong man, preparing to leap forward. And if the world seems to retrograde, it is but to gain a new position, and become ready to advance in a new direction. All these differences, and more, exist among the ages. But there is no one of them which is not full of interest and instruction, if its characteristics be investigated for the purpose of discovering in what way the forward march of mankind is then aided or obstructed, and what are the elements of human character and human action which then hasten or retard its progress. For herein lies a lesson which may make the wisest wiser; which none can learn perfectly, because none can fathom the counsels of the Infinite; but which, in proportion as it is learnt for guidance and direction, enables individuals and generations to coöperate with Omnipotence. And every age has its own lesson, and adds its own peculiar gift to the ever accumulating mass of that knowledge which springs from experience.

The books, of which we have placed the titles at the head of this article, illustrate characteristics of this age which seem to us of great importance. They place, in strong light, one aspect of science, which may best be considered with reference to some points of its history. We refer particularly to the wide diffusion of knowledge; a point which mankind have reached by a slow progress from a very different beginning.

The earliest traces of systematic knowledge are found in Egypt. There it was a consecrated mystery. Possessed only by the priesthood, and held by them as their exclusive and inalienable privilege, it was no more thought possible to give it to the people, than to invite them to come through the sphinx-guarded avenue to the penetralia of the temple, and minister at its inmost altar. There the school of Pythagoras acquired its singular knowledges, of which a part, at least, of modern discovery, is but the revival. Recent investigations in the new science of Palæontology have made it probable that, in the earliest records of man which we possess, we see not the beginning of human culture, but the last traces of the closing period of an extensive and peculiar culture,* which,

*From some passages we have seen of the Chevalier Bunsen's recent work, "Egypt's Place in Universal History," we infer that he, who is the very highest authority upon all questions of Ethnology, maintains this supposition, and rests upon it important conclusions respecting the early history of Egypt; but we have never met with the book.

perhaps, reached a high pitch, but was of a kind so different from our own, that it might be difficult to comprehend it, even if we were in possession of full and distinct memorials; and it is certainly impossible to form any complete idea of it from the scanty means now within our reach. The school, or the age, of Pythagoras performed the very important office of transmitting some of the elements of this culture, which had survived to their time, to a new race and a new scene, — to Europe. They were given in charge to the intellect of Greece; committed to that fertile soil, they grew and fructified, and became the parents of all succeeding cultivation.

The especial change we have now to contemplate is that which began to dissolve the close connection between science and religion. With Pythagoras, and in all Italian Greece, this severance was incomplete. Knowledge came forth from the temples, but still wore her sacred robes, still claimed to be divine by birth and nature and office, and was still protected by a discipline and a mystery, which interposed between her and the profane touch of the common world a barrier only less impassable than the massive walls of her Egyptian home. Much of this faded away, and rapidly, when the chief seats of the new action of the human intellect were to be found on the coasts of Ionia and in Athens. Here, we might believe, freedom of thought was reached at last. The mind of Plato, towering like Olympus, rested firmly on the solid earth while it pierced the heavens. From its very elevation, it too often veiled its summit with impenetrable cloud. His eloquence and genius no one denies; but he exhibits often the most admirable good sense, and a marvellous power of penetrating behind the veil of custom and tradition and established prejudice, and discovering the true principles of man's nature and the true promise of his destiny. With this, however, we find a mystery; a pause, as if at the moment of a complete revelation, and then an enwrapping of his meaning in parable and myth. This, even if we knew it not otherwise, might suggest to us that, for some reason, he dared not say the whole. We do indeed know, that not only in the religious mysteries, but through almost the whole philosophy of Greece, there prevailed a distinction between the *exoteric* doctrine which all might know, and the *esoteric* which could

be given only to the initiated and the trusted. Precisely where the line was drawn, we do not know; but that it was drawn, we know; and therefore we know that a large proportion of the belief and instructions of their wisest men was purposely made a mystery. Compared with the condition of human knowledge in Egypt, it seems in Greece to have come forth into the open air, and presented itself to the people in the academy, the porch, on the stage, and in the schools. But, if we remember that neither the means nor the wish existed to give to the masses even the elements of this higher knowledge, and that little, if any, of what was deemed the highest was communicated to any but the chosen few, and to them under the seal of secrecy, we perceive but little progress towards the popularization of knowledge.

Science, whether of mind or of external nature, was not among the great elements of the Roman character. There was no want of intellectual power; but force of character and the energy which displayed itself in will and in action, come out in such bold relief as we look back on Rome, and exerted such overmastering power over the world in all the ages of her prosperity, that we are not accustomed to allow much worth to the efforts or productions of her mind. Her schools of philosophy were borrowed, as well as her science and her art, and never became entirely naturalized in the new soil to which they were transplanted. And after Rome came the deluge which destroyed her; nor need we look for science or philosophy until its wild waves had ceased to break upon all the monuments of her culture, and had retreated, so far, at least, that civilization could find some safe spots whereon to rest, and begin again her almost forgotten work. She sowed her seeds, and they grew with rank luxuriance in the fat slime the waters of desolation had left behind them. Long did that most unjust epithet — *the Dark Ages* — cleave to the centuries which immediately preceded and followed the Crusades. But this injustice was the child of ignorance. We do not often hear this epithet now, and never from those who know what they are speaking of. There was error enough, falsity enough, folly enough; perhaps as much of all of these as shall be discovered a thousand years hence among the relics of our own enlightened times. But there was earnest, powerful, and productive thought, to which we are indebted far more deeply

Indeed!

than we always acknowledge. Gladly would we pause and dwell upon this enticing topic; and to it we may, at some future time, return; but now let us pass at once to the inquiry, how far knowledge became popularized, that is, generally diffused among the people, and made generally accessible to them, in these mediæval ages.

There were many learned men in those days. The monastery was not always, as we good Protestants are apt to think, the home of idleness and ignorance. Through the disastrous eclipse which threatened to darken the world, the priests and monks preserved and transmitted all the learning of the day. The great and unquestionable efficacy of the press in making books numerous and cheap, is commonly illustrated by half a dozen anecdotes, culled out for this purpose ages ago, some of them of doubtful authority, but all repeated in regular series by everybody who speaks of this subject, as if they represented the exact truth and the whole truth. This they do not. Just such anecdotes might be told of enormous prices paid for books in a few instances in these days; and they would represent the present condition of the book market just as accurately. Or, to go to the opposite extreme, our successors might as well cite the catalogue of Harpers' two-columned abominations, in proof that the regular price of a good book, at the present time, was twenty-five cents. Modern investigation — and we may thank the Germans for it — has shown how the truth was. Books were then vastly more rare than now, and, in equal proportion, were costly. But there were a great many good books. Some of these were very good and very common, and by no means very dear. In a great number of monasteries, regular copyists were constantly employed; and in many, the number of transcribers was so great, and the work so regular and productive, that they were little else than book manufactories; and there were many persons not monks, employed professionally in the same labor. A little consideration of the case would lead us to the same conclusion with the facts which modern inquiry has brought to light. A copyist, trained for years in this work, and devoted to it, would necessarily acquire a certain skill and facility. They had not our running hand, but their cheaper manuscripts were written in a way which permitted them to be written rapidly. A skilful writer could copy as

Take care Sir, do you "know what I'm speaking of"?

much as a common octavo volume in a fortnight; and why should it then cost more than the earnings of a fortnight of any common labor, together with the price of the materials? The common law of demand and supply would prevent this; for the business of copying was open to every one, and was particularly suited to the members of that vast brotherhood, the monks. They could work cheap, for their foundations afforded lodging always, and generally food, and they had no wives and children to maintain. There were many books, and many readers; but these were, nearly all, of one class, and that the religious class. And they probably had no wish to extend beyond their own limits an advantage extremely important to them. As a class, they possessed this monopoly; and as it certainly contributed to establish their power, they as certainly preserved it with much jealousy.* It is impossible to deny — we doubt whether any intelligent Catholic does now deny — that through these ages there was a disposition on the part of the clergy to keep the laity ignorant. We may then say, that the knowledge of those days was widely dispersed through a very numerous class, but was confined to that class. And this was something more than had existed in Greece and Rome, for the reason that this class was far more numerous than any reading or learning class had ever been in those nations. But between these two classes — those who had all the learning, and those who had none — there was more than a distinction; there was an abyss.

For an illustration of this, let us look at the lives and fame of some few of the most distinguished intellects of these ages. Much the greater number of these great men wrote only for their clerical brethren, and were little known out of that wide circle. But there were also some whose names at least were popular; were on everybody's tongue, and spoken of to everybody's children, and so came down to succeeding ages by tradition. Let us look at some of these, and see what became of their good names; at a few only — and these taken at hazard, as they occur to us — for they tell the same story which the others could but confirm.

Let us speak of Roger Bacon of the thirteenth century, of Michael Scott, his contemporary, and of Cornelius Agrippa, and Martius Galeotti, (whom Walter Scott immortalized and caricatured in his Quentin Durward,) of the next century.

* This is logic for you! Books v
cheap, because the clergy had a mon
of their production, & lived on "a litt
oat meal". This will hardly do.

What is generally known of them? In their own countries, and among the populace, they are simply wizards — professors of the black art; and this by a tradition which goes back to their own day. By the better instructed, they are regarded — with some exceptions in favor of Roger Bacon — either as charlatans who practised upon the weakness and ignorance of their times, or as fools who verily believed they possessed the mysterious powers undoubtingly ascribed to them by popular opinion. Now, what in fact were they? Michael Scott, chiefly known to us for his skill in "gramarye" — figuring in Boccaccio's tales as a sorcerer, and put by Dante in his Hell in the same capacity, — travelled widely, was a courtier, and long a resident at the court of Edward II., by whom he was greatly favored, a physician of the highest repute, master of the learning of his day, well acquainted with Latin, which all scholars then knew, and with Greek which very few knew, and the translator of Aristotle's work on animals, from the Arabic, (having no access to the original,) and author of many works upon various subjects. Cornelius Agrippa was a successful soldier, knighted for his courage, then a Professor of Hebrew in France, a member of the government of Pisa, expelled from Mentz of which he had been syndic, chiefly because he protected a young peasant woman accused of sorcery, physician of the mother of Francis First, dismissed by her because he refused to act as her astrologer, and then sought at once by the king of England, by two German princes, and by Margaret, regent of the Low Countries, to whom he went. He died at 49, and with all the labors of a very active life, wrote many books which have been collected and published in several editions. Galeotti was also at once a distinguished cavalier and one of the most learned men of his day, the instructor and favorite of a king and a pope, a little heretical, but saved from persecution by the personal regard of his pupil Sextus IV., and giving no better reason for the picture of a luxurious and crapulous profligate which Scott draws of him, than the fact that he was excessively corpulent, and as some said, died from too much fat. The race of scholars has been generally thought in little danger of this fate. And what of Roger Bacon? He was a man so learned, so inventive, that it was impossible wholly to obscure his fame. Gunpowder he certainly knew,

for he tells how to make it; he was acquainted with important principles of optics and some properties of lenses, perhaps with the magic lantern and the telescope — of which he speaks only less precisely than of gunpowder, — to say nothing of other intimations that must have no meaning, as the learning of this day, which believes itself universal and complete, cannot attach any meaning to them. He was besides, an author, and a voluminous one, upon a great variety of subjects, nearly all of which are of a scientific character. But he, too, like all the rest we have named, and so many other learned men in those days, was, to the public, simply and solely, a magician, a sorcerer. There can hardly be better proof of the impassable distance between the scholar and the people. It was not merely that they did not understand him, and had no sympathy with him; but he was for them a being of a different order. His life, his interests, his employments, were with another world. There was no path from him to them; no connecting link between him and them. No thought on his part of lifting them nearer to himself by the communication of his knowledge, and never the slightest thought on their part of rising to, or towards, his position. They no more supposed that the day could ever come when men should generally be educated men and bookmen, than we contemplate a future in which the children of our public schools shall all be made conjurors and skilful in necromancy. The "benefit of clergy," that is, exemption from punishment by the civil authority, was given to all who could *write*, because this was held to be proof that the criminal was a priest. The conclusion is inevitable, that there was no more "diffusion of knowledge" among such a people than among those who lived thousands of years before in the darkness of Egypt. But there was this great difference; there existed in the mediæval ages a very numerous class, most of whom were tinctured, and many deeply imbued, with all the learning of the day, such as it was, and some of whom were scholars.

And then came Protestantism, to open the doors of their prisons, or their asylums, to operate upon half of Europe directly by breaking down barriers which had been wellnigh impassable, and upon the other half of Europe by an example which could not fail to exert great influence.

X And yet the phrase "dark ages" is a misnomer!

Then, too, came the press, with power to give to all discovered truth immediate diffusion; a power of which we have not fathomed the depth, and of which we cannot yet anticipate the whole effect even by conjecture. But great changes are always gradual. Scholars were no longer, — *ex-officio*, as we may say, — wizards. It was no longer a matter of certainty in the opinion of ignorant people, that he who had learned much had learned it of the Devil. The example set by the leaders of Protestantism in appealing to the people, writing expressly for them and to them, began to have its effect upon literature and science. Although some ages yet passed before the use of Latin as the common language of the learned ceased, and every nation possessed in its own tongue its own literature, still there was a constant preparation for this result, and at length it came. This was a great fact. And then, the effort went on to give to the masses knowledge and cultivation, — went on even in Europe, in the face of many obstacles, of ancient prejudices whose roots had entwined themselves about all the foundations of the social fabric, of habits which had become a part of the very life of nations. Still it went on; and at length a New World was opened for this great work. That name was first given to America for a geographical reason, because it seemed to balance the old continent upon the globe. We claim it now for a better reason; we use it in a better sense. Here has begun indeed a New World, a new social and political fabric; with new thoughts, new hopes, new ends, new means, and new endeavors. Can it be doubted that the wide, the widest, diffusion of knowledge is to be one great effect of the influences which are forming us, and one great instrument in the building up of that future of which no boldness that had not become folly would dare to draw even the outlines. "The diffusion of knowledge;" the phrase was never heard until a few years ago; and now the thing is drawing near, and at this time and in this country surely we have reached "the beginning of the end." Mankind must now wait and hope, not for the birth, but for the development of that great good, for which there has been so long a preparation, and towards which there has been so slow a progress.

We could hardly have taken any of the latest scientific works which would not testify to the truth of this assertion;

but those of which we have put the titles at the head of our article, do this in an especial manner. In the "Principles of Zoölogy," the first naturalist of the age, aided by a kindred mind which he found in this country of his adoption, has given the last results of his science. It is a book which any laborer might buy for less than the wages of one day, and is thus within the means of every purse. It is written "for the use of schools and colleges," and therefore every thing is stated in the plainest and simplest manner, and so brought within the reach of every intellect. But the reader — unconscious, it may be, of the powerful genius and vast amount of labor implied in the ability to give to him this simple work — will get from it treasures of knowledge which could not, but for this book, be acquired without long study of many expensive volumes. Is the knowledge thus imparted any poorer because it is made so cheap; is it the worse in quality or quantity because it is so skilfully adapted to the untaught intellect? Not so. The most recondite subjects are treated of; no difficulties are evaded. If any one wished to learn the latest conclusions of science upon the functions and organs of animal life, the peculiar modes of reproduction and the metamorphoses of animals, about which until very recently so little was accurately known, the new and most interesting branch of Physiology to which the name Embryology has been given, and the animal economy in general, we know not where he could go with greater certainty of finding them than to this cheap, and simple, and unpretending book. The preface begins thus: "The design of this work is to furnish an epitome of the leading principles of the science of Zoölogy, as deduced from the present state of knowledge, so illustrated as to be intelligible to the beginning student;" and this design is thoroughly accomplished.

There is another work of somewhat kindred character, which has already been reviewed by us, but we would turn to it again in this connection. We refer to Professor Guyot's "Earth and Man." This is a volume consisting of Lectures delivered *in French*, but nevertheless to a large audience in Boston, and published in English, as translated by his friend, Professor Felton. The subject of these Lectures is, Geography in the highest sense of that word, in the new sense of it; for geography in the hands of Humboldt, Ritter, and

Steffens, of whom Guyot speaks as "with a sentiment of filial piety," and of Guyot himself, who will hereafter be named with them, is indeed a new science. It has now the most profound moral import and tendency. And this cheap little volume, — suggestive in the highest degree, full of deep learning and great ability, although in the rapidity and extent of some of its generalizations open to question, — this little book has already been widely circulated and introduced as a text-book in many schools.

The second book on our list consists of papers read and discussions held at the meeting, at Cambridge, in August, 1849, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This Association was formed a few years ago, and at first was confined in its scope to the science of Geology and those sciences immediately connected with it. Soon, however, it took its present form; and though we do not like to limit the word "science" to the knowledge of external nature, that meaning of the word has become so common that its use in this sense, in the title, can hardly mislead any one. The science, or the philosophy, of mind, does not come within their range, excepting as it may be introduced by other topics. But every truth connected with the condition or the laws of matter, whether in the organic or the inorganic form, they welcome. The Association now numbers in its catalogue more than five hundred members. It meets every year and sometimes oftener, not in one fixed place, but by turns in our principal cities, north and south, east and west. Its presence is earnestly invited and cordially welcomed. Its meetings are public, and are always well attended, by persons of both sexes. And there the public listens to the discussion of interesting questions in all the departments of natural science, by the ablest and most celebrated men; and if the object of its founders had been to construct and set in motion machinery for the widest diffusion of these sciences, they could not have done more to effect that purpose.

The third book upon our list is in many respects a very remarkable work. In connection with the topic which we are now considering, we would speak not so much of the book itself, as of the author. And well may we hold him out as a proof of the descent of knowledge into the lowest ranks of social life, and as an instance of its elevating power.

Mr. Miller was born in Scotland; he lost his father when he was five years old, and his mother encountered in the nurture of her children all the hinderances of poverty. He received no better education than could be given him by the humble school of his native village; and when — to use his own words, — he was "but a slim, loose-jointed boy," he went to work as a laborer in a stone quarry. There, he learnt his first lessons in Geology. What is he now? One of the first geologists of his age, and *the first* geological writer, if he deserves what Dr. Buckland said of him, as reported in the Proceedings of the British Association for the Promotion of Science.

"Dr. Buckland said, he had never been so much astonished in his life by the powers of any man as he had been by the geological descriptions of Mr. Miller, which had been shown to him in the "Witness" newspaper by his friend Sir C. Menteath. That wonderful man described these objects with a facility which made him ashamed of the comparative meagreness and poverty of his own description in the "Bridgewater Treatise," which had cost him hours and days of labor. He (Dr. Buckland) would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as this man; and if it pleased Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, would certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to Theology and Geology. It must be gratifying to Mr. Miller to hear that his discovery had been assigned his own name by such an eminent authority as M. Agassiz; and it added another proof of the value of the meeting of the Association, that it had contributed to bring such a man into notice."

Let us add only the testimony of Agassiz:

"The geological works of Hugh Miller have excited the greatest interest, not only among scientific men, but also among general readers. There is in them a freshness of conception, a power of argumentation, a depth of thought, a purity of feelings, rarely met with in works of that character, which are well calculated to call forth sympathy, and to increase the popularity of a science which has already done so much to expand our views of the Plan of Creation. The scientific illustrations published by Mr. Miller are most happily combined with considerations of a higher order, rendering both equally acceptable to the thinking reader. But what is in a great degree peculiar to our author, is the successful combination of Christian doctrines with pure scientific truths. On that account his works deserve peculiar attention. His generalizations have nothing of the vagueness

which too often characterize the writings of those authors who have attempted to make the results of science subservient to the cause of religion. Struck with the beauty of Mr. Miller's works, it has for some time past been my wish to see them more extensively circulated in this country; and I have obtained leave from the author to publish an American edition of his "Footprints of the Creator," for which he has most liberally furnished the publishers with the admirable wood-cuts of the original."— p. xi.

We shall presently speak of this book again, in another connection.

We might here speak, not only of many other books, but of many institutions scattered through our land, as our countless lyceums, &c., which are doing the same work. At their head would stand the Lowell Institute; not as *primus inter pares*, but as a thing by itself; and as a thing which, *if* it might have existed elsewhere and in other ages, could never have operated with the same energy and success at any other time and place, as now and here. But we must forbear; for we would devote what space is left to us to the consideration of another, but a connected topic.

Whither does all this tend; to what result will it lead mankind; what is even now its moral influence upon human character? These questions are often asked, and sometimes with anxiety. A new power is to be created. Men are to be endowed with greatly enlarged faculties for good and for evil. And they who remember the sad tale which history has been telling for so many ages, — of evil passions which no repressing force could restrain from destructive explosion, of errors which grew and spread until they first darkened and then desolated society, of the fierce conflicts which have expended, in the violent outbreak of furious excitements or in the efforts necessary to resist and control them, so very large a part of all the human energy that has been put forth on earth,— they who have listened while history uttered to them the mournful wailing of humanity in all its ages, may well fear that when men shall again be stirred with the same passions to the same violence, they will know how to be destructive, how to be infernal, and to do the work of devils, as they never knew before; and then the generations will read a commentary written with blood and fire upon the text, "knowledge is power."

It may be so. Through some phase of this kind, Providence may permit human society to pass, and will permit, if man will not learn otherwise how to use for good, the great good given to him. But this will not be the end. Truth is not evil, and will not always do an evil work. And at this moment, when floods of knowledge are impending over the world, and men ask anxiously whether they are to be as the latter rain, bringing freshness and new life and infinite beauty to the parched fields of life, or as another deluge, — at this moment, we look with hope and with gladness to one indication that they will come for good. We find this indication in the religious character which scientific truth is now putting on; in the kind and quality of this religion; and in the relation which is beginning to be developed between what we will call — although in words which do not precisely express our meaning — revealed truth and scientific truth.

We could not show this,— at least, we could not prove this, — without citations from very many sources; for the proof should be the concurrent testimony of multitudes of witnesses. And just this proof we could bring, if this were the fitting occasion. But we must confine ourselves now to such instances as will serve to show what we mean; and we find them in the works of which we have already spoken.

Thus, on the first page of the "Principles of Zoölogy" it is said,—

"Man in virtue of his twofold constitution, the spiritual and the material, is qualified to comprehend Nature. Having been made in the spiritual image of God, he is competent to rise to the conception of His plan and purpose in the works of Creation. Having also a material body, like that of animals, he is also prepared to understand the mechanism of organs, and to appreciate the necessities of matter, as well as the influence which it exerts over the intellectual element, throughout the whole domain of Nature."— pp. 1, 2.

"Such are some of the general aspects in which we are to contemplate the animal creation. Two points of view should never be lost sight of, or disconnected, namely, the animal in respect to its own organism, and the animal in its relations to creation as a whole. By adopting too exclusively either of these points of view, we are in danger of falling either into gross materialism, or into vague and profitless pantheism. He who beholds in Nature nothing besides organs and their functions, may per-

suade himself that the animal is merely a combination of chemical and mechanical actions and reactions, and thus becomes a materialist.

"On the contrary, he who considers only the manifestations of intelligence and of creative will, without taking into account the means by which they are executed, and the physical laws by virtue of which all beings preserve their characteristics, will be very likely to confound the Creator with the creature.

"It is only as it contemplates, at the same time, matter and mind, that Natural History arises to its true character and dignity, and leads to its worthiest end, by indicating to us, in creation, the execution of a plan fully matured in the beginning, and invariably pursued; the work of a God infinitely wise, regulating Nature according to immutable laws, which He has himself imposed on her. — pp. 9, 10.

"These different faculties, taken together, constitute *intelligence.* In man, this superior principle, which is an emanation of the divine nature, manifests itself in all its splendor. God 'breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' It is his prerogative, and his alone, to be enabled to guide his conduct by the deductions of reason; he has not only the faculty of exercising his judgment upon the objects which surround him, and of apprehending the many relations which exist between himself and the external world; he may also apply his reason to immaterial things, observe the operations of his own intellect, and, by the analysis of his faculties, may arrive at the consciousness of his own nature, and even conceive of that Infinite Spirit, 'whom none by searching can find out.'" — p. 44.

"The records of the Bible, together with human tradition, teach us that man and the animals associated with him were created by the word of God; 'the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is;' and this truth is confirmed by the revelations of science, which unequivocally indicate the direct interventions of creative power." — p. 182.

"The link by which they are connected is of a higher and immaterial nature; and their connection is to be sought in the view of the Creator himself, whose aim, in forming the earth, in allowing it to undergo the successive changes which Geology has pointed out, and in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away, was to introduce Man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended, from the first appearance of the first Paleozoic Fishes.

"In the beginning His plan was formed, and from it He has never swerved in any particular. The same Being, who, in view

of man's moral wants, provided and declared, thousands of years in advance, that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,' laid up also for him in the bowels of the earth, those vast stores of granite, marble, coal, salt, and the various metals, the products of its several revolutions; and thus was an inexhaustible provision made for his necessities, and for the development of his genius, ages in anticipation of his appearance.

"To study, in this view, the succession of animals in time, and their distribution in space, is therefore to become acquainted with the ideas of God himself. Now, if the succession of created beings on the surface of the globe is the realization of an infinitely wise plan, it follows that there must be a necessary relation between the races of animals, and the epoch at which they appear." — pp. 206, 207.

From Mr. Guyot's book we may quote the following passages. He closes his preface thus: —

"Few subjects seem more worthy to occupy thoughtful minds, than the contemplation of the grand harmonies of nature and history. The spectacle of the good and the beautiful in nature, reflecting everywhere the idea of the Creator, calms and refreshes the soul. The view of the hand of Providence, guiding the chariot of human destinies, reassures and strengthens our faith. May these unpretending sheets, launched upon the sea of publicity, reach those who feel the need of both, and by them be kindly received. — p. viii.

"But, gentlemen, it is not enough to have seized, in this point of view, entirely physical as yet, the functions of the great masses of the continents. They have others, yet more important, which, if rightly understood, ought to be considered as the final end for which they have received their existence. To understand and appreciate them at their full value, to study them in their true point of view, we must rise to a higher position. We must elevate ourselves to the moral world to understand the physical world, which has no meaning except by it and for it." — pp. 10, 11.

"Gentlemen, I may treat this beautiful subject inadequately; but I have a deep conviction that it is worthy to occupy your leisure, as it will occupy for a long time to come, if I am not mistaken, the most exalted minds, and those most ripened for elevated researches. For him who can embrace with a glance the great harmonies of nature and of history, there is here the most admirable plan to study; there are the past and future destinies of the nations to decipher, traced in ineffaceable characters by the finger of Him who governs the world. Admirable order of the

Supreme Intelligence and Goodness, which has arranged all for the great purpose of the education of man, and the realization of the plans of Mercy for his sake ! " — pp. 16, 17.

" All is order, all is harmony in the universe, because the whole universe is a thought of God ; and it appears as a combination of organisms, each of which is only an integral part of one still more sublime. God alone contains them all, without making a part of any." — p. 78.

" It is in this great union, foretold alike by the order of nature and by the gospel, that every continent, as well as every people, will have its special functions, and that we shall find the solution and the definitive aim of all the physical and historical contrasts which we have been studying. Every thing in nature is arranged for the accomplishment by man of the admirable designs of Providence for the triumph of the good ; and if man were faithful to his destination, the whole world would appear as a sublime concert of nature and the nations, blending their voices into a lofty harmony in praise of the Creator.

" We are touching upon the close of our course ; we are far distant indeed from the point whence we started. Nevertheless, we have arrived hither, I believe, by a natural and regular path. Before we separate, gentlemen, allow me to add a few words upon the spirit and method which have animated and directed our studies.

" All is life for him who is alive ; all is death for him who is dead. All is spirit for him who is spirit ; all is matter for him who is nothing but matter. It is with the whole life and the whole intellect that we should study the work of Him who is life and intellect itself.

" This work of the Supreme Intelligence — can it be otherwise than intelligent ? The work of Him who is all life and all love — must it not be living and full of love ?

" How should we not find in our earth itself the realization of an intelligent thought, of a thought of love to man, who is the end and aim of all creation, and the bright consummate flower of this admirable organization ?

" Yes, certainly, it is so. Faith so teaches, inspiring us with this sentiment, vague still, yet profound. Science so teaches by a patient and long-continued study, reserving this sublime view as the sweetest reward for our labor. Faith, enlightened and expounded by science, — the union of faith and science, — is living, harmonious knowledge, is perfected faith, for it has become VISION." — pp. 308, 309.

Let us now turn to the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. We will make but

two quotations. One from a paper on Animal Morphology, by Professor Agassiz, on page 412, in which he says, —

"By study, we have been approaching towards the knowledge of the plan displayed in the animal kingdom. We have been able to trace many relations which could not be ascertained at first sight. We have discovered relations which remained unintelligible until extensive comparisons had been made, giving us an insight into them. We have raised the question, whether there is not really in the animal kingdom, a plan illustrating the principle of its origin. To express it in one word, we have been led to consider the animal kingdom not merely as a beautiful combination of isolated phenomena, easily brought into intelligible connection by the efforts of our minds, but as a *Thought of a Supreme Intelligence manifested in material reality.* That is the view I take of the animal kingdom; a view which greatly differs from the one generally entertained regarding it." — p. 412.

Our next and last quotation shall be from the last paper in this volume, a Mathematical Investigation of the Fractions which occur in Phyllotaxis. We would gladly dwell upon the very singular arrangement which is now found to prevail in the order of leaves upon the stems of plants, and the astonishing analogy between this order and that which governs the relative times of rotation, or rather the relative mean motions of the planets; but we must forbear. In his interesting paper on this subject, — and the volume could not have had a more beautiful or more appropriate close, — Professor Peirce says, —

"I do not regard these fractions as isolated and independent of each other; but all of them seem to me to be approximations, more or less accurate, to one and the same fraction, or rather to several fractions *of one series.* It is as if in the forms of vegetable growth, there had been one great thought underlying the whole structure. The thought has in it an element of infinity, but the mode of expression is necessarily finite. It is everywhere partially developed, with more or less approach to perfection in different plants. This very defect of expression has enabled us to discern and comprehend the divine idea with our finite capacities. Had it been fully expressed, we should not probably have discovered it. Most certain it is that if the infinite fraction had been introduced into the creation, we could not have detected it; for the infinite series would not have been completed, even though the tree had grown to heaven itself." — p. 445.

"I must now take the liberty to draw the attention of the Association to another domain of the physical universe, in which there are distinct traces of these same fractions. They are approximate expressions of the relative times of rotation of the successive planets of the solar system. Thus the ratio of the mean motion of each planet to that of the next inner planet is nearly equal to some one of these fractions. This is so manifest, that all the great inequalities of long period which occur in the solar system depend upon these ratios, and they are interwoven with all the most important irregularities of motion of the primary planets. Whence could this extraordinary coincidence have arisen but from the action of a single mind? and what does it indicate but that the same Word which created the planet, is expressed in the plant?

"May I close with the remark, that the object of geometry in all its measuring and computing, is to ascertain with exactness the plan of the great Geometer, to penetrate the veil of material forms, and disclose the thoughts which lie beneath them? When our researches are successful, and when a generous and heaven-eyed inspiration has elevated us above humanity, and raised us triumphantly into the very presence, as it were, of the divine intellect, how instantly and entirely are human pride and vanity repressed, and by a single glance at the glories of the infinite mind, we are humbled to the very dust." — pp. 446, 447.

From Miller's "Footprints of the Creator" it is difficult to quote isolated passages which, more than others, show its profoundly religious character. The whole work is professedly, in design and in execution, a religious work. Most persons know something — not many now know much — about a book which was very widely read a few years ago, called "Vestiges of Creation." This book endeavored to give scientific proof, and with a most imposing parade of universal knowledge, in favor of what is called the theory of development; — which is, that the first organized being was an animated atom which gradually became an animal of the lowest form, and then slowly expanded into a mollusc, which afterwards grew into a fish, and this came, after many attempts, on dry land, and converted its fins into legs and became a reptile, and the reptile shot out wings and became a bird, and the bird dropped its wings downward and made legs of them and became a beast, and the beast after awhile rose erect and became a man. This is not necessarily atheistical, because it is not inconsistent with the belief that God made chaos,

and imparted to its atoms the qualities which enabled them to begin and carry forward this serial development. But it is eminently, not to say absolutely, irreligious. First, because it ignores, if it does not deny, the present and continuing action and providence of God; and next, because it expressly limits all expectation of a better condition of the race hereafter to mere progress in development, and gives to the individual no hope of living after death, unless the atoms which compose him chance to take upon themselves an animated form; — that is to say, no hope whatever of living hereafter as the same person, with a consciousness of his identity. It is against this book and this system, that Miller writes; and never, when he wrought with the sledge-hammer in his hand, did he do a work of more perfect demolition. He exposes the pretensions, the ignorance, and the unfairness of the anonymous author of the "Vestiges," and shows his reasoning to be as feeble and unconclusive as his data are false or insufficient. He admits the evidence of progress; of progressive creation; but he asserts, or rather supposes, for he knows too much not to know the limits of his knowledge, that this simultaneous progress of the earth as the habitation of life, and of the forms of life dwelling upon it, exhibits very clearly a putting forth of creative power, from time to time, in exquisite adaptation to the gradually advancing fitness of this home for higher and then higher forms of life, until, as soon as it became fit for man, and not before, man was created. In the last paragraph of the book, he says, —

"But it may be judged that I am trespassing on a field into which I have no right to enter. Save, however, for its close proximity with that in which the geologist expatiates as properly his own, this little volume would never have been written. It is the fact that man must believingly coöperate with God in the work of preparation for the final dynasty, or exist throughout its never-ending cycles as a lost and degraded creature, that alone renders the development hypothesis formidable. But inculcating that the elevatory process is one of the natural law, not of moral endeavor — by teaching inferentially at least, that in the better state of things which is coming there is to be an identity of race with that of the existing dynasty, but no identity of individual consciousness, — that, on the contrary, the life after death which we are to inherit is to be merely a horrid life of wriggling impurities, originated in the putrefactive mucus, — and

that thus the men who now live possess no real stake in the kingdom of the future, — it is its direct tendency, so far as its influence extends, to render the required coöperation with God an impossibility. For that coöperation cannot exist without belief as its basis." — pp. 336, 337.

In his Preface, he says, —

"It will, I trust, be found, that in dealing with errors which, in at least their primary bearing, affect questions of science, I have not offended against the courtesies of scientific controversy. True, they are errors which also involve moral consequences. There is a species of superstition which inclines men to take on trust whatever assumes the name of science; and which seems to be a reaction on the old superstition, that had faith in witches, but none in Sir Isaac Newton, and believed in ghosts, but failed to credit the Gregorian calendar. And, owing mainly to the wide diffusion of this credulous spirit of the modern type, as little disposed to examine what it receives as its ancient unreasoning predecessor, the development doctrines are doing much harm on both sides of the Atlantic, especially among intelligent mechanics, and a class of young men engaged in the subordinate departments of trade and the law. And the harm, thus considerable in amount, must be necessarily more than merely considerable in degree. For it invariably happens, that when persons in these walks become materialists, they become also turbulent subjects and bad men. That belief in the existence after death, which forms the distinguishing *instinct* of humanity, is too essential a part of man's moral constitution not to be missed when away; and so, when once fairly eradicated, the life and conduct rarely fail to betray its absence. But I have not, from any consideration of the mischief thus effected, written as if arguments, like cannon-balls, could be rendered more formidable than in the cool state by being made red hot. I have not even felt, in discussing the question, as if I had a man before me as an opponent; for though my work contains numerous references to the author of the "Vestiges," I have invariably thought on these occasions, not of the anonymous writer of the volume, of whom I know nothing, but simply of an ingenious, well-written book, unfortunate in its facts, and not always very happy in its reasonings." — pp. vi. — viii.

There is still one other passage which we cannot forbear quoting. It is equally excellent in its rebuke of those who cannot accept a fact if an enemy has used it, in its hints towards a higher metaphysics, and in its dealings with what would be one of the most dangerous, if it were not the most

nauseating of the tricks of modern infidelity. If hypocrisy be the tribute that evil pays to good, we might infer that truth has made some progress in subduing falsehood, from the abundance and prompt payment of this tribute. And we need some such thought as this, to mitigate the pain and disgust with which we hear the malignant infidelities around us use to express their sophisms and falsehoods, words which should have a far better meaning.

"There is no geological fact nor revealed doctrine with which this special scheme of development does not agree. To every truth, too, really such, from which the antagonist scheme derives its shadowy analogies, it leaves its full value. It has no quarrel with the facts of even the "Vestiges," in their character as realities. There is certainly something very extraordinary in that fœtal progress of the human brain on which the assertors of the development hypothesis have founded so much. Nature, in constructing this curious organ, first lays down a grooved cord, as the carpenter lays down the keel of his vessel; and on this narrow base the perfect brain, as month after month passes by, is gradually built up, like the vessel from the keel. First it grows up into a brain closely resembling that of a fish; a few additions more convert it into a brain undistinguishable from that of a reptile; a few additions more impart to it the perfect appearance of the brain of a bird; it then develops into a brain exceedingly like that of a mammiferous quadruped; and, finally, expanding atop, and spreading out its deeply corrugated lobes, till they project widely over the base, it assumes its unique character as a human brain. Radically such from the first, it passes towards its full development, through all the inferior forms, from that of the fish upwards, — thus comprising, during its fœtal progress, an epitome of geological history, as if each man were in himself, not the *microcosm* of the old fanciful philosopher, but something greatly more wonderful, — a compendium of all animated nature, and of kin to every creature that lives. Hence the remark, that man is the sum total of all animals, — "the animal equivalent," says Oken, "to the whole animal kingdom." We are perhaps too much in the habit of setting aside real facts, when they have been first seized upon by the infidel, and appropriated to the purposes of unbelief, as if they had suffered contamination in his hands. We forget, like the brother "weak in the faith," instanced by the Apostle, that they are in themselves "creatures of God;" and too readily reject the lesson which they teach, simply because they have been offered in sacrifice to an idol. And this strange fact of the progress of the human brain is assur-

edly a fact none the less worth looking at from the circumstance that infidelity has looked at it first. On no principle recognizable in right reason can it be urged in support of the development hypothesis; — it is a fact of fœtal development, and of that only. But it would be well should it lead our metaphysicians to inquire whether they have not been rendering their science too insulated and exclusive; and whether the mind that works by a brain thus "fearfully and wonderfully made," ought not to be viewed rather in connection with all animated nature, especially as we find nature exemplified in the various vertebral forms, than as a thing fundamentally abstract and distinct. The brain built up of all the types of *brain*, may be the organ of a mind compounded, if I may so express myself, of all the varieties of *mind*. It would be perhaps over fanciful to urge that it is the creature who has made himself free of all the elements, whose brain has been thus in succession that of all their proper denizens, and that there is no animal instinct, the function of which cannot be illustrated by some art mastered by man; but there can be nothing over fanciful in the suggestion, founded on this fact of fœtal development, that possibly some of the more obscure signs impressed upon the human character may be best read through the spectacles of physical science. The successive phases of the fœtal brain give at least fair warning that in tracing to its first principles the moral and intellectual nature of man, what is properly his 'natural history' should not be overlooked. Oken, after describing the human creature in one passage as 'equivalent to the whole animal kingdom,' designates him in another as 'God wholly manifested,' and as 'God become man;' — a style of expression at which the English reader may start, as that of the 'big mouth speaking blasphemy,' but which has become exceedingly common among the rationalists of the Continent. The irreverent naturalist ought surely to have remembered, that the sum total of all the animals cannot be different in its nature from the various sums of which it is an aggregate, — seeing that *no* summation ever differs in *quality* from the items summed up, which compose it, — and that, though it may amount in this case to man *the animal*, — to man as he may be weighed, and measured, and subjected to the dissecting knife, — it cannot possibly amount to God. Is God merely a sum total of birds and beasts, reptiles and fishes; — a mere Egyptian deity, composed of fantastic hieroglyphics derived from the forms of the brute creation? The impieties of the transcendentalist may, however, serve to illustrate that mode of seizing on terms which, as the most sacred in the message of revelation, have been long coupled in the popular mind with saving truths, and forcibly compelling them to bear some visionary and illusive meaning, wholly foreign to that with which they were

originally invested, which has become so remarkable a part of the policy of modern infidelity. Rationalism has learned to sacrifice to Deity with a certain measure of conformity to the required pattern; but it is a conformity in appearance only, not in reality: the sacrifice always resembles that of Prometheus of old, who presented to Jupiter what, though it seemed to be an ox without blemish, was merely an ox-skin stuffed full of bones and garbage." — pp. 313, 316.

But we cannot thus attempt to prove a fact so interesting as the present religious character of science, without remembering the old story — far older than Joe Miller — of the man who offered some bricks as the sample of a house. We are doing just this; more we cannot do, for the house is not yet built. But the materials are gathering; and from them even now, we may form some idea of the structure as it will be seen, by other eyes than ours, in its completed perfection; — for these materials are beautiful and instinct with life. Thus, it is said by Professor Agassiz, in a passage we have already quoted, that the study of Natural History, in the view in which he labors to present it, "is therefore to become acquainted with the ideas of God himself." And again, he declares the animal kingdom to be "a thought of a Supreme Intelligence manifested in material reality." And Professor Peirce says, "in the forms of vegetable growth there has been one great thought underlying the whole structure." And Professor Guyot says, "the whole universe is a thought of God."

This truth, however prominent in the writings of Plato, did not originate with him. For he received it from the school of Pythagoras, and to that it came, perhaps, by a long tradition from that morning when the Sun of Truth first arose upon the human intellect. For a long time afterwards it was a common thought, but gradually faded away until it was nearly lost. In modern times, we find it perhaps more clearly intimated in the writings of our own Jonathan Edwards, — the great thinker of his age and country — than in any other book of note. But it has here again been expressly asserted, and the investigators into the secrets of nature who hold this torch in their hand, will find its light reflected from many a gem. "The ideas of God;" if we know that they have given form to creation; that they have made all his works and all his

laws to be their exponents, then has the time come when men will know that the word of God *cannot* contradict the lessons of His works; for this is then as certain as that He is truthful, and that there can be no contradiction and no inconsistency, and nothing else than infinite harmony between the Divine ideas, whatever be the mode in which He expresses them. Nor is this all. For what inducements does this truth hold out to us to study the forms, activities, and relations of created things, when it tells us that they are but the pages on which the finger of God has written revelations of Himself. What, indeed, may we not expect, what may we not demand from science.

Nor is this truth merely a metaphor. It may be one of the functions of poetry to anticipate the discoveries or the conclusions which observation and logic have not yet brought within their grasp; to see the auroral flush of a light that has not distinctly risen upon the domains of science. Her place is on the mountain top, and gladly she reports the coming day to the travellers on the plains below; and with gladness do they listen to the tidings, unless they believe darkness to be man's natural condition, — unless night be their day. So this truth has been often claimed and used by the poet; as in the exquisite lines of Goethe, where the spirit of the earth, summoned by Faust, says to him:

> So schaff' ich am sausendem webstuhl der Zeit,
> Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges kleid.*

But poetry is dealt with most unjustly when it is placed in opposition to science. Their functions are diverse, but not antagonistic. It may be one of the things men will learn presently, that neither the one nor the other has any value except as it is the minister of truth; and that truth is not the less one, because its office is universal and its manifestation infinite in variety. Hereafter, as the dominion of science enlarges, and approaches the limits which have bounded the exclusive realm of poetry, as poetry is drawn nearer to the actualities of science by seeing that they offer to her a home and food and raiment, both will cease to look at each other with a jealous and a hostile eye; both will find that they can

* Very inadequately translated by Carlyle thus: —

> "'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest him by."

give each other strength and support, and that both are strongest when they unite in lifting the mind and heart of man towards the Source of light and warmth.

We have spoken of the quality of this religion. We hope we do not invade personal privacies, when we say that the gentlemen whom we have quoted above differ in religious belief by the whole difference which divides sects from each other. They come from different regions of the Christian doctrine; but they come together, and stand together on this ground, and there is a perfect harmony in their testimony. This we should expect; because they meet on a ground which lies within that which is occupied by mere dogmata. Let it not be supposed that we would express, or that we feel, dislike or contempt for the formal doctrines of religion. They are most useful; they are more than necessary, for they are inevitable. That belief which rests in generalities, which forms or adopts no systematic or definite exposition, is, usually at least, a belief which seeks for no form because it desires no action. It is of the imagination, or at most, a matter of opinion. Human nature, in so far as it becomes religious, demands and acquires something more. It feels that it is not rich by possessing ground upon which nothing grows. Doubtless it has erred in almost every possible way in its efforts to supply this want. But numerous and various as have been and are the forms in which religious faith has clothed itself; true, as it certainly is, that in all of these there is much that is the work of man and the evidence of human weakness; it is also certain that in all of them there is more or less of truth, and of truth that leads to good. Not only do different nations in different ages adopt different creeds, but, where there is any freedom of thought, different individuals, at the same time and place, manifest the diversities of genius and temper, perhaps of spiritual needs, by going in pursuit of that object in different directions. They who content themselves with sublime axioms and universal principles, may feel a contempt for others who must have more definite, positive, and doctrinal truths. But they greatly err; they may have all that they want; but they should not mistake the absence of appetite for the abundance of food. The believing heart compels the believing mind to choose, to form, to hold, a faith which shall give an answer to its questioning, and

define its hopes, and offer guidance and support to its life. Various as are the past and present forms of religious faith, their value and their truthfulness may be tested and measured by the degree in which they incorporate the infinite certainties of religion, and neither contradict, nor limit, nor disfigure, nor obscure them. By these certainties, we mean the personal existence of God, His love, His wisdom, His providence, and His perpetual oversight and government, and the existence within man's material nature of a higher nature, over which death has no power. The worth of all the forms of religious belief lies in their power to bring these truths down from Heaven to man's home and life upon this earth. So the infirmity of all lies in their inability to present these great truths to the mind, or, still worse, in the darkness and falsity in which they enwrap them. But where do these great and central truths come from; by what means do we hold them? They are from God Himself, given by revelation from Him; so in the beginning, and so only. This revelation must take the form of words, for it is divine truth clothing itself in human words. It takes upon itself the humble dress of human language; but it does not put off its divinity, and while it stands among men on earth, it has not left the Heavens. Can men interpret the revelation? Yes, because this gift of infinite truth is not companionless; but with it, as the all-sufficient instruments to unveil the revelation and make its words translucent, God has given man two worlds; the world within him and the world without him. His reason, his conscience, his aspirations, his hopes, and, not less, his fears, may join in this as their highest employment; while, in this visible creation, he may see, as in a mirror, the image of his Maker. Has science begun to see in the works of God, Himself? Surely, if it has, then has it entered upon its greatest and its consummating work. With a new voice it gives forth the utterance of a new spirit. It offers itself to man's inmost needs. It has already made the steam-engine wield at his will the strength of a thousand giants; it points out to the mariner a sure way across the pathless ocean; it has made the lightning his swift messenger; — and all this is well. But if it interprets nature, and reads the lessons written on her pages, it has begun a work which can never end and must ever grow, and it will offer to him a good as much greater than all else it

has done or can do, as the Heavens are higher than the earth.

These fundamentnl certainties, we have said, give value to, and determine the value of, all religious doctrine; and it is precisely these that science must discover upon the monuments of creative power, and transcribe and translate for their use for whom creation was made. Nor must science decipher these inscriptions only in a general way; for in their most general form they have been always seen in outward nature by reflecting and religious men, but only obscurely. As science advances in the path upon which it has entered, it will first see them more distinctly, and then it will see in all its own discoveries new proofs, and in all its details new illustrations, new consequences and inferences, not merely harmonizing with these general principles, but growing from them as the blossom and the fruit grow from the living plant. And thus may science offer to religion demonstration and certainty, and not these only, but an orderly evolution; the healthy growth of "a tree planted by rivers of waters, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season."

Religion has always been the one means by which God has sought to bring man into conformity with Himself, and into a receptivity of true and permanent happiness. There can be no other instrument than this; for whatsoever has this effect, not by mere force of circumstances, but by its own nature, may be called religion. Given to man in forms and measure as infinitely diversified as his need, given to him that it might lead him and not that it should force him, it has exhibited in all ages a boundless diversity of aspect; and the beauty of that aspect has always been marred by the effacing fingers of man, and sometimes wellnigh destroyed. But always and everywhere, religion, when most despised and rejected, when feeblest, and suffocated by human inventions, when desecrated and made the unwilling minister of unholy purposes and passions, — always has she continued to do, as well as it might then be done, the work which she alone could do. She has ever borne the office indicated by her name. She has ever labored — though against fearful obstacles and sometimes with very little effect — to *re-bind* the separated child to his parent. And now, if science is to provide for her new illustrations, new foundations, new defences, new in-

struments, and boundless scope, we may hardly limit the hope that invests the future of humanity with light from heaven. This hope would be fantastic and irrational, if it went so far as to see any promise of a near fulfilment. That cannot be. But such a hope may well be patient. How many ages may elapse before this consummation can arrive, is not the question, nor how much or little we have already gained, nor how fast or how slow our progress. It is enough if we can see that we have entered upon a path which leads to this result. Enough, if we see so much of this path as to guide and guard us on our way, so much of its termination as to invite our progress; and assuredly the faith that sees so much as this, does not place itself in antagonism with reason.

Then we may hope that mankind will come into full possession of a religion which shall be written in the word of God and in His works — written ineffaceably — written upon the running water, the perishing leaf, the animated atom that escapes the eye, the intangible forces that weave the warp and woof of nature, as well as upon the "everlasting hills" and the solid earth, and suns and stars. Written for a longer duration than that of the mountains whose rocks become again tables of stone on which the finger of God writes his law; for when they sink, and a new home for life and new forms of life appear, there will this religion be, unchanging and unchangeable.

Some of the passages we have quoted would indicate, what certainly is true, that a belief in the unity of creation is gaining ground. This, indeed, is a necessary effect of regarding the various forms of being as all the result of one creative power. If nature represents God, then in its indefinite variety we may read the proof that his Oneness contains within itself, and consists of, an infinitude of divine elements. This Oneness, it is perhaps impossible that a created intellect should ever fully comprehend; and of the Oneness which, from Him, combines His works into a symmetrical whole, it is certain that religion and science together cannot yet give us a clear perception. But this truth is one of which a slight knowledge may not be without its influence. Already it will help us to believe the essential peace of the universe, that must lie within its apparent war; it will help us to recognize that brotherhood of being, which leaves nothing iso-

lated, but in some way connects each atom with the whole. Whatever God has made, if he be wise, is made for some end; and if He be one, these various ends, though many, cannot be conflicting, and there must be one great end towards which they are all directed; one centre of the circle of being, in which all the various radii, however remote and opposite their points of departure, and however diverse their directions, may meet. And therefore this truth already permits the inference, that all the entities of the universe, whether they be great or small, whether they be bodies or forces, forms or laws, of spirit or of matter, must all and equally be coöperative ministers of Omnipotence.

If this be true of the outward world, it must be more true of the inward world, of the various capacities and qualities of human nature, of the elements of the soul. And so it must be true of individuals, each man who is not monstrous possessing all the elements of humanity, but owing his individuality to that faculty or tendency which, prevailing within him, determines his character, his function, and his destiny. How far this normal law may be suspended or violated by moral evil or falsity, we do not presume to say; but that it is the normal law of humanity we cannot doubt. And there comes from this an inference as to the essential harmony and interdependence of all human capacities and employments, which has not been clearly seen, nor permitted to be very operative. And by interdependence we mean the necessity which each has for the aid of all the rest to enable it to do all its work. Mournful and most mischievous has been the contrary belief. The various functions of our common humanity have been severed by lines of demarcation, if not still more widely by hostility. Religion, the common centre of all, has been isolated from all; has too often repelled all, as if their gifts were dangerous, and she was safe only in their enmity. At one time, perhaps in all times by some, whatever was beautiful and ministered to pleasure, delighting the senses and filling life with gladness, was suspected and rejected; in utter ignorance that it is the office of religion to fill man's outward life with all the joy of refinement, and elevate pleasure into happiness, and make of the very senses golden gates to her temple. But still worse than this has been, and still is, the jealousy and opposition between reli-

gion and intellectual culture. To prove or illustrate this at length, we have not space; but one manifestation of this error may be recalled, if indeed it have wholly passed away. We mean the use of the word "freethinker" as synonymous with "unbeliever." This was not an accident. This use of the word took its place in our literature, and stands even now in our dictionaries. In one, that most used in our country, which we open at this moment, we find "freethinking," — "unbelief." These two words stand so together, and the last is the only definition given of the first. Who can measure the length, the breadth, or the depth of this vast falsehood! It is as if the only definition of light were, — darkness. The unbeliever is bound with a chain which he does not know, for the very reason that it lays so heavy a link upon every portion of his mental organization which it embraces, that he cannot try to move; and therefore unbelief cannot be universal in any mind, or the whole mind must die. Faith, the principle of faith, is the first giver of freedom. It energizes the whole intellect, the whole nature; and a rational religious belief, because it is the highest of all, gives the highest freedom. The unfettered reason, if indeed all its chains are broken, turns towards religious truth of some kind, as surely and as promptly as the healthy and uncoerced eye turns towards the light.

Mournful, in itself and in its consequences to religion, has been, — and gladly we speak of it as of the past, — the hostility between religion and science. It is pleasant to look upon the decline and fall of this empire of error. Galileo was — in despite of the modern researches which have shown his waywardness and imprudence, and softened the picture of his punishment — he *was* imprisoned by the great church power of his day for the heresy of scientific truth. Years passed on; and when Geology announced its earliest conclusions in England some thirty years ago, no inquisition could lay a torturing hand upon its professors; but who does not remember the storm of indignant wrath which fell upon them from dignitaries of the English Church. Last year, when Agassiz announced the discovery of his science, that the races of men could not have been derived from one earthly parentage, a feeble outcry from very feeble voices rose, or strove to rise upon the air; but there came back no echo from public opinion, and it has already died away.

There is now no hostility between religion and science. But the cessation of hostility is not enough. There must be in its stead amity and brotherhood, with all their love, and mutual aid, and unreserved confidence, and joy in the progress and well-being of each other. And we venture to hope that even this has begun. We venture to hope that it will go on, and bring peace within the circle of human endeavors, and the fruitfulness of peace.

In the olden time, they used to speak of the music of the spheres; and there were some who said they heard it. It may be that they did; but not with the ear of sense, for that divine harmony cannot descend so low. It may be that it will again be heard. The stars of morning, that sang together in the morning of creation, may resume their interrupted song. And in the distant ages when that song shall be heard by the listening heart, men may recognize in it the acknowledgment of God in all his works.

ART. IV. — *Poems and Prose Writings.* By RICHARD HENRY DANA. In two Volumes. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

To many of our readers these volumes will have the freshness of novelty. The poems and fictions formerly published by Mr. Dana have been so long out of print, and most of the essays buried for so many years in the forgotten numbers of old Reviews, that some, even of those who would not willingly be thought ignorant of our native literature, will be taken by surprise. Others will recognize here, in an accessible and agreeable form, writings with which they have long been familiar; which more than once, with grateful labor, they have brought together from dark closets and dusty shelves, to which the monthlies and quarterlies which contained them were long since consigned. It is because we remember the deep interest with which we early read most of these works, and are glad to acknowledge our obligation to them, as well as from the conviction that they will form a valuable portion of our permanent literature, that we hail

this reprint with so much satisfaction. By an accident we have suffered the volumes to pass too long without notice; yet even this seems somewhat accordant with their calm power and unobtrusive beauty. To have caught them up before the sheets were dry would have seemed almost like an indecent haste which they might resent. As they are the offering of a thoughtful, self-relying, yet most genial and sympathizing mind, they might well enough be left to float awhile with the current, touching all along their course, with gentle but strong impression, mind after mind, heart after heart, and imparting happy influences to be felt no one knows how widely.

We do not prophesy for these volumes a rapid or unbounded popularity; they are too thoughtful and serious, and require too much intellectual activity in the reader, for that; but the number is large, and we believe increasing, to whom they will be permanent and friendly monitors of good. The thought which they demand they will liberally repay. No one can rise from even a rapid perusal, without a fresh impulse towards the noblest objects of life; no one can become familiar with them without being unconsciously led to a habit of serious thought, and finding his best affections most cherished, and his sympathies with the beautiful, the good, and the true, enlarged and strengthened. Thorough earnestness is so enstamped upon these writings, is so pervading a type of both prose and poetry, that some may think it trenches a little upon the variety which we look for in a volume of miscellanies. And it might be so, were there not other characteristics to counteract and counterbalance. Covering, as these volumes do, the thought of nearly thirty years, there is evinced in them a remarkable unity of spirit; a proof in itself of early maturity, and of a homogeneous and organic culture. A strong individuality everywhere exhibits itself, not in saying smart, or odd, or bitter things, and least of all in affected expressions or thoughts, but by an unassuming, yet peculiar and hearty, utterance of truths which evidently have been felt, always deeply, sometimes painfully. These writings are the product of a mind that has its humors, too, its affections and antipathies, and does not feel always obliged to justify by argument either the one or the other; yet nothing is said merely for effect, nothing capriciously. The

light does not glare upon us as from a meteor in a dark night, but shines with the mild effulgence of the day, the

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

The stream of thought rolls on so quiet and unruffled, bearing us by green meadows, and drooping trees, and cheerful villages, and tangled wild-woods, and within full sight of distant and solitary mountains, that we forget almost, how deep it is, and that it owes its quiet strength to its volume, — to what is hidden rather than to what is seen. An exquisite and indescribable delicacy and gentleness of spirit pervades every page, and beautifully tinges the thoughts, which another would have expressed, if at all, with a glaring obtrusiveness. How refreshing the calm and quiet power! There is, however, no excessive and unmanly niceness. We rise from these works with the feeling that we have been communing with a mind at once vigorous and gentle, the very tone of which harmonizes and elevates ours. There is strength without violence, and beauty without weakness. It is all the better that we may occasionally find an opinion strongly argued, to which we cannot at once agree. That which makes no demands upon us, which by merely echoing our own sentiments, of course receives our assent, for that very reason may profit us not at all. The opinions expressed in these volumes come from a full mind and heart; they have been pondered upon, and are the result of thorough conviction. Truths are spoken fearlessly, because felt deeply. In almost every article, some train of thought is started which carries us in its course to the widest circumference of our conceptions. Though the general course of thought be plain, yet, now and then, abysses are opened beneath our feet, fathomless chasms, whose bottom the eye strives in vain to reach.

The style is fresh and idiomatic, reminding us of the days of the best English writers, and only possible to a mind of ample resources, fully alive to the beauties of nature and art, and accustomed to see things in their relations, not naked and isolated, but it may be "trailing clouds of glory," and bound by mysterious and invisible threads to the world around, to the past and the future. That is a beautiful power of the imagination, illustrated not unfrequently in these

volumes, by which what at first seems to us a common thought is wafted insensibly up from the region of prose to that of poetry, from that of bare fact to feeling, and thus endowed with new qualities and powers, as if a cloud resting at evening on the hill-side were lifted to catch the light and be filled with the glories of the setting sun. The feeling glides so insensibly into the thought, is so diffused through every part of it as to become inseparable from it. Let us illustrate this by a brief quotation from the essay on the Past and the Present! The author is speaking of the mellow affection which we come to have for that which has been long with us.

"Through a long acquaintance with any thing, no matter how insignificant in itself, it becomes imperceptibly inwrought with our accustomed associations of feelings and thoughts, and thus partakes of their common life, and, by sharing in it, adds to it. How much there is in the term, *wonted* to a thing! We cannot utter it without being conscious of a gentle stirring among the affections. It is something that took life early in our hearts and grew up, unobserved, it may be, branching in among our gentler feelings and quieter meditations, till the whole shoots up into a beautiful tree top; and when the air of some outward circumstance blows upon it, how easily it swings back and forth altogether, and what a melody there is in its low murmur!"— Vol. ii. p. 17.

This special power of the imagination, interpenetrated, warmed, and directed by the affections, gives a peculiar and inimitable vitality to the style; and perhaps there is no single quality of Mr. Dana's mind which so strongly individualizes, elevates, and, as we may say, glorifies his writings. In the gravest essay, no less than in the story, you fall upon some touching expression upon almost every page, to which the heart gave birth, not the head. The logic, however concentrated, is never formal. One thought so melts and sinks into another, like wave into wave, that you are hardly aware of the progress, and find yourself every now and then pausing to take a more accurate observation of your movement and position. You get the impression, therefore, of a mind working in the fulness, the completeness, the totality of its strength and resources, and not in the fragments of its nature; nor can an adequate impression of the fulness and richness of the thought be gained by extracts necessarily brief and

disconnected, nor in any way but by continuous and repeated reading. Strange is it, too, that what is so quiet, should unawares take such hold of you. There is strength, not violence. Your mind is not impelled by a sudden blow, but irresistibly borne on without shock or jar, by the steady, harmonious, uniform movement of the body of thought and feeling. Hence you are not startled with smartness or oddity, and are for the moment unaware of the genuine excellence of the style, and how vital is the connection between it and the thought which it expresses. To use Wordsworth's fine expression, it is the "incarnation of thought," — the mind by its natural and necessary action clothing its conception in a visible and tangible form, — the manner becomes confluent with the matter; and the style, so far from being a mere dress of thought, to be put on or put off, patched or changed at pleasure, is the living body enlivened by the indwelling spirit. "Style — it is the man himself."

Of the two volumes of Mr. Dana's works which constitute this edition, the contents of the first were published in 1833, under the title of Poems and Prose Writings. We shall return to it after noticing briefly the essays and reviews now for the first time collected. The subjects of the essays are Old Times, The Past and the Present, and Law as suited to Man; of the reviews, Allston's Sylphs of the Seasons, Edgeworth's Readings on Poetry, Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, The Sketch Book, Mrs. Radcliffe's Gaston de Blondeville, The Novels of Charles Brockden Brown, Pollok's Course of Time, The Natural History of Enthusiasm, and the Memoir of Henry Martyn. These originally appeared in the North American Review, the United States Review and Literary Gazette, the Spirit of the Pilgrims, the American Quarterly Observer, and the Biblical Repository and Observer.

Hardly any thing is more observable in these writings than their opposition to the fictitious, and their genial sympathy with every mood of true and hearty feeling. The false refinement which makes society artificial and formal, and the false dignity which would make of every boy a man and of every girl a woman, which would check the buoyancy of youth lest it should violate a stiff decorum, and prune and cramp the affections lest their exuberance should too much

overshadow the pathway of life, come in, at all times, for their proper share of rebuke.

In all imaginative and highly sensitive minds there exists a strong love for the past. Its greatness and permanence are contrasted with the littleness and instability of the present. From the annoyances and follies of our daily life we shrink with pain, and turn to other ages whose evils are forgotten in the grateful memory of their blessings, while, by a fiction which we are apt to overlook, the few years of our present are weighed against the whole series of former generations. When not exaggerated, this is a wise feeling, nearly allied to healthful reverence and filial obedience, and producing that conservatism which saves us from rash counsels and measures. It betokens nothing good, but fearful and untold calamities, for a people to cut itself sheer off from its ancestors, to refuse the instructions of their experience and the guidance of their wisely adjusted laws. This is as unnatural as it is suicidal, for by nature and providence one generation is bound to another; passions, sympathies, destiny, are all interwoven. The part which any one generation bears in the great work of advancing the race, is, except in the greatest epochs, very limited. But for accomplishing that little measure of good, the very worst preparation is to live and act regardless of the past. In a progress with such principles, every thing that is worth living for is apt to be trampled in the dust, and the march of the nation is in quick time towards barbarism and dishonor. We have no great sympathy with those who see no good in the present and are hopeless of the future; but we certainly have quite as little for those who see in the present only good, and in the past nothing which deserves our reverence and love. If the one indicates a mind morbidly alive to evils which it cannot cure, the other as surely betrays an ignorance and self-conceit still less to be tolerated, still more unsafe as a guide. The popular tendency with us is, doubtless, to the new and untried. We are full of self-reliance. Nothing but an occasional commercial crisis checks our course, and that even is felt by comparatively few. The vastness of our domain, the immensity of our resources, the rapidly developed physical agencies by which we bring the land and the sea under our control, our civil freedom, so great that, but for the taking of the census, one might never learn the existence of a

general government, our very history itself, — all conspire to render us self-confident, and therefore forgetful of our fathers and ungrateful to their memory. The experience of other generations affects us less and less, and the authority of the present binds us only so long as it falls in with our inclinations. One of the great dangers of our prosperity is that of political and social demoralization; nor are they to be stigmatized as croakers who are sharp-sighted enough to detect, and bold enough to proclaim the evil. In the scramble for wealth and power, in the luxury, and what we may generally call the worldliness, of the times, we are in danger of degrading our best affections, of destroying our most elevating sources of joy, if not of irretrievably sullying our character itself.

He then does us some service who protests against this carelessness of old duties and affections, and who would entice a busy generation to a new recognition and love of that from which alone the wealth and honor which we insanely strive after can derive any real value. The essays on Old Times, and on The Past and the Present delineate, with exquisite beauty, the softening and humanizing tendencies of the old, especially of that age which is endeared to us by associations. Under the influence of things in themselves trivial, but which connect us with interesting scenes and events, with the pleasures of childhood, or even with situations which we once thought disastrous, and sufficiently hard to endure, the heart becomes young and tender again, and ready for any impression of good. The arm-chair which a father or mother has hallowed, the old rooms in which we sat when children, the old paper upon the walls, the stone before the door, a thousand nameless things move the affections, because they seem in some way to have shared life with us. They bear us, on softly moving pinions, away from the present to other scenes and other times. This truth, familiar, yet touching us so nearly as never to be unwelcome, takes other forms when expanded to larger circles of thought. The Past, with all its works, immutable, irretrievable, looks down upon us sometimes with a minatory face, or, if it does not threaten, admonishes. How grand the solemn beauty of this passage: —

"Not only has the past this life-giving power, by which, through the according action of heart and mind, the being grows up and expands with a just congruity throughout; it also imparts

stability to the character; for the past is fixed; to that is neither change nor the shadow of turning. We may look back along the shores of that sea, and behold every cliff standing in its original, dark strength; we may hear the solemn moving of its waves, but no plunge of a heavy promontory, tumbling from its base, startles us; what hath been in the soul cannot cease to be. Every secret thought of all the races of men who have been, all forms of the creative mind, put forth in act, still live. Every emotion of the heart that beat away back in time may sleep, but is not dead: it shall wake again. The hands that moulded the images first embodied in the mind may be dust now; the material forms of art may have fallen back into shapeless earth again; castle and fane, pyramid and column, may have come down; but the forms in the *mind*, of which these were but the outward show, still stand there perfect. True, a veil may hang before them for a while; but when the angel, that standeth upon the sea, and upon the earth, shall utter the voice, 'Time shall be no longer,' that veil shall be rent from the top to the bottom. O, it seems to me that I can look even now into this temple and its chambers of glorified imagery, and behold these spirits of the past in all their aspects, — of mysterious thought, subduing love, passionate endeavor, and lofty aim, and forms beautiful as the angels and noble as the gods! How populous is the past! Yes, not a passion, not a thought, not an image of the minds that have been, has perished: the spiritual cannot die. What mean we by that we call death? It is but the seal of eternity." — Vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

And here is a word of warning: —

"He who has no reverence for the past is an unnatural son, mocking at age, and forswearing his own father. And should this reverential feeling die out, and the children of this or the coming time make light of it, we may depend upon it, in its stead, passion will break into their social state, which shall rend them like the 'two she bears out of the wood.'" — Vol. ii. p. 23.

But the ages *are* connected beyond the possibility of severance, notwithstanding any materializing and selfish individualism that may for a time hold sway. Were it otherwise, history itself would not be possible, experience would have no value, the future no hope. There is a deep and subtle philosophy in the following: —

"Here let me just notice the mystery of this principle of unity, as it appears in the sacred history of the creation of man. God did not make simultaneously a pair, — man and woman; but

first the man, and thence the woman: Behold the One! And if I might, without irreverence, call the created, in a lower sense, by that name which, in its first sacred sense, belongs to the Increate alone, I would say, Behold Our First Cause. There he stood, on this broad world, the only man. But what a man! The world is populous enough now; but since he fell and 'brought death into the world, and all our woe,' not a human being that has lived, but had his life in that man. And not a desire, not a thought, not an act of all who now are, or of all who have followed him through the gates of death, but has been the unfolding of what was in Adam, and had its principle in him. The history of the thousands of years which are passed, and of the countless thousands of men who have died, is but the history of the First Man. Wonderful is the mystery of unity! One, yet in and through all; many, yet one. But what shall we say of myriads of unrelated existences? Are these a mystery? No; for it is the oneness of the all-pervading, unseen power in the mysterious, which awes us so, — felt, though not understood. But unrelated existences! It is all folly and confusion." — Vol. ii. pp. 33, 34.

We cannot, for want of room, quote more from this delightful essay; but our readers who have thus received an earnest of it, will not suffer it to remain long unread.

In the same general strain, but with a wider sweep of thought, and with even greater seriousness and earnestness, is the essay on Law as suited to Man. Few questions involve more, or deserve to be discussed with a more tranquil and truth-loving spirit than this, — "What Form of Government, or Law, is best suited to the individual and social nature of Man?" Unfortunately it is difficult to touch upon the question without at once awakening political jealousies, and if one chances to differ from the popular notions, he is pretty sure to bring against himself, and what is more, against the objects of his regard, and the very institutions he may be connected with, the noisy rage of every brainless demagogue, who hopes by clamor to make himself notorious or bring his party to the majority. The writer endeavors to distinguish the *tendency* of that form of Law which is carried out through hereditary orders and a permanent authority, and of that opposite form which rests on popular equality and the frequent change of the executive by elections. It would be difficult to conceive a discussion more alien in its tone from a common political

diatribe than this. Extremely delicate and intertwining with all our choicest affections, the thought amplifies itself to the extent of the ethics of the subject, and wins its gentle way to our inmost breasts, whether we assent to the conclusions or not. No one can read the essay thoughtfully and quietly without being made by it, in some respect, better. Many things will probably be suggested to him which he never before thought of. He may get an idea of the majesty and beneficence of Law in its larger acceptation, such as, if not familiar with Hooker or Burke, he may never have conceived of before. So complete is this essay, such a fulness, a roundness to it, that we can with difficulty seize upon a portion which, read by itself, might not seem incomplete, and torn harshly from its place. We will, however, make the experiment. The author is speaking of the way in which Law, considered not merely as something extrinsic, some formal rule, but as an inward guide, through the very relations and conditions which it creates and sanctions, blends with the finest feelings and closest relations, and gives congruity to the soul, and raises it to healthful action. From this he goes on: —

"That has been called the best form of Law which leaves man the most to himself, which allows him to forget, save where he openly and purposely violates it, that he is under Law.

"If by this were meant, that the less of Law there is in the form of arbitrary, teasing enactments, or dark oppression, the better, it may not be questioned. And yet, even where no immediate and outbreaking licentiousness is the consequence, there may be too little, as well as too much of Law for man's well-being. For he needs frequent reminding of his limited nature, by the hinderances of set boundaries, or, in his forgetfulness, self-will would, first or last, carry him over all bounds. It is well for him that Law should now and then say to him, Thou shalt not do this! Thou shalt not do that! And if he ask, Why? — that she give no other reply than, Thou shalt not do it! But especially is Law well, where its all-pervading spirit reaches man immediately through his calling in life, and through the established distinctions of society, and thus brings him under its steady, diffusive, and multiplied influences, softened by the medium through which it passes, becoming emotion to the heart and reverence to the mind. Made one with his religion, his household, his toils, it imparts a unity, steadiness, and spirit of respect to his character, which must be for his common good, in

his private relations, and in those more abroad." — Vol. ii. pp. 69, 70.

"It has been said already, that this principle of Orders does not cut off kindly interchange between individuals of different Orders, though the intercourse is modified by the relations in which ranks stand to each other. And I would appeal to those who remember the earlier state of our domestic relations, when the old Scripture terms of 'master' and 'servant' were in use. I do not fear contradiction when I say, that there was more of mutual goodwill then, than now; more of trust on the one side, and fidelity on the other; more of protection and kind care, and more of gratitude and affectionate respect in return; and, because each understood well his place, actually more of a certain freedom, tempered by gentleness and by deference. From the very fact that the distinction of classes was more marked, the bond between the individuals constituting these two was all the closer. As a general truth, I verily believe, that, with the exception of near blood-relationship, and here and there peculiar friendships, the attachment of master and servant was closer and more enduring than that of almost any other connection in life. The young of this day, under a change of fortune, will hardly live to see the eye of an old faithful servant fill at their fall; nor will the old domestic be longer housed and warmed by the fireside of his master's child, or be followed by him to his grave: The blessed sun of those good days has gone down, it may be for ever; and it is very cold! — Vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

Mr. Dana is not so inexperienced or prejudiced as to see in one form of government nothing but good, and in its opposite, nothing but evil; and certainly not so foolish as to suppose that any established form can at once be put aside for another. He must be a sturdy monarchist, indeed, who would wish, even, to try a different experiment in this country, from that which we are working out with quite sufficient rapidity; and a very verdant one who should suppose that a change towards greater permanence of authority is at present within the limits of possibility. Yet it is never amiss to discuss, and, if possible, determine, abstract principles. The truth may come into play when we least suspect it. No one of tolerable sagacity can mistake our political tendencies. The wheels of the world do not turn backward. The time is past when one voice, though that the wisest, or one arm, though that the strongest, or one body of representatives, though that the most sagacious and patriotic, could successfully breast the ocean tide of opin-

ion. Ominous and fearful is the intense life, — vapid, and often selfish and unscrupulous, the movements of these latter days. But for this very reason ought sober and earnest men not to despair of the truth, nor cease to utter it. The time may come when we shall need all its power to sustain us; need to gather in one phalanx the good and the true, the strong-minded and truly patriotic, of whatever name or state, to arrest, at least for a time, the wild current of misrule, and perhaps, to save "from the wreck of the empire, the jewels of liberty."

The essential evils of society are deep seated, and can be touched only by a remedy which shall touch the disease at the heart.

"If Law is ordained to have an influence upon the passions, sentiment, and affections, let it be remembered, that these are the prime constituents of man's nature, and must exist along with it; and that all endeavors to annihilate them, or to bring them into subjection to the understanding, by first of all pouring knowledge into the mind, is beginning at the wrong end, and attempting to subject the moving powers of the soul to that which is moved by them. While, for instance, there is pride in the heart, it is in vain to attempt subduing it by adding to our knowledge; for here "knowledge puffeth up." While there is malignity, craft, envy, the more knowledge, the more with and upon which these may act. The selfish principle may change its mode of operation, through its increased knowledge of means; but it is still the master-mover, and will continue to be so, till the moral evil is first subdued, and the head be taught wisdom through the heart. It may be, that God is permitting the popular system of education to be tried out, only to convince man how worse than in vain is the endeavor to bring society into order by any other way than by first bringing the heart into an ordered harmony with Himself. The first breach of God's Law was not a mistake of the head, it was a sin of the heart; and thus discord was brought in; and that man may come once more into harmony with himself and with his fellow-man, he must again come under obedience of heart to his God: As ignorance was not the cause of sin, so knowledge will not cure it. And, in very deed, there cannot be a just perception of a moral truth, save through a first quickened moral affection. If this be so, that form of Law which is best fitted to awaken and keep alive these principles in man will be just as necessary in ages to come as it is now; man will ever need those influences which shall shed through the soul the spirit of Obedience, Humility, and Content." — Vol. ii. pp. 90, 91.

This essay, following a train of thought so subtile, and drawing its arguments from sources, for the most part, overlooked or despised, — so independent, and, in our times, so unique, — abounds in truths which we may apply as we please, however we dissent from the conclusions of the writer. The real *animus* of it lies, perhaps, not in an exclusive attachment to one form of Law or another, but in a keen feeling of the evils of the times. Against a disregard for authority, a want of reverence for age and wisdom, the radicalism which would level time-honored institutions and despise sacred principles, it enters its grave protest and utters its solemn prophecy. The remedy it indeed finds in forms which embody principles, and by their constant presence, their gentle though unfelt pressure, acting upon all the relations of life, restrain and educate; but it values the form for the sake of the virtue which it is supposed to protect and develop.

Of the literary articles of these volumes, several of which were originally published in this journal, the review of Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets is the longest and most elaborate. The criticism turns not only on Mr. Hazlitt, but more at length on Chaucer, Spenser, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Swift, Crabbe, Goldsmith, and Wordsworth. We know not where to find, within the same compass, a criticism so complete and so true. The virtues of these various poets are duly estimated, and of their vices, nothing is extenuated and nothing is set down in malice. As a critic, Mr. Dana is of that wise and liberal school which seeks to determine with a large justice, the true intellectual position of the authors criticized, and to judge them by a fixed and generous standard. It is the smallest office of the critic to detect blemishes; his larger and more essential duty is to comprehend the excellencies, the idea, the principles of a composition. Hence there is needed not only sufficient knowledge, but breadth and variety of sympathy. The critic must in one sense rise above his age and country.

"The man who likes widely, for the most part likes truly. Confined taste comes from some defect in us, which weakens our relish and warps our judgment even of those things which we like best. He who has sentiment and humor is more thoroughly possessed of both, than he who has a feeling of but one of them can be of either. Where we are moved violently, we

are moved strangely. Through the overshadowings of affliction images the most grotesque are passing, now dimly, now distinctly, before us; and even into the depths of a sorrow which seems to have driven out from the heart all that is impure, and to have made it the dwelling of heavenly visitants, unholy thought, seemingly formed from without us, and on which we shut our eyes with loathing and horror, make their way." — Vol. ii. pp. 202.

A mind, therefore, cultivated only in one direction, or cramped in its tastes, fails to comprehend the rich and endless variety which shows itself in the world of mind no less, certainly, than in that of matter. Nor have we a right to judge peremptorily of another, unless, by equal learning or by much meditation, we have come to a knowledge of his principles, and to a degree of sympathy with his spirit. Then only can we pronounce with entire authority on even the minor faults.

The review of Pollok's Course of Time strikes us as nearly a model of impartial criticism. It holds the balance with an even hand. With fine acumen, it points out the weaknesses and deficiencies of that once excessively over-praised, and now too much slighted, work, and yet sympathizes with its real power and beauty, and strives to exhibit fairly and fully its better qualities. The criticism was written when the rage for "The Course of Time" was at its height, when the poetry was estimated by its religious fervor, and very good men, though very poor critics, placed it above the Paradise Lost. At such a moment, the criticism doubtless seemed somewhat severe, and perhaps cruel, throwing, as it did, so much cold water on the glowing admiration. But time has more than justified the critic; the poem fell from its dizzy and unnatural elevation, and poor Pollok is now hardly mentioned once a year; adulation is changed into something that approaches contempt. To one who should read the review now for the first time, the censure would not seem unduly severe, nor the praise too moderate. Possibly, even, the reader would assign to the poem a rank higher than he has been accustomed to award to it. The semi-oblivion into which the work has sunk, among those even who once praised it most, though really more favorable than the former ill-founded fame, is not more truly just. From its present neglect, it will, we think, in due time recover, and maintain

an honorable and somewhat unique position in English letters. Its fair fame will even be enhanced by a recollection of the pure life and early death of its author. A feeling of melancholy comes over us in the recollection of high promise so soon disappointed, and this is favorable to kind and gentle judgments. We have a feeling, too, of instinctive respect for one who, yet so young, plumed his wings for so daring a flight. Though he failed, and the great religious poem of the language is yet to be written, yet the effort of a young man who died at the age of twenty-seven, to realize an idea so lofty, cannot be regarded with indifference, and partial success is no moderate honor.

The article on the Natural History of Enthusiasm is a discriminating essay on some of the more refined forms of religious and moral error. It uncovers their roots and traces their growth out to the slenderest ramifications. In this essay as in most of the writings of Mr. Dana, there is such compactness, one portion depends so much upon some other for its full significance, there is such completeness and fulness in every part, that we must say of it as our author himself speaks of the work of Isaac Taylor, "We scarcely know how to select from it: for if we pitch upon one part, we feel as if we were leaving a better behind." There is an admirable exhibition, in the following passage, of the subtle yet mighty operations of the perverted religious element of man's nature, in circumstances where the element itself, if not so profound, and intertwining with the very roots of our being, would be entirely destroyed. But so it is, that the absence of truth leaves us not in a mere negative state, and skepticism comes round in its course to join hands with drivelling superstition. The writer is speaking of the variety of truth as presented in the Bible.

"Thus is the Bible adapted to the condition and twofold nature of man. We are struck with this most forcibly, when considering man in the different states of society; that in which the Word of God has never been set before him, and that in which he rejects it, and shuts out its influence. Where, in a state of ignorance and sensuality, he comes nearest to the mere brute, and makes the world but a larger sty, a strong principle within forces itself out through all his fleshliness, and he whom we had coupled with the fed and lazy swine is found superstitiously peopling infinitude with wild and giant shapes of terror

and awe, at the sight of which his soul trembles. There is an intensity of strength and action in this principle in man, which makes the scoffer's heart beat quick; for he feels that there is a meaning in it, and a dreadful meaning. Call it imagination, or what he may, it is not so to be passed by; there it is, a reality in it to himself as well as to him he would despise. It may take other forms, — as those of beauty, and of a cheering, enticing nature; it is still the same restless power at work, striving after something beyond the visible and tangible, and by its blind, uncertain efforts warning man that there is something beyond.

"What is there beyond? He cannot rend the veil that sin has hung between himself and heaven. Thus, he sees not the glory of God, nor does he hear his voice. He grows weary of these gropings after something he knows not what, and sinks back once more into the senses. But as he cannot rest in these, he makes them minister to his spiritual desires, and forms from them images of wood and stone; and these are his gods before which he bows down, as things in which dwelt life. In these visible bodyings-forth of the perverted cravings of our being, the senses soon in turn become the taskmasters, and the higher power within is made to toil for the flesh: and every loose appetite is symbolized, and borne in triumph as a garlanded deity, and the mad rout dance and sing before the image that does but give back the shape and pressure of their own fallen nature."—Vol. ii. pp. 387, 388.

Of the same spirit is another passage of solemn grandeur, and suggestive of much in these self-complacent days.

"When the old world departed from the revelation of God, and worshipped stocks and stones, creeping things, and the lights of heaven, and peopled earth and air with deities, it was not because there were no sciences in the world and no mighty intellects. Every day is making better known to us how much in the arts and sciences, and in the philosophy of mind, has floated down to us out of the wrecks of former times, and how many of our discoveries are but rediscoveries. 'Verily,' may the man say who reads the philosophy of this day, 'there is nothing new under the sun.' It is forgetfulness, or ignorance of the intellectual advancement of those times, which has helped so much to the self-complacency of our own, and begotten that dangerous and presumptuous confidence, that man's reason is sufficient to itself, and treats with scorn the thought that the now enlightened man should again wander back into darkness. Yet the history of man is not that of an originally ignorant and savage being. Go back, age beyond age, and call upon him, and each time he will answer thee, I am fallen! I am fallen! Where he first

set his foot, the strong trees root themselves amidst mighty ruins, and from between leaning columns and shattered arches comes a voice of warning, — Stand not up in thine own strength, O man, lest thou be brought low; nor trust alone to the light of thine own reason, lest thick darkness encompass thee.'—Vol. ii. pp. 387, 388.

No less admirably written are others of these admirable essays and reviews, especially those on Irving, Allston, and Brown. The author's estimate of the works of this last-named writer is high, — rather higher than our own has commonly been, — and yet he is not sparing in censure.

"The energies of his soul," he says, "were melancholy powers, and their path lay along the dusky dwelling-places of superstition, and fear, and death, and woe. They manifest themselves in the most striking manner, when he imparts to the dead-level, rectangular streets and plainly constructed houses of a freshly brick-built city, the gloom, awe, and mystery, which hitherto had hung over the damp, dark, intricate passages and dread chambers of inquisitions, dungeons, towers, and hoary castles alone."

This is high and grateful praise, most beautifully expressed; and we are sorry, not having read the novels of Brown for many years, to remember them more for their painful and gloomy impression, mingling sometimes with dissatisfaction both at the methods and the results, than for their more excellent qualities.

The contents of the *Idle Man* have been long known to the lovers of Mr. Dana's writings. It is now nearly thirty years since that little publication was suspended, and nearly twenty, since its stories were collected, together with the poetry, and published in a single duodecimo volume. The most powerful of the fictions is Paul Felton, — a terrible delineation of the course of a highly sensitive and educated mind, the victim of morbid feelings, perverting the good and innocent into causes of suspicion and jealousy, and dragged, as by the power of fiends, along its wretched path of misery to murder, exhaustion, and death. To depict such scenes demands very high powers, — a profound insight into the heart, and a certain experience of the sorrows of a morbidly sensitive mind. One must have come within the outer circle of those fatal influences, where the soul quivers between life and death, — when if the judgment and the resolute will

but relax their hold for a little while, it is irresistibly dashed onward in the rapid whirl, and, bewildered, distracted, tormented, finds no rest this side the grave. Almost every person of keen sensibility, at some fearful moment of life, has felt enough to make him see the possibility of all this, and to shudder at the sense of his own insecurity; but to portray it without apparent violence, and without crossing the narrow line which separates the awful from the horrible and shocking, without practically confounding the sublime in suffering, — always strangely attractive, — with the sorrows which are simply painful and repulsive, demands something of the Shakspearian judgment and instinctive sagacity as well as imagination.

We would gladly, if our limits permitted, run over every separate piece in these volumes; selecting for our readers the passages which have pleased us most, and gathering up their minor lessons of practical wisdom, regretting only that so much of the finer spirit of the whole necessarily exhales in the brief extract. That is the true idea of literature and art which regards them not as factitious, but as the necessary, expression of the intellectual life of man. This is exhibited in the works before us, and constitutes, if we mistake not, the secret source of their attractiveness. We cannot help, if we would, seeing the writer in the writings. There is a sincerity and conscientiousness, an unaffected and honest utterance of unborrowed thoughts and feelings, which enters into our hearts and seems to make us stronger and better. Hence, their educational influence on susceptive minds cannot be slight, nor any thing but good. It does us no harm when reflection is forced upon us, when we are compelled to inspect the operations of our own minds, to dwell at home. "Proneness to melancholy is not the evil of our times. We live too much abroad for that; daytime and evening, we are running at large with the common herd, or are gathered into smaller flocks and folds, called societies. No one is seen ruminating alone in the still shade of his own oak or willow." To lead us to a wise meditation will be one tendency of these works, but their good influence will not be confined to this alone; for they have this quality in them, — (we must say it in their own language, for none other can express it so well)—

"The more they are studied, the closer hold they take upon

the mind. They shoot up and overrun us like vines. Creeping along the windings of our feelings and twining in among our thoughts with a growth so gentle and silent; that, although our hearts are kept fresh by them, and our minds overhung with their dangling beauties, the grateful sense that they impart to us is hardly noted, and is in us as if it were only our own happy nature."

From the prose writings we pass easily and naturally to the poetry, still breathing the same atmosphere, only purer and more sublimated. The poetic spirit is peculiar to no time, to no people, though ever varying its form and tone according to the changes of human life, so as to be no poor indication of the thought and character of different ages. We may safely presume that Wordsworth, had he lived in the reign of Elizabeth, would not have written the Excursion; and that Spenser, in the reign of Victoria, would not have traced his "Continued Allegory, or darke Conceit;" yet each in his day was true to himself, and to the Muse which inspired him. All through the world, all down throughout the centuries, from the dawn of time till now, have poets gone singing their songs of beauty and grandeur, enlightening the blind eyes and cheering the sad hearts. Why, in these later and prosaic days, should their music cease? Do we not need it as much as ever? More than ever. Nor will it cease; poetry can never fail among men while human hearts throb with hope and fear, or any thing is left in the world to delight the eye and elevate the soul. Criticism may demonstrate that the early ages alone were apt for poetry, when nature was fresh, and language picturesque, and manners simple, and that we have lost or changed all that; that knowledge has chilled enthusiasm; and science, by revealing the mysteries of nature, has shorn away her power; that the heavens are cold and unanswering; and the earth is dry dust beneath our feet. But before the curl has vanished from the self-satisfied lip, the poet's "winged steed," ignorant of the harsh demonstration, has "strayed into the village," and straight some little "Valclusa fountain" springs from the "green sward where trod his struggling hoofs."

It is the very province of genius, — that peculiar power in virtue of which it is genius, — to open new and untrodden ways in which criticism may patiently and honorably follow, but

which it never could have discovered. Where, until the fourteenth century, was the Divine Comedy? Where, until the seventeenth, the Paradise Lost? Between doing a thing and not doing it, there may seem to be but the breadth of a hair; yet the difference is immeasurable. On one side of the line, talent wearies itself with fruitless endeavor, and demonstrates, if it be necessary, to everybody's satisfaction, that it has accomplished all that is permitted to mortal power; on the other, genius, with the clear insight, the unstammering tongue, the practical capacity in which its divine virtue lies, sees the beauty, speaks the word, does the deed, and the impossible vanishes forever. There are periods, indeed, when the poetic temperament seems rare, and poetry unhonored or mechanically grinding out its numbers in some prison-house; but to suppose that it will ever die out from literature, is to suppose a change of our nature so radical that it well might be termed destruction. And as the poet's dominion will extend down to the "last syllable of recorded time," so will the manifestation of his power assume forms ever new and fresh, to meet the new wants of age after age.

"That which to my mind is poetry," says our author, "is a manifestation of the dearest faculties and affections of man, in their greatest strength, beauty, and variety. There is nothing more serious than poetry. Many content themselves with admiring its more delicate branches, its leaves and blossoms; not heeding that this fair array is put forth through roots which run down deep into the soil of our humanity, and are watered by its nether springs."—Vol. ii. p. 74.

The poetry of Mr. Dana is quite his own, and we might, perhaps, most clearly illustrate its peculiarities by contrasting it with that of some of our other writers who are favorites with everybody. How clear, sparkling, and keen, is the verse of Dr. Holmes! It flies through the welcoming air like a silver arrow, straight to its mark, nor is he to be envied who stands in the way of it when satire draws the bow. Nobody can mistake the aim of the writer, nobody is compelled to pause and painfully gather up the tenuous threads of thought. How exquisite the delicacy of Mr. Longfellow's muse! The verses flow spontaneously at their own sweet will; they make music for themselves; the air is vocal with melody. How tenderly and softly, with an occasional touch of sadness, and an occa-

sional lift of power, ever responsive to the varying moods of human feeling, flow forth the strains of Bryant! Different from these, though in calm thoughtfulness, in gentleness and melancholy, most like the last, is the poetry of our author. His course is along ways less trodden and more sacred. The spirit of his poetry is not lyrical and passionate; it does not stir the blood like a trumpet; yet sometimes it lifts us on the slow-swelling tidal wave of thought and feeling, to the sublimest heights of emotion. Apart from the *Buccaneer*, and the satirical portions of *Factitious Life*, the materials of the poetry are mainly drawn from within; from the soul itself, its hopes, fears, and destiny; its religious life, its affections and sorrows. With these are intimately associated whatever in the outer world attracts the poet's regard. Hence, the thoughtful, contemplative character of the poems. They are pervaded by a philosophy which does not merely tinge the surface, but permeates the substance. Mr. Dana's muse seldom dances gaily upon the mountain tops, fanned by the breezes and rejoicing in the clear sunlight; but moves solemnly among the graves of the early loved and lost, — on the shores of dark and fearful seas, within the power of an awful, and, for the most part, impenetrable future. The verse sometimes labors with the weight of the thought; it is torn and rough in the effort to concentrate within the limits of the line the exact and full idea. No "creamy smoothness" nor "fatal facility" of expression carries the writer beyond the limits of the subject or the feeling. If there be an occasional want of melody, there is never of strength, nor of delicate sensibility, nor of imagination, nor of genial and hearty sympathy.

How strong, too, as in all genuine poets, is the love for nature, animate and inanimate! The dying raven and the little beach bird, the clump of daisies, the early spring brook, and the moss growing beside it, each wakens the music of a responsive affection. Yet in nature alone the soul cannot be satisfied; its cravings reach farther, and are imperative. In Mr. Dana's poetry, the moral and religious element is as strongly marked as in his prose, and constitutes that indwelling power which elevates the whole to so high a sphere. Inasmuch as religious truth touches the soul so closely, and affects its most hidden and secret life, excites its profoundest and loftiest emotions, no mind which has not been moved by

such truths can fully appreciate the highest products of literature or art, much less produce them. The noblest purpose of all art, is to raise those who come within the circle of its power to higher regions of thought and feeling. We do not say that this is its sole purpose; for beneath this loftiest aim, within this amplest sweep of it, lie a thousand subordinate designs to be accomplished, a thousand delights which it may afford. Poetry is still such when its themes are humble and its ends gay and frolicsome; but it puts on its mightiest panoply, and dazzles from afar, and careers victorious over all people and all ages, when it "rides sublime upon the seraph wings of ecstasy" and gazes upon "the sapphire throne," and ministers to the deepest fears, the loftiest hopes, the mightiest conflicts, calamities, and joys, of which we are capable.

The longest poem in the volume is *The Buccaneer*, a tale of lust and blood, and then of terrible vengeance wrought upon the guilty by mysterious and supernatural powers, against which, though apparently "of such stuff as dreams are made of," the soul of the coarse and murderous pirate could offer no resistance. The peculiar force of the poem lies, we think, in the mingling of the natural and supernatural, and the air of reality which is thrown over both. A certain mystery shrouds the scenes, the transaction, and its consequences. The island, so tranquil in its beauty, is anywhere along the rocky stretch of our shore. One little restrictive word alone keeps it from floating away into the unknown waste of waters; binds it to the continent, and makes us feel a kind of home interest in the events described; but every looker-out from the headland, who, when the wind and air are favorable, sees the distant island looming up, may say "there it is, the island of Matthew Lee."

> The island lies nine leagues away.
> Along its solitary shore,
> Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
> No sound but ocean's roar,
> Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
> Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.
>
> But when the light winds lie at rest,
> And on the glassy, heaving sea,
> The black duck, with her glossy breast,

Sits swinging silently, —
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear;
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done. —
Come, listen how from crime the isle was won.

Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

The poem proper opens with a description of the "dark, low, brawny man," who once collected his booty and buried his dead in this isle. In some strange freak, he determines to regain by trade the losses which waste and extravagance have occasioned. He freights his ship with the spoils of former piracies. A storm overtakes him, the cargo is thrown overboard, and at last, with torn sails, and broken spars, he reaches a Spanish port, disappointed, sullen, and revengeful. The tempest of war is sweeping over the land, and driven before it, there comes down to the shore a Spanish lady, seeking a passage to some more peaceful clime. Her young husband had fallen, and the country was hers no longer when "he was gone who made it dear." Deceived by the pirate, she embarks with all her wealth, and "that white steed she rode beside her lord." The consequence — who cannot foresee? Yet the catastrophe is held back a little. A struggle is going on in the heart of the wretch. It is not so easy, after all, to lay violent hands on immaculate purity and goodness; not so easy, coolly to brave the vengeance of the unseen powers.

He cannot look on her mild eye ;
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The heats and fears of hell.
His speech is short ; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear the shriek, what fear ye now ?

The workings of the soul ye fear ;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath ;
Ye fear the unseen one ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry, —
" Vengeance is mine ! Thou, murderer, too, shalt die ! "
p. 11.

Here is shadowed forth the future avenger. Lee is a pirate, cold, cruel, unrelenting, hypocritical, vulgar, and brutal ; yet he is a man, and shall no more certainly commit his crimes than he shall be tormented with the whip of scorpions. The pause in the action is but for a moment ; the sign *is* given, and, after a brief but terrible struggle, all is over. The attendants are despatched, and the lady, to avoid the touch of the murdering fiends, rushes past them and leaps into the waves.

She is sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the loud, stern roar above,
Nor strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing ! her home of love
She soon has reached ! Fair, unpolluted thing !
They harmed her not ! — Was dying suffering ? p. 13.

This is little more than the old tale of piratic barbarity told with startling brevity and power. It is the terrible, unmitigated truth of crime. No romance veils its atrocity ; no mist dims the sharp outlines of its repulsive form. Now comes a touch of great imaginative power. The favorite horse must share the fate of his mistress ; there must be no tell-tales in the ship, and the poor animal, in excess of cruelty, shall be cast out alive upon the waves.

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame :
The horse is on the tide !
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now, and now is near and high.

And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away ; and through the night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry. — But morn is near. p. 16.

A strange shudder comes over us at the thought of the terror-smitten creature, his huge bulk lifting and sinking in the long swell, and the cry of hopeless agony, — always deeply distressing in a brute, — coming all night long out of the dark and dreary waste of ocean. An act of superfluous cruelty to a domestic animal strikes us as a proof of greater barbarity almost than cruelty to one of our own race, whose intelligence can ward off the danger, or, at least, enable the sufferer to bear the pain with fortitude. Hence, too, the frantic efforts of an animal to escape an impending danger have in them something awful and startling ; the eye gleams with a supernatural intelligence ; sometimes it seems threatening and revengeful ; — " fear seems wrath."

The course of the pirate, on reaching the shore again, runs fast in reckless carousals, which only seem to drown remorse and fear. Men gather around to ask questions which are answered with a sneer, or a bold, or a hypocritical lie. Lee's favor and his power begin to be feared alike. Meantime the unseen avengers are not sleepless nor forgetful. The anniversary of the great crime comes round, and the pirates are gathered to celebrate it " with royal state and special glee." The revellers grow furious in their horrible festival, till, just at midnight, a sudden light appears far off upon the waters ; at first no bigger than a star, it soon swells out like the " bloody moon," then " shoots in hairy streams," then, sweeping nearer and nearer, assumes a definite form, a ship all on fire, flaming in every part, yet unconsumed. The lurid light gleams along the shore and startles the wild sea-birds, while men look on in wonder and awe.

And what comes up above the wave,
So ghastly white ? A spectral head !
A horse's head ! (May Heaven save
Those looking on the dead, —
The waking dead !) There, on the sea he stands, —
The Spectre-Horse ! He moves ! he gains the sands ;

And on he speeds! His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The Spectre-Horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's gray break.

The revel now is high within;
It bursts upon the midnight air.
They little think in mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appall the living, stir the dead.

The Spirit-Steed sent up the neigh;
It seemed the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damned away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky; the shore
Jarred hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot, flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
Ha! why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drowned horse near?
He drops his cup, — his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down, — it is thy banquet night.

"I cannot sit; — I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread, — I go to woe!"
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man! His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The Shadow stands! His eyes are on thee, Lee!

Thy hair pricks up! — "O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes, — their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name!"
Art mad to mount that Horse — "A power within,
I must obey, cries, 'Mount thee, man of sin!'"

He's now upon the Spectre's back,
With rein of silk and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed! — the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold;
Borne by an unseen power, right on he rides,
Yet touches not the Shadow-Beast he strides.

He goes with speed; he goes with dread!
And now they're on the hanging steep!
And now the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap!
The Horse stops short, — his feet are on the verge!
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship's burning on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame;
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone; —
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and Horse, in their cold, phosphor light."

pp. 20 – 22.

All night, until the faint gray dawn, the light of the burning ship glared on the man and horse. The spectres fade with the light of day; but Lee is left alone, standing insensible alike to the fresh morning air and the hot noon-day sun. For him there is "no rest below," "no hope above." The vision of coming woe fills and overwhelms him. His companions forsake him, forsake the island where he dwells. But the certain and sure catastrophe does not come upon him at once. He is left to "peak and pine" — to wander "a man forbid." His audacity, after a while, recovers itself a little, but another awful anniversary crushes it irrecoverably. The once hardened and reckless murderer is become weak as a child under the revelation of his fate. There is nothing to support him; nothing without, nothing within. He wanders by the sea-side, and gathers pebbles and scores the wet sands.

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear.
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace, — unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

In thick dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below, — and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And, then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

pp. 30, 31.

Another besides Matthew Lee, — we must remark in passing, — has listened to the heavy breaking of the sea beneath the cliff; or we should never have had verses like these, and many others which we could quote.

The dreadful year again came round, and with it the last day of the wretched sinner. Again the burning ship floats into the bay, but, unlike former appearances, and as if to mark the winding up of the dreadful series of events, she rolls, settles, and goes down forever.

And where she sank, up slowly came
The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor;
He 's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They're met. — "I know thou com'st for me,"
Lee's spirit to the Spectre said;
"I know that I must go with thee:
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!" —
Dreadful the eye of that still, Spectral Steed!

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye which holds him fast.
How still they stand, — the man and Horse!
"Thine hour is almost past."
"O, spare me," cries the wretch, "thou fearful One!"
"The time is come, — I must not go alone."

"I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay!"
"Nay, murderer, rest, nor stay for thee!"
The Horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hard breathes the Spectre through the silent night;
Fierce from his nostrils streams a deathly light.

He 's on the beach; but stops not there;
He 's on the sea, — that dreadful Horse!

Lee flings and writhes in wild despair.
In vain! The Spirit-Corse
Holds him by fearful spell; — he cannot leap:
Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track, —
The curling-comb, and steel-dark wave:
And there sits Lee the Spectre's back; —
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
— O, whither on its waters rideth Lee? pp. 32 – 34.

So mysteriously out into the lonely waste of waters, the Buccaneer is borne to expiate his crimes. This, on many accounts, may be considered the most powerful poem in the volume. The idea is deeply poetic and admirably carried out, though in a kind of verse more difficult, we should think, than some others, for the sententious brevity of expression, and the dramatic form into which parts of it are thrown. The poem abounds in exact and delicate descriptions of nature, which, at the first reading, are apt to be overlooked. There is in it, too, a profound moral, and the catastrophe, as we intimated before, is brought about through a highly imaginative mingling of the common with the rare. The material and supernatural marvellously blend, so that each receives new force from the other. The retributive powers, though unseen, infuse into nature herself unwonted energies. Earth and sea cannot rest. The burning ship and the spectral horse are sustained and impelled by the invisible avengers, whose interference is warranted by the atrocity of the crime, till that crime is expiated and retributive justice is satisfied.

Notwithstanding the strength and purely poetic characteristics of this poem, there are others which are more pleasing, and we should judge came more easily and gently from the mind of the author, as if they were a more immediate breathing out of his spirit. There is apparently a more direct and strenuous effort of the mind in the *Buccaneer* than in *The*

Changes of Home, Factitious Life, or *Thoughts on the Soul;* while in these is more evident the exquisitely tender and delicate spirit, the keen, but not harsh, satire, and the contemplative, philosophical, and religious mind, so abundantly exhibited in the Prose Writings. We have not room for the quotations which we have marked, but cannot omit giving a few passages from the longer poems, and one or two of the shorter pieces entire.

Factitious Life begins with all the sharpness of picture, the definiteness of scene, the "nudity of description," for which Crabbe is distinguished. It ends with a serene dignity which that poet never equalled. Take the following passage on that virtue whose standard is fashion; for more than one reason it will do us good to lay it to heart.

With etiquette for virtue, heart subdued,
The right betraying, lest you should be rude,
Excusing wrong, lest you be thought precise,
In morals easy and in manners nice;
To keep in with the world your only end,
And with the world to censure or defend,
To bend to it each passion, thought, desire,
With it genteelly cold, or all on fire,
What have you left to call your own, I pray?
You ask, What says the world? and that obey;
Where singularity alone is sin,
Live uncondemned, and prostrate all within.
You educate the manners, not the heart;
And morals make good-breeding and an art.
Though coarse within, yet polished high without,
And held by all respectable, no doubt,
You think, concealed beneath these flimsy lies,
To keep through life the set proprieties.

Ah, fool, let but a passion rise in war,
Your mighty doors of Gaza, posts and bar,
'T will wrench away. The Dalilah of old —
Your harlot virtue — thought with withes to hold
Her strong one captive; the Philistines came;
He snapped the bands as tow, and freed his frame,
And forth he walked. And think you, then, to bind
With cords like these the Samsons of the mind,
When tempters from abroad beset them? Nay!
They'll out, and tread like common dust your sway.

Vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

The passages are numerous which mark, not only a quick observation of nature, but far more, an intimate sympathy with her. How many who have looked out over the ocean, have felt what is here expressed?

> Type of the Infinite! I look away
> Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
> My thought upon a resting-place, or make
> A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
> But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
> To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
> Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
> I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
> Far back beyond all date. And, O, how old
> Thou art to me! For countless years thou 'st rolled.
> Before an ear could hear thee, thou didst mourn,
> Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn,
> Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
> Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
> At last thou didst it well! The dread command
> Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
> And then once more unto the silent heaven
> Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.
>
> And though the land is thronged again, O Sea!
> Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
> The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
> Share thine own spirit: it is sadness all!
> How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
> Yonder tall Cliff! — he with the iron crown.
> And see! those sable Pines along the steep
> Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy Deep!
> Like stolèd monks they stand and chant the dirge
> Over the dead, with thy low-beating surge.
>
> Vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

Though we have quoted liberally, we will not pass by that passage of true Miltonic grandeur in *The Husband's and Wife's Grave*, which is so laden with the expression of our immortality.

> O, listen man!
> A voice within us speaks the startling word,
> "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
> Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
> By angel fingers touched when the mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality ;
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
Is floating in day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears :
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one great mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Vol. i. p. 99.

Of Mr. Dana's minor poems, all of which have a certain exquisite finish and sometimes a recondite beauty which amply repays the attention necessary to the full apprehension of them, we have chosen two which somehow, almost without our will, cling to our memory so tenaciously that we could not easily loosen the grasp if we would ; we certainly would not if we could. The first is entitled *Greenough's Statue of Medora.* How the soul of the poet is breathed into the statue ; how the spirit of the statue informs the soul of the poet !

Medora, wake ! — nay, do not wake !
I would not stir that placid brow,
Nor lift those lids, though light should break
Warm from the twin blue heavens that lie below.

Sleep falls on thee, as on the streams
The summer moon. Touched by its might,
The soul comes out in loving dreams,
And wraps thy delicate form in living light.

Thou art not dead ! — These flowers say
That thou, though more thou heed'st them not,
Didst rear them once for him away,
Then loose them in thy hold like things forgot,

And lay thee here where thou might'st weep, —
That Death but hushed thee to repose,
As mothers tend their infants' sleep,
And watch their eyelids falter, open, close, —

That here thy heart hath found release,
Thy sorrows all are gone away,
Or touched by something almost peace,
Like night's last shadows by the gleaming day.

When he who gave thee form is gone,
And I within the earth shall lie,
Thou still shalt softly slumber on,
Too fair to live, too beautiful to die.

Vol. i. pp. 131, 132.

But our favorite verses we have reserved for the last. They are placed last in the volume, as forming perhaps the most fitting conclusion to the series. If our walk has been along sad places, and our look has turned backward to the lost objects of our dearest affections, there is yet for us the dawn of a better day. The dusky lights have fled; we are cheered with calm but joyful anticipations, and feel stronger for the duties of life. For delicacy and finish, for tender and thoughtful musing, for a beautiful touch of sadness, which is often the attendant of a sensitive mind and a precursor of generous action, for an indescribable completeness which fills and satisfies the mind, we know nothing in our literature which surpasses it. The few lines from the *Pilgrim's Progress* which form its most appropriate motto, connect it with all the associations of that inimitable volume. We look out from the upper chamber; we see that glorious star flaming in the forehead of the morning; we see the streaks of dull red, the bars of the chamber whence cometh the sun like a bridegroom; we feel the mists which creep over the still, cold, and dark valley; we start at that straight and glittering shaft that shoots athwart the earth, as "In crown of living fire up comes the Day." We hardly know why, but this piece has always, in our memory, lain side by side with Bryant's address to the evening wind. A kindred spirit is in them both.

Now, brighter than the host that all night long,
In fiery armor, far up in the sky

Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song,
Thou com'st to tell me day is again nigh,
Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bidd'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

Canst thou grow sad, thou sayest, as earth grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
Pours on their nests, from out the day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must perforce
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.

I feel its calm. But there 's a sombrous hue,
Edging that eastern cloud, of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still — save the bird that scarcely lifts its song —
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead;
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake the sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties Nature 's rife;
And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies:
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties: —
He feverish, blinded, lives, and feverish, sated, dies.

It is because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
Not lift the veil in revelation glad,
From her fair face? — It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear Star, that I repine,
When nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou looks't toward earth; but yet the heavens are thine;
While I to earth am bound: — When will the heavens be mine?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things ; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence :
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad, — I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour : fresh life is near ;
But all my joys, — they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm, — my spirit 's torn ;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high !
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh !

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I, — whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea, —
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit, — who, as my own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see, — that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and wild !

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth ! In crown of living fire
Up comes the Day ! As if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire,
Laugh in the wakening light. — Go, vain desire !
The dusky lights are gone ; go thou thy way !
And pining discontent, like them, expire !
Be called my chamber Peace, when ends the day ;
And let me with the dawn, like Pilgrim, sing and pray.

Vol. i. pp. 139 – 142.

After these quotations it surely needs no word of ours, as it has by no means been our object, to vindicate the claim of the author to what the gentle Sir Philip calls "the sacred name of Poet." That verdict was given long since. Accuracy of observation, a wide and generous sympathy, an insight into the secret heart of things, a just judgment and ample

knowledge, a fancy to paint and an imagination to warm and enliven, an ear for the music of language, and a mind all a-glow with the fire of thought, attest the truth to which we most readily assent.

We have thus endeavored, with more care than may to many seem necessary, to give a brief sketch and analysis of these writings. They are of a kind far too rare amongst us, of a kind we hope finally to secure their large and appreciating audience. They can afford to bide their time. Gold need not fear becoming superannuated or worthless. We commend them to thoughtful students whether of letters or of practical life. Not once reading, nor twice, will be sufficient to exhaust them. Most of all will the reflective, the serious, the truly religious mind find in them abundant material for wise meditation, suggestions of great practical value, and of the most profound import; nor will those who may dissent from the conclusions take offence, won by the beautiful spirit which controls the expression of them.

Some may think, perhaps, that we ought as critics to suggest a fault or two here and there, a rough line or an imperfect argument; too much sensitiveness in this essay, and something unnatural in that fiction; but we doubt whether by any fault-finding, real or pretended, we should leave a more correct impression of these delightful writings. Our task has been more agreeable and more profitable; — to exhibit, so far as embodied in these volumes, for the imitation of others and for the honor of our literature, the spirit and works of the thoughtful, religious scholar and poet.

In conclusion, we venture to express the hope that we may, before long, be gladdened by other writings of Mr. Dana, which we have had some reason to expect, — by the Memoirs of Allston, fit accompaniment as they would be of the writings of that accomplished artist, — and the Lectures on Shakspeare, which none have heard but to feel a thousandfold the more desire to read them. We remember, too, that it is long since the principal poetic composition of these volumes first saw the light. Have not others of still larger compass been in the mean time slowly shaping themselves, — forms of loveliness and power coming out from the dark background of thought and taking their places, one by one, in the solemn procession on which we and many others shall

yet look with mingled delight and awe? Or if not so, is it impertinent in us to quote, with another application, the words addressed, in the close of his critique on Pollock, to a then living poet? "May he, with the full sense of his responsibility in such an undertaking, mature well the plan of a poem, and give these his latter days to the work, having, for the strengthening of his spirit through his labors, the sanctifying dew of which Pollock speaks, —

> "Coming unseen . . .
> Anew creating all, and yet not heard;
> Compelling, yet not felt."

In his own words to that mountain made sacred by his noble Hymn, we would call upon him, —

> "Awake,
> Voice of sweet song!"

Art. V. — 1. *A Trap to catch a Sunbeam.* By the Author of "Old Jolliffe." *Only.* By the Author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1849. 18mo.

2. *Truth stranger than Fiction: a Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in Regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University.* By Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Printed for the Author. 1850. 12mo. pp. 296.

3. *Rural Hours.* By a Lady. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1850. 18mo. pp. 521.

It is apparent to any one who will take the trouble to look over the books which make up the burden of a bookseller's counter, that it has become a wonderfully common piece of temerity for a lady to make a book. Apart from the consideration, that a female author puts much of her personal individuality into her book, being more prone to express emotions than ideas, it may be said that in taking *any* public stand for praise or blame, a woman risks more than a man. From the time when the boy finds himself struggling among fifty or a hundred other boys, to find the level accorded to

his measure of strength, tact, and talent, till the day when the man must cope with men in the crowded avenues to fame and wealth, — he is sheltered by no prescriptive immunities. Whatever he may say, do, or indite, he knows he must be responsible for, and wince at no consequences; for any extraordinary exhibition of sensitiveness on his part brings, in natural course, an uncommon exercise of any means of attrition in the power of his merciless fellows. As it was in urchinhood, so it is in graver and wiser years. If he *will* speak his honest mind on an exciting topic, he must have no fear of brickbat or more unsavory missile, (we speak metaphorically, of course); he must wrap himself in a tough integument of indifference, and stand his ground — rhinoceros-like — between the spear-thrusts of ignorant prejudice on the one hand and hard common sense on the other, eternally contending for the verdict of public opinion. To prepare a woman for her peculiar sphere, none of these hardening influences are at work; her sensibility is but too much protected, too fondly cultivated, in the shelter of home. To most women, therefore, even fame, except so far as it bears the character of sympathy and moral approbation, is more an annoyance than a pleasure. Fame is hardly ever her object in taking up the pen; and she is even surprised and wounded by criticism on mere literary defects, having expected from the world in general the indulgent sympathy which she has found among partial friends. She would fain be allowed to draw upon her imagination and her feelings without the chill fear of a sneer, and, addressing the heart, would be judged only by the heart. She writes her book as she writes a letter, and expects a response in the spirit of it. But if she writes to the public without some acquaintance with the humor of that cool and impartial personage, she may be grieved by an admonition to study logic, to cut off the nib of her pen and buy some blacker ink, if she would have anybody read her communications who has any thing else to do. If she does not hear some gruff remark upon misdirected talents, and the concocting of puddings being the appropriate sphere of feminine intellect, it will be because the time is gone by for that. The writings of the Sedgwicks, Bremers, Edgeworths, Howitts, &c. — each having a much more practical and useful aim than the Bulwers, Jameses, and Coopers, — and even the cookery-

books of Mrs. Child and Miss Leslie, triumphantly proclaim the possible union of the imaginative powers with the best household qualities and accomplishments.

We trust the appetite for bookmaking notoriety is not so alarmingly on the increase among our fair friends, as from the mere number of names we might forebode. In many of these female authors we recognize an earnest and holy spirit and true aim, inconsistent with a petty love of display. We need not as yet surely deprecate this appetite as a new and higher form of the childish (shall we be pardoned if we say, feminine) desire for personal admiration. As we read, we feel that the desire of success, in many cases, must be the pure prayer for power to do good; if it looks to earthly approbation, it is for encouragement, and a deeper conviction of truth than can be felt without sympathy. We can allow women to covet praise while they shrink from admiration.

Some of these writers seem to seek a security from the penalties of notoriety in the lowliness of their pretensions. The "Trap to catch a Sunbeam," (would that it had a title which did not suggest 'a trap to catch the attention,') has found readers and admirers enough to make Miss Planché a conspicuous person in the ranks of authorship, if she did not seem modestly to deprecate notice by the unpretending form and style of her very popular little works. But in these days, the intrinsic weight of a book cannot be determined by its specific gravity, unless by the rule of the contrary. Nobody reads heavy books now. An old-fashioned tome on the origin of evil and its remedy, however sagacious and practical, would be attacked by no reader but one who might have written it; while this playful little fable, which solves the question quite satisfactorily for all practical purposes in a few pages, and stamps the lesson on the heart by its quaint story, flies everywhere, and finds a reader in everybody who can read. It is a perfect gem in its conception and execution, notwithstanding a lawless mingling of the literal and the allegorical. There is as much genius in the portraiture of poor David, sketched thus unheedfully in miniature, as appears in the full length delineation of Edie Ochiltree, the auld Bluegown. Both move our sympathy powerfully; we are aware, as if by experience or foreboding, what loneliness and poverty in age must be. But David has a higher errand than to ex-

cite a transient and fruitless emotion. He bears a message to which every heart throbs a response with a quickened faith and love; and to those who feel that the world goes hard with them, he brings comfort and hope and animation, to help them on, and awaken a cheerful industry and self reliance.

The other stories are written in the same spirit, and with a similar practical bearing, but with less point, less vivacity, less naturalness. A little story by Miss Catherine M. A. Couper offers itself in the same form, written in a simple and easy style, and in it, if we miss the sparkle and glow peculiar to Miss Planché, we find a kindred excellence of purpose, and a quiet good sense, not straining after effect, and therefore never missing its aim. It makes its lesson of unselfish economy impressive and acceptable, by an example in humble life, easy of imitation, and likely to be remembered. Her Lucy is of the same type with the Lucy in Miss Sedgwick's Live and Let Live, enlisting the reader's warm interest merely by her simplicity and disinterestedness.

No one can think a woman quits her heaven-appointed province of blessing the home, by publishing books of the class of which these are a specimen. She is but extending the influence she is accustomed to exercise in the narrow sphere of the family. We bid her God speed in all such undertakings; at least, when she thus allows a correct taste to reign over a lively imagination, and good sense to bridle strong feeling, thus recommending her philanthropic and religious principles alike to the coolest judgment and the warmest heart.

To clothe moral and religious truths in an appropriate garb of fiction is not so simple a task as might seem from reading these graceful little tales, and observing the great numbers of books of the kind with which the press teems at Christmas and New-Year. Let any one read a quantity of these in order to make a selection for his children's library, or for that of a Sunday School, and if he be not a most reasonable man in his expectations, he will throw aside nine books out of ten, with something like David Coombe's exclamation of rueful ridicule. We think there are few children who would not understand Charles Lamb, when he said that he "could not fully enjoy any thing whatever for

thinking of its moral uses," or who do not sometimes return to Gammer Grettel and Mother Goose with a sense of refreshment. Mere moralizing is futile; an impression on the feelings must attend a moral lesson, for the feet oftener obey the heart than the head. We all *know* better than we *do*, and need to be moved and persuaded. But in the course taken to make this desirable impression on the affections, or, in other words, to make goodness palatable, a surprisingly general error prevails, both in the domestic discipline of children, and in the books intended to aid it. It is in offering a reward *for* goodness, and not *in* it, — all the good little gentry having bonbons, and all the perverse getting more kicks than coppers. That this system of poetical justice is not what he has to expect in life, (except in a highly spiritual sense, which he may, or may not, be capable of comprehending,) any shrewd little rebel sees at once, with a secret infidelity in the interference of a higher providence than that of his parents in his daily discipline and experience. A Sabbath-breaking stripling is not convinced that the water is peculiarly eager to engulf the boat that should dare to float across it on Sunday, because instances of such tragedies have often been narrated to intimidate him. He has outgrown a fear which was not reverence, a love that was but selfishness, and it may be late ere he is convinced that there is really a recompense of reward and punishment, even in the present life. To shock a child's mind by working upon fear, a mean and spirit-crushing emotion, if the attempt succeed at all, gives him the spirit of a bondslave, a melancholy submission, not a cheerful obedience and trust; and whatever be the merely speculative view of the character of God which he may adopt, such is the power of early impressions, he will not be able to shake off the feeling of dread all his life.

Other books there are, in which the author seems to have faith in good prose as a medicine for all moral ills, and to be trying the experiment how large a dose of didactic wisdom can be forced down the throat of a child without his making wry faces, by means of a dialogue form, and a little sprinkling of incident. But let one of these writers, sensible but not wise, watch any bright child reading his book; we would say his own child, only that the children of such persons would

be taught the moral obligation of reading from cover to cover, and then have a burdened conscience because they skipped the advertisements. No squirrel can be more expert in extracting the kernel from his nut, than one of these little-great readers in picking his grains of amusement from their dry husks. Thus he learns a hop-skip-and-jump way of going through a book, that weakens his power of attention, and, if he is not put on his guard, becomes a habit of mind. Any important thought, or matter of fact, any thing even of the narrative kind, that will not titillate his jaded curiosity, he regards as no affair of his. His mind will not take hold of any thing that does not hold up a brightly colored picture to his imagination, long after he has reached an age when he might throw the picture alphabet of truth aside, and grapple with books that require him to think. Novels and newspapers are his chosen literature; and it is well for him if the drill of school or business give a portion of compulsory exercise to his enervated mental muscles.

We have erred, probably, in ascribing the very common frivolity of taste in young people *wholly* to the endeavor to make them, in early childhood, attend to what is unsuitable to the age, thereby inspiring an incurable disgust to serious and solid occupation of the mind. Other influences are at work, which we need not pause to enlarge upon.

But the appetite for narrative has a solid foundation in the social nature, and must endure. Works of imagination will ever find hearts eager to be made to throb with sympathy for the joys and woes, the physical and moral struggles, of humanity. That it becomes a sickly craving, from much cramming with crude, unnatural food, is not the fault of such writers as Miss Sedgwick, and Miss Planché, Miss Couper, Miss Sewell, Grace Aguilar, and the like; — the list might be a long one, did we not confine it to the books which happen to be lying within reach of our hand.

The popularity of a pure and practically useful style of fiction, recommending itself to the moral sense as well as the sympathetic passions of the story-loving public, shows that the standard to which all beneath must strive to conform, is continually rising, It is encouraging to reflect that the obscene wit and vulgar scenes of the old romances and dramas would not now be tolerated in the lowest and least pure of

the tales now so cheaply offered to the public, and so eagerly devoured. In many of the very humblest of these a good aim is apparent, and even the affectation of a moral purpose shows that the public taste demands it.

There are those who maintain that the moral taste of the community is becoming corrupt, that the tree is already blighted at the top, worm-eaten at the root, and rotten at the heart; and the ravens have even been heard dismally to croak that if we see not to it in this our day, the world will behold another great moral and religious, if not political crash, like the reign of terror in France. Let them sound an alarm, if they will, and let every Christian man rouse himself to look more heedfully that he lend not his countenance to aught which does not approve itself to his own best ideas of the useful and the pure. But we have little fear that a community which is advancing so rapidly in its temporal prosperity, should, in more important interests, be allowed to fall back to ruin. We have faith in a moral Providence. David Coombe taught us that prosperity and moral improvement go hand in hand, having first shown us the crushing, deadening effect of abject poverty. The heart of this people is sound, and though, in the unexampled prosperity and activity of the times, it may dwell too much on the things of the external life, it dimly seeks the true and beautiful through them, hoping much more than it attains; for the onward march of the grand principles of religion and morality is slow and almost imperceptible. The individual example, even in fiction, does not fail to be recognized with enthusiasm.

There is a hermit self in each individual of the great mass of humanity, that can only know its brother immortal through the outer life; nor can it manifest to him its own kindred nature, but by coming out of its cell, where it is alone with its one friend, and bearing a part in the drama of social existence. In man's eagerness to know his fellow-man, even imaginary characters and situations are interesting to him; and he is strongly moved by the common fears inseparable from a state of bodily and moral weakness, the common hopes which the very emptiness of the world suggest, the desire to alleviate misery and uphold justice, to return or reward kindness, and all the other emotions and impulses, which, like wheels within wheels, actuate the moving figures offered to

his imagination. To play upon these mysterious springs to no other purpose than that with which a showman pulls the wires of a puppet-show, is a use of genius which can bring no joy to the possessor. Is not the melancholy proverbially attendant on genius the consequence of such an unsatisfactory aim, of an attempt to dazzle the intellect by a splendid phantasmagoria which must pass out of sight and leave nothing after it but darkness and emptiness? How can admiration be otherwise than evanescent, since wonder is destroyed by familiarity? To see his magic creations pass into the shadow of neglect and apparent forgetfulness before his eyes, must be bitter and irritating to him who has a conscious right to fame; but might he not have made a deeper impression, and have produced an effect which should but widen, and brighten, and grow, to cause his name to be loved as that of a benefactor to the world? How might his heart glow and swell with the conscious power to call up elevating emotions in the universal heart of man, to send pure streams to thirsty lips, and to freshen and quicken the languishing impulses of the truest humanity? The humblest talent which aims at usefulness, and even partially succeeds in its object, deserves more of the world's favor than the inspiration which may well be called that of the Satanic school, dwelling only in the sensuous and external, and perverting love and truth and beauty in the soul.

It requires more than the intention, even in a writer endued with genius, to embody truth in a form which shall exercise the imagination, touch the heart, and be wholly acceptable to the judgment. But how should we look for that perfection in the personages of the shadowy drama, which we have never known to exist in the exemplification of moral and religious ideas in real life? There must be every variety and degree of failure, according to the imperfect conceptions of the writer, who yet cannot do justice to his own ideal. When we find a book that has done us good, and may bring aid to thousands unable or not inclined to criticize it, it is not our office to point out its errors in taste, or its short-comings in vigor and point. A critic's office is a thankless one indeed, if it is merely fault-finding; and surely nothing is so easy.

Perhaps no man ever lived so unexceptionable through his whole career, that his neighbors, one and all, did not say, that

they could have often done better in his peculiar circumstances. Had each man felt at liberty to give him a pull, according to his own idea of the proper direction of his steps, he must have come to a stand-still altogether. As a man must walk according to the light that is in him, so an author must write from the fulness of his own heart, and according to his mental and moral idiosyncrasy. We sometimes flatter ourselves we have done something to correct a vitiated taste, — at least to keep it from being diffused, — when we find an improved tone in certain writers, whose eyes have been opened by severe castigation to faults in their habits of thought and feeling, as seen in their works. However, we often detect, or imagine we detect, a want of keeping, an air of effort and grimace, which makes us conclude he is aiming to conform to a standard he does not heartily adopt or understand, and is continually in fear that his brain-coined sentiments will ring false upon the ear.

The tendency towards a higher morality in works of fiction has had to contend with the old prejudice against a class of books which, for want of a better name, have been denominated religious novels. If they had a less doubtful claim to the adjective, the prejudice could not exist. But the unreality of the personages seems strangely to cleave to their pious pretensions and professions. We seem to see a Tartuffe at every point, smiling at his own claims, admiring his own eloquence, taking the name of God in vain by often mingling prayers and solemn ejaculations with namby-pamby sentiment and lovesick nonsense. If we do not fall into such an extreme of suspicion, we at least rebelliously determine not to be instructed by these gentry who are making a parade of their devotion, of set purpose for us to admire, and who prate coolly of feelings which, with us, are held too sacred for any human confidence. Moreover, we are sure to find sectarian dogmas introduced, and made the grand object, — that for which all the machinery of the story is put in motion, which is like beginning to build a house at the cupola ; there is need enough of laying the broad foundation which is the basis of all creeds. Here there is room for all to work side by side, and even the Jew by the side of the Christian, (as who will not say who reads the stories of Grace Aguilar ?) and well would it be for the world if men of all faiths would labor together for an

object common to them all, the *moral*, — the word is not comprehensive enough, — the *practically religious*, improvement of society.

The name of Grace Aguilar brings us back to the subject of female authorship. Formerly, if a woman published her writings, and thereby attained any enviable celebrity, she became almost as much unsexed as if she had shouldered the gun and knapsack, like Deborah Sampson, and more recent armipotent heroines. She was even in danger of sacrificing forever her domestic felicity, at least so far as it depended upon the masterful sex, with whom it was a maxim that a clever woman inspired admiration at the expense of love, and that fame should be *reflected* upon her, or its scorching rays would wither those elements of happiness that were accustomed to shade and retirement.

Marmontel's witty satire, *La Femme Auteur*, may have smothered the genius of many a tender Cottin. What woman, truly a woman, could write under the chilling dread that a father, consort, or brother, who had never gained distinction for himself, might feel that he was sunk deeper in obscurity because his name was made famous where he was not known to bear it? Will not any affectionate and beloved woman shrink from being dubbed authoress, if it should be supposed likely to change her relation to her female associates, and make them look upon her with suspicion and envy, as taking notes of all their peculiarities and shades of character?

We translate a few paragraphs of Marmontel's tale, without the hope of preserving the fine edge of the style in our blunt English phrases.

"Natalie looked forward with the most eager impatience to the coming of Germeuil. She thought the glory she had won would augment his love for her; she deceived herself. Germeuil was flattered by the brilliant success of one to whom he was the object of idolatry; he admired her more than he had done before; but she became a different person to him, and of course lost much of her attractiveness. She was no longer for Germeuil the Natalie whose sallies, as innocent as *piquante*, had amused him, and whose gayety and naturalness he loved so much. She was not changed, but he saw her with different eyes. He imagined in her secret thoughts a proud consciousness which could never exist there; to him, therefore, even her

sweetness and simplicity savored of condescension. He felt that she had deserted him in elevating herself; he remained at his customary level, while by a sudden and rapid flight she rose above hers. His imagination was disenchanted, since no one figures the Graces seated at a writing-desk, meditating and rubbing their eyes in the watches of the night. Beauty should be crowned with roses; laurels make her look old.

"Yes," said Germeuil to Natalie; "I am gratified by your success. Do you not, however, feel any remorse after having lavished upon the wide world those gifts which love had greater reason to take pride in, when they were devoted to him solely? How! Must I brook that everybody shall know you as well as I, your dearest friend? Is not this a species of infidelity of which your lover has some right to complain? What! those sentiments of yours, so tender, so delicate, whose expression in your letters have given me so much happiness, — do I find them repeated in your book? These phrases, so touching because inspired by love, belong of right to me! Could you revoke them, to publish them to the vulgar world, — to employ them in fictions!"

"Natalie saw only a playful raillery in these reproaches, and did not disturb herself about them. She enjoyed the *éclat* of her new position without anxiety. There are two or three months of enchantment for a young author, whose *début* has been a brilliant one. The pleasure of seeing his work in print, and the favorable notices of it in the journals and reviews; the first translation of it into a foreign tongue; the reception of congratulatory letters, or flattering verses; the compliments of all the people of his acquaintance, or those whom he meets, — each of these things has its value. In this intoxicating excitement, the purest feelings of the heart, as well as mere self-love, have a share. The happy enthusiast dreams that he has acquired a new right to be beloved; he thinks to do honor to friendship and to justify love's preference. If he have given his work a touching moral, he is confident of the esteem of all women of sensibility and worth, and he hopes for the goodwill, perhaps even the gratitude, of all those readers whose suffrage is desirable. Such are the charms and illusions of a budding fame. Let no one envy the author who is in the full enjoyment of them, if it be a *woman;* since she pays dearly for them in the end.

"Natalie soon began to discover that a reputation as an author has its inconveniences. She found it tiresome and ridiculous that no one could encounter her without feeling called upon to make some allusion to her literary enterprises. On many faces there was an expression that seemed to her to give the lie to

their civilities ; she felt as if there was a less hearty goodwill felt for her than formerly, and that she carried with her a species of constraint into society where she had always been cordially welcomed as simply a charming person. Men of literary pretensions were continually aiming to engage her in a sort of conversation for which she had not the least relish, — learned discussions or sentimental disquisitions. Consciously ignorant people stood in awe of her, while each self-sufficient ignoramus was a thousand times more insupportably foolish and presumptuous towards her than towards people in general, because she inspired him with the desire to shine.

" But what gave her greater vexation than any of these things, was the singular change in the manner and conduct of Germeuil which now forced itself upon her attention. Up to this epoch, she had had a supreme ascendency over his mind, without aiming at it at all. But now, far from paying deference to her opinions, he affected an obstinate opposition to every thing she said. He had had no reluctance to concede any point to a talent which he looked upon as, in a manner, his own by right of discovery ; he would not yield an inch of ground to the same talent in the shape of a reputation conferred by other people ; because he feared both to minister to vanity, and to play a subaltern part in the view of the world. The same man who had made it his glory to be led in chains by the graces of her mind, would have blushed to be subjugated by its superiority. By disputing its empire, Germeuil sought to reëstablish that equality which no longer existed between them. He found a satisfaction in saying unwelcome things, and being disagreeable in various ways ; sometimes it was under the veil of pleasantry, now and then under pretence of sincere interest, but often with an ill-humor which he was unable to disguise. It was thus that he intimated to her that she was not looked upon with much favor by women, since the publication of her book.

" ' It is not an action which can have done any injury to the sex, however,' said Natalie.

" ' On the contrary, it reflects an honor upon it,' replied Germeuil. ' But there is no *esprit de corps* among women, nor should there be any. Fitted by their sensibility to have an existence less selfish and more dependent than ours, fame is for them less a personal possession than a relative good, at least with very rare exceptions. They take pride in the actions of a father, a son, or a husband ; it is for them to borrow, not lend, honors ; and so far law and nature are in harmony. Is it not just, that fame should belong properly only to him who can alone transmit his name, and its fame, as an inheritance ? ' "

Female authorship being quite too common in these latter days to strike the world agape, nobody dreams of being eclipsed and envious. A man must fill an exceedingly small space in his own opinion, who could not afford not to be jealous of the amount of approbation that follows the most successful effort of his wife's pen, so long as her dabbling in ink does not involve his domestic comfort. Neither need he trouble himself about her temerity. Minerva's helmet and sword are a joke, and her shield is only useful to lean upon. Her fair face softens all manly hearts. He who should put her arms to the proof, even in a just cause, would cut but a sorry figure. Whoever it may be that she may have broken her reed lance upon, he can but shrug his shoulders, and leave her in possession of the field.

It is the custom to praise lady authors, even those who suffer much under parlor criticism from their own sex. It must be a very uncommon merit or demerit, which receives any thing like discriminating retribution in the court of letters, if a lady claims the award. Her book receives no more just meed than the "Very well — exceedingly well, indeed," bestowed by a smiling school-committee man upon a smart school-girl's theme, after a whispered agreement, that with some pruning and a little more thought, it would be really a surprising achievement *for a girl.* The blushing smile of girlhood is a very pretty and pleasant thing to look upon; and, under the circumstances, to throw a damper upon harmless vanity, by pointing out an exuberance to be restrained, or a more vigorous tone of thought to be wrought for, is hardly worth the while. And thus the enterprises of full-fledged ambition among the scribbling fair, are dealt with by good-natured critics. If they have the good fortune to be brought under notice at all, they are the theme of neatly turned compliments and ingenious congratulations.

But evils are likely to grow out of such a half contemptuous leniency; and it may not be so easy to repair as it might have been to prevent them. A wholesome dread of satire may in time be a necessary curb upon the shrewish element in the feminine character; for why should a scolding pen find more toleration than a scolding tongue? Indeed, if every vixenish impulse is to be allowed to seize upon the press, by way of speaking-trumpet, and when we stop our ears, hold

down our heads, and run, we must find home taunts upon our most defenceless follies and sins, mocking us in derisive echoes, before us and behind us and on every side; if we are to be overtaken, and branded, and cruelly mauled, without judge or jury, or a chance for defence or deprecation; if we must stand and take this clapper-clawing from fair, but not gentle, hands, under the eyes of the amused public, who, if they interfere at all, pelt either party at random, or both, to make justice sure and prevent brawls in the open thoroughfare in future, — is it not high time there was a police to come to the rescue? Shall we be pilloried without authority, put in the stocks with no warrant but an individual will, that there may be unbounded liberty in the republic of letters? A despotism were better, unless public opinion be strong enough to keep the peace. Should we call on the Muses, tragic or comic, the only result would be the laughing and clapping of a vulgar audience, in some theatre where the roguish Thalia had made our misfortunes and blunders and oddities her theme.

Having so many agreeable books upon our shelves, for which we have to thank and to love gentle authors, we have, perhaps, cherished too comfortable a confidence that the prevalence of good taste would bar the entrance of the Amazonian mania into literature, at least in any offensive form. With about as much of faith and of dread as was excited in our courageous hearts by the cry of epidemic hydrophobia, which, some time since, caused such a massacre of four-footed innocents, did we hear the rumors of a rage for public speech and action, and for turning the world inside out and upside down, which certain "strong-minded women" were proclaimed to be afflicted withal. We believed the hue and cry had arisen through a groundless panic. If there be such a mania, and it come hither also, we can only say, that for our own household we should much prefer the advent of the cholera. We should shudder if we observed any alarming symptoms in our immediate vicinity, or the presence of any exciting cause. As we look abroad, we see only a chivalrous disposition, not merely to respect the rights, but to uphold the privileges, of the fair sex, which makes it, in our view, altogether unnecessary that they should advocate their own claims or be each other's champions.

For an instance of female privilege, and the indulgent

dealing of public opinion and authority where the interests of the weaker sex are in question, it is enough to observe the operation of the law regarding breach of promise of marriage. Attentions sufficiently marked to excite general notice compromise the gentleman, and it will go hard with him if the case be brought before a jury of his own sex. On the other hand, a lady may make flirtation her pastime, and to be tacitly despised by each modest woman and sensible man is her only penance. She may break hearts by the dozen, as any pretty woman can do, if she will descend to play upon the vanity of each admirer till she can turn his head and engage his affection. She may parade her conquests, apocryphal or otherwise, and boast the number of her offers of marriage, and yet reign in every gay circle with such meed of distinction as she covets. Let any disappointed and piqued suitor endeavor to deprive her of this glory, such as it is, by grave accusations of falsehood, the world only laughs at him. It makes him ridiculous to have been in earnest, where he should have known it was but a game of make-believe ; and to have been a dupe, when the hope of fixing a coquette would have appeared to him egregious folly in any other man.

But let a *gentleman* undertake to play such a game, and he dares not avow it ; as a man of honor, he is obliged to disown any *intention* to trifle, and to conceal his coxcombical triumph when he perceives his success. Let him once boast, and he loses the title of gentleman, which is inconsistent with false pretences of any sort. There is then no manly name he can answer to; he must borrow a denomination from the other sex, with a humble adjective to distinguish him from the feminine gender. He is the male flirt, the male coquette ; or he may descend yet lower, and take the generic appellation of *puppy*, possibly accompanied by the appropriate visitation of a caning, administered by some roistering champion of the aggrieved fair one.

Of the two parties concerned in a flirtation, the world judges thus unequally, taking the part of the lady in every case, on the supposition that, as it is the gentleman's part to offer attentions, and hers merely to receive or discourage them, she cannot play the coquette till he gives her the opportunity of so doing, and every flirtation must in consequence begin on his side.

Whether this judgment be equitable, in so general an application, we judge not. We only ask what any stickler for woman's rights could possibly suggest more available for her benefit and protection. On one side, she is shielded by the law regarding the breach of marriage promise as a perjury punishable by a heavy fine, under the form of damages. On the other hand, who does not know that there is a watchful public eager to spread a report of engagement on the slightest exhibition of a special interest in any female candidate for matrimony, on the part of a gentleman of suitable age and standing? This *surveillance* may be provoking in many instances, and meets with no gratitude from either of the blushing subjects of it. But it effectually calls the trifler to account; it holds up the rod of contempt before the eyes of the hypocrite who may be inclined to divert himself by drawing a lady into a tacit avowal of preference for him in public, while nothing but a direct question on her part, which delicacy forbids, will induce him to explain his intentions, and put the event at her option instead of his own. When distinguishing attentions are long paid and received under the thousand eyes of this busy-tongued guardian, an engagement is always presumed; if the gentleman denies that it has ever been a fact, or looked forward to on his part, he denies it at the expense of his character as an honorable and respectable man.

If we add to this gratuitous guardianship the interference of a lady's male friends, or other natural protectors, whenever she may permit it, to prevent a long continuance of unmeaning public attentions, what more can she need? Simply that she may not be a traitor to herself, in the unwillingness of a romantic fancy, perchance of a confiding heart, to resign its illusions, and cast down its idol from an undeserved exaltation. Of wilful blindness she must be content to endure the consequence. The imprudence and want of feminine pride shown in suffering herself to be the object of equivocal wooing for a long period, is nearly an offset for the coxcombry and fatuity of the other party to the affair. When at last compelled to perceive and acknowledge herself a dupe, she cannot expect commiseration without a mixture of ridicule from any but the few who, from their own consciousness, are able to conceive that it is the noblest mind that is the slowest to be convinced of treachery.

A book entitled "Truth Stranger than Fiction," which lies at our elbow among other books written by ladies, has in some measure influenced the direction of our remarks upon female privilege and authorship. But for the request of the writer, we should not feel called upon, as it is hardly a matter of literary concern, to allude to the volume more distinctly. We premise, before giving our view of its contents, that we read it without prejudice; we know nothing whatever of the subject matter, nor of any one of the parties mentioned, from any source but the book itself, if we except the names and locality. But for the book, we very probably should never have heard of the affair, as we do not incline our dignified ears to any sort of scandal or gossipry.

The introductory chapter is apologetic. That the call for "unusual measures" appeared sufficiently imperative and imposing to the author's own mind, one cannot at all doubt. Nor have we any hesitation in giving the most unlimited credence to her professions of regard for "truth, honor, and justice," in the abstract, and in her own intention. Neither are we in the least disposed to derogate from her pretensions to a lofty regard for "the rights of character," "the influence and authority of the Protestant clergy," and the "interests and prosperity of" the university which she pronounces "the most venerable and important institution of education in the country." While we render all imaginable respect to broad principles of this kind, we must, at the risk of being classed with "unreflecting minds," consider them somewhat liable to be misapplied, or abused, when adopted as motives to "specific acts."

To our humble discernment, there is a strong tendency in "enlarged minds, accustomed to regard" only "comprehensive results," to overlook and override all minor considerations and interests with cool unconcern or disdain. The remonstrances and active opposition of practical people to such a bee-line career, act upon them as an exhilarating stimulus. Having made selection of a creditable principle for a starting-point, and a sufficiently indefinite, or "comprehensive" result as a goal, they shut their eyes, as having no longer any use for them, and dash forward. Such a mode of proceeding, were it to become general, as these people of principle would have it, would make of society a mere hurly-

burly. If it be each man's prerogative to carry out his own fanciful or conscientious notions at any risk, law and order must go to the wall, of course; a Mormon, or the leader of a mob, has as good a right to put his principle above all mere human agreement and government, as any one else. On the ground of these formidable self-imposed "principles" of law, we must not be surprised to see an enthusiast take the affairs of other people out of their own hands, and manage them with a high hand according to his own ideas, against their imploring remonstrances. This is liberty with a witness.

The second chapter gives us the portraits of the "parties concerned," or victimized. Preserve us from the friend, no less than the enemy, who should thus present our mental, moral, and physical lineaments to the public eye, without asking, as is usual in paying that compliment to illustrious personages, whether we would consent to it!

Chapter third has for its subject the affair of the note of invitation, an exceedingly small piece of private puppyism, which the young gentleman, when he indulged himself in it, probably little anticipated seeing set forth in a book for the diversion of the public, and gravely established by testimony under oath. He can hardly complain, however, unless the facts have been misrepresented wholly, which must have required a considerable stretch of imagination on the part of the author, — a quality in which we presume her to be remarkably deficient, from her inability to understand Miss D.'s true interest, and her objections to being "analyzed alive" for the instruction of the public, and the triumph of principles.

The acquaintance and the "mysterious friendship" follow, and then comes what the book appropriately terms the *dénouement*. This ten weeks siege is a most unaccountable phenomenon; the book places Mr. A. in the absurd attitude of annulling by a flat denial every motive for such a public and long-continued assiduity which could be at all creditable to him, and leaves him to justify himself by declaring aloud his marvellous success in fixing the lady's affections. Our favorite theory of the matter, which the "*dénouement*" overturned, was founded on the many instances we have observed and heard of, in which a green youth, unused to the most intelligent female society, is attracted by his superior in

age and conversational talent, and fancies himself, in his exceeding surprise and admiration, to have found his *belle ideal* realized, and his destiny fixed beyond return. This *exaltation de tête*, as a Frenchman would term it, subsides of itself, if the ridicule of the world or the lady's disdain do not bring it to an untimely end; and then we find a clear perception in the sentimental hero's mind, that, while he used the language of romantic attachment, his heart had no concern in the matter, and had not yet in reality *spoken*, as the phrase goes. But we are to suppose, in this case, that Mr. A. knew very well what he was about, though the world and Miss D. did not, as it seems, understand the case.

No wonder this affair puzzled to the last degree the wise and reverend heads, who, in the train of circumstances, found themselves called upon to investigate it. We feel some disposition to mirth at the idea of an ecclesiastical court gravely occupied in examining a flirtation, and inclining their ears to all the scandalous gossip connected with it. We are rebuked, however, by the serious tone of the book, and feel it to be indecorous, if not unfeeling, to smile as we write. We are not surprised that this novel subject of exegesis proved very perplexing. The manner in which the investigation was conducted seems to have been very confused and informal, if the account may be relied on as correct. A mutual charge of defamation, two plaintiffs and two defendants, rules of law now adhered to in order to gag a witness, now set aside to let in gossip as evidence, — if these things were so, surely neither party could be satisfied; proceedings so odd and inconclusive could benefit neither. The association seems to have been of the same opinion with the public, that it was hardly a case for their jurisdiction; * and that a clerical tribunal always fails to settle a case of slander to anybody's satisfaction, past experience fully shows. The theological referees left the affair pretty much as they found it, or at least endeavored to do so. We think it would have been better for the subject of nearly three hundred pages of indignant defence, if the writer had left the matter where the association dropped it. If the lady thus dragged before

* "Resolved, 1st, That action in this case by this body is deemed unnecessary; by which we do not intend to imply that what the aforesaid licentiate has reported of the relative of the complainant is true."

the public against her will appears a dignified and gentle character, it is rather in spite of her ferociously friendly defender, than through her. Every person of much delicacy of feeling is aware, that the female character is of so fine a texture that it is injured by any rough measures taken to remove an aspersion thrown upon it. If let alone, it will of itself cast off any thing that is foreign to it. Too much handling, even by friends, is to be deprecated for *any* reputation, as every touch tarnishes in a certain degree its lustre and freshness.

It is enough to disgust one with social life, to reflect how much bitter vexation human beings unnecessarily occasion each other; and it is hard to avoid a cynical spirit, as we contemplate the picture presented in this book, of a misunderstanding between two individuals, gradually widened by malicious or officious tongues, till it becomes a topic of discussion, "not only in New England and the Eastern cities," but "in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa." We are impatient of the weakness and folly of human nature, and, especially, our own share of it; even family harmony, the purest form of social life, is not without some interruptions from causes beyond control or anticipation. If we are not inclined to quarrel, there are some who will quarrel in our behalf, and make us suffer remorse for being simply the occasion of strife. There is no escape for any mortal, from the causes, trifling it may be, but not the less real, that are ever at work to wound his spirit. If he have a generous heart, he makes all the petty chagrins, as well as the deep sorrows, of others his own, and his peace is disturbed by them; if he is selfish, he is his own sufficient tormentor, and the more sacrifices he exacts, the less he enjoys the social condition on the whole. After the frolic season of youth, society becomes a serious discipline, be the position in life what it may; and we sometimes wonder that hermitages are so much out of vogue. There is ever some solicitude or regret "bearing upon the wheels of enjoyment," in the gayest hours; after some experience of life, all scenes have a tinge of melancholy in the retrospect, just as the most inspiriting music has a plaintive echo.

There is nothing that so soon refreshes a world-harassed soul, and dissipates the misanthropical cloud that darkens

even the heavens above, as a lonely walk in the woods or fields. The spirit of nature is the spirit of harmony and peace. We cannot feel the benevolence of the Creator in the exquisite delight which his inanimate works are adapted to pour into all our bodily senses, and yet believe that his moral garden is left to itself, and his noblest work suffered to fall into deterioration and ruin. In our infirmity and discouragement only do we feel the true spirit of children; reading a father's love in his rich gifts to us, we feel content with our imperfect and dependent condition, since it is one of eternal progress. The joy with which we study the beauty of nature is unalloyed and pure from any regret; and we cannot but feel it glow into gratitude and faith, when we reflect what life would have been were we blind, deaf, senseless, or if the world offered no beauty of form, coloring, or motion, especially adapted to our bodily senses and our mental perceptions.

We have seldom met with a more charming book in its way than "Rural Hours," by a lady of New York. We particularly enjoy the naturalness and freedom of the style, which only a private journal could possess; and we are grateful for the privilege she has granted us, on another account, — that she not only revives our rural enjoyments and happy recollections of hours which leave no remorse behind them, but opens our eyes to much that escapes any less intelligent and minute observation than her own. To the casual attention of many people in this hurrying and busy community, the changes made by the seasons have all the effect of surprises. It is a service that those who live only partially in the country, and see the face of nature by snatches, will greatly value, — this holding up a mirror, and daguerreotyping for our deliberate examination, its daily aspect in spring and autumn: —

"One hears a great deal about the sudden outburst of spring in America; but in this part of the country the earlier stages of the season are assuredly very slow, and for many weeks its progress is gradual. It is only later in the day, when the buds are all full, and the flowers ready to open, that we see the sudden gush of life and joyousness, which is indeed, at that moment, almost magical in its beautiful effects. But this later period is a brief one; we have scarcely time to enjoy the sudden affluence of spring, ere she leaves us to make way for summer; and people

exclaim at the shortness of the season in America. Meanwhile, spring is with us in March, when we are yet sitting by the fireside, and few heed her steps; now she betrays her presence in the sky, now in the waters, with the returning birds, upon some single tree, in a solitary plant, — and each milder touch gives pleasure to those who are content to await the natural order of things." pp. 22, 23.

That part of the work which is devoted to this bleak and changeable season, in our climate the least agreeable portion of the year, is peculiarly rich in descriptions of birds and flowers. We resist the temptation to make long extracts, and select the following sketch of a bird which we do not reckon among our feathered acquaintance, as a specimen of the author's manner: —

"*Saturday*, 8*th*. — Delightful day. A white-breasted nut-hatch among the trees on the lawn; these active, amusing birds are resident in the State; but one cannot vouch for their remaining all winter among our hills, as we have never yet observed them in cold weather. It is not a very common bird here, but may possibly be found in the woods by those who look for it through the year. We were amused by watching our little visitor this morning; he never touched the spray, always alighting on the trunk, or on a principal limb, running nimbly up some distance, and then flying off to another in ceaseless movement, without a moment's intermission. This bird has other peculiar habits. He sleeps with his head downwards, and he is said to have one quality rare among his race; he is a curious little rogue, and seems desirous of observing your own odd ways while you are watching his; then, he is a remarkably good husband, taking a vast deal of pains to feed and amuse his wife, and listening to all her remarks and observations in the most meritorious manner. For several days we have observed this nut-hatch running over the same trees, probably in search of some particular insect or eggs, just now in season for them." pp. 33, 34.

There is an amusing chapter, or rather note, on weeds, which are thus distinguished from wild flowers: — "Upon the whole, it is not so much a natural defect that makes the weed, as a certain impertinent, intrusive character in these plants, — a want of modesty, a habit of shoving themselves forward upon ground where they are not needed, rooting themselves in soil intended for better things, for plants more useful, more fragrant, or more beautiful." It seems, that all the more

common and inconvenient of these intruders have really no business here, being, like the human population, immigrants from every quarter of the globe. Even the dandelion, so impudently at home in all grounds, and bespangling the meadows on a sunny spring morning, as if all the starry constellations had fallen upon the grass in the night, is not one of the vegetable aborigines.

The forest, which, like its early denizens the deer and the red man, vanishes as civilization advances, is the most interesting and important of the great variety of themes touched upon in the author's note-book during the summer. It makes one sad, if not angry, to think of the cold-blooded destruction of gigantic pines and elms by ephemeral and short-sighted man, to give himself treble the space he can improve or enjoy. Veneration has no part in the hardy constitution of a new settler; he leaves it behind him, with other inconvenient, polite refinements, when he shoulders his axe and enters the wilderness. No wonder his imaginative red brother, with the deer and the wood-flowers, retire before him, and the stumpy soil teems with burdock, thistle, nettle, nightshade, whiteweed, pigweed, stickseed, and tares. There is one excuse, however, for these Vandal tree-exterminators, — that it has been found that single trees, or groups left by the woodman, seldom survive bereavement of their fellows and protectors. Moreover, the fire, the swiftest engine in clearing land, makes no exception or distinction in its havoc.

We have great sympathy with the author's derisive indignation at the pedantic and uncouth names inflicted by scientific discoverers upon our unambitious native flowers, and her preference for the country appellatives, even where they have nothing of the poetical or picturesque. But for her minute delineations, however, we should sometimes fail to recognize our favorites, under the titles they rejoice in upon her flower-embroidered pages.

Insects occasionally come into notice, for a page or two; though our author, like most ladies of taste, has less fancy for the insect and reptile tribes than for any other subject of curious examination. To the spider, however, the yellow, the red, and the black, she gives a shuddering attention for a while, and gives us her deliberate opinion of his character in the following terms: —

"No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain: all living things are endowed with instincts more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, lead one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly, and yet of the two, the last is certainly the most troublesome insect to man. But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly, and he pursues his pastimes openly; suspicions of others or covert designs against them are quite unknown to him, and there is something almost confiding in the way in which he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him. The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, as though among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with his fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with this character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is open and confiding to that which is wily and suspicious, even in the brute creation. The cunning and designing man himself will, at times, find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him, his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life.

"Some two or three centuries since, when people came to this continent from the Old World in search of gold, oddly enough, it was considered a good sign of success when they met with spiders! It would be difficult to say why they cherished this fancy; but according to that old worthy, Hakluyt, when Martin Frobisher and his party landed on Cumberland Island, in quest of gold, their expectations were much increased by finding there numbers of spiders, 'which, as many affirm, are signs of great store of gold.'"

She does not disdain to watch and relate a fierce skirmish between a black wasp and a spider, the battle ground being a web among the tendrils of a Virginia creeper. She seems to have been a very impartial spectator, but our own sympathies are decidedly on the side of the spider, who was carried off into captivity for defending his own threshold.

"Sitting in the shade this afternoon, we watched a fierce skirmish between a black wasp and a large spider, who had spun its web among the tendrils of a Virginia creeper. The wasp

chanced to alight on the outskirts of the spider's domain, where his legs became partially entangled; he had scarcely touched the leaf when the watchful creature made a rapid dash at him. The antagonists were placed face to face; whether the wasp wounded his enemy one could not say, but after the first touch, the spider instantly retreated several inches, still keeping, however, a bold, undisguised position, her great fixed eyes staring fiercely at the intruder. The wasp was getting more and more entangled in the web; he grew angry, moved his wings and legs rapidly, but to no purpose. Seeing his situation as clearly as the spectator, or probably more so, the spider made another attack, and the adversaries closed in a fierce struggle. The wasp seemed anxious to bring his sting to bear upon the enemy; the spider equally determined to wound her long-legged foe on the head, probably by a bite with her poisonous fangs; now the wasp seemed the sufferer; now again the spider relaxed her hold a little. A fresh assault of the spider was followed by a violent struggle of the wasp, when, suddenly, whether by good luck or good management one could not see, the web broke, the wasp's wings were free; he rose from the leaf, and he carried the spider with him, whether as a captive or a pertinacious enemy, one could not determine; they were soon out of sight. Perhaps the wasp found, before he alighted, that he had 'caught a Tartar.' About five minutes after the disappearance of the combatants, a wasp alighted on the very same spot where the joust had taken place, and he had a sort of agitated, eager flutter about him. It was either the same individual who had been engaged in the fray, or else a stranger, who, by scent or otherwise, discovered traces of the contest. If it was the hero of the fight, possession of the field of battle and the enemy's country, established his claim as victor; but if only an ally, the fortune of the day still remains in the dark, and, like many other great battles, may be claimed by both parties.

"Some of our American wasps are said to hunt spiders, and then enclose them in the cell with their young, who feed upon them. But in the battle this afternoon the spider was clearly the aggressor. These battles between the two races are frequent; but the bees and spiders seem to keep the peace."

Though we have far exceeded our limits, we can hardly forbear to make one more quotation, the "autumnal changes" being the glory of the book as well as of our year.

"In those parts of this continent which answer to the medium climates of Europe, and where Autumn has a decided character

of her own, the season is indeed a noble one. Rich in bounty, ripening the blended fruits of two hemispheres, beauty is also her inalienable dower. Clear skies and cheerful breezes are more frequent throughout her course than storms or clouds. Fogs are rare indeed. Mild, balmy airs seem to delight in attending her steps, while the soft haze of the Indian summer is gathered like a choice veil about her brows, throwing a charm of its own over every feature. The grain harvest has been given to Summer; of all its treasures, she preserves alone the fragrant buckwheat and the golden maize. The nobler fruits are all hers — the finer peaches and plums, the choicest apples, pears, and grapes. The homely, but precious root-harvest belongs to her — winter stores for man and his herds. And now, when the year is drawing to a close, when the blessings of the earth have been gathered and stored, when every tree and plant has borne its fruits, when every field has yielded its produce, why should the sun shine brightly now? What has he more to ripen for us at this late day?

"At this very period, when the annual labors of the husbandman are drawing to a close, when the first light frosts ripen the wild grapes in the woods, and open the husks of the hickory-nuts, bringing the latest fruits of the year to maturity, these are the days when, here and there, in the groves you will find a maple-tree whose leaves are touched with the gayest colors; those are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant — the moment chosen by Autumn to keep the great harvest-home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed; we enjoy, with wonder and delight, a natural spectacle, great and beautiful, beyond the reach of any human means.

"We are naturally accustomed to associate the idea of verdure with foliage — leaves should surely be green! But now we gaze in wonder as we behold colors so brilliant and so varied hung upon every tree. Tints that you have admired among the darker tulips and roses, the richer lilies and dahlias of the flower-garden — colors that have pleased your eye among the fine silks and wools of a lady's delicate embroidery — dyes that the shopman shows off with complacency among his Cashmeres and velvets — hues reserved by the artist for his proudest works — these we now see fluttering in the leaves of old oaks, and tupeloes, liquid ambers, chestnuts, and maples!

"We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied coloring. It would seem as though Autumn, in honor of this high holiday, had collected together all the past glories of the year, adding them to her own; she borrows the gay colors that have been lying during the summer months among the flowers, in

the fruits, upon the plumage of the bird, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph. Like some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets; where they unlock chests of heir-looms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from their windows and balconies, to gleam in the sunshine.

"The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of coloring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humor. The oak loves a deep, rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of his family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all of one shadeless mass of gold-color, from the highest to the lowest branch. The bass-wood, or linden, is orange. The aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought gold of the jeweller. The sumach, with its long, pinnated leaf, is of a brilliant scarlet. The pepperidge is almost purple, and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. Other ashes, with the birches and beach, hickory and elms, have their own tints of yellow. That beautiful and common vine, the Virginia creeper, is a vivid cherry-color. The sweet-gum is vermilion. The Viburnum tribe and dog-woods are dyed in lake. As for the maples, they always rank first among the show; there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy, with more of variety, than any of its companions; with us it is also more common than any other tree. Here you have a soft maple, vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar maple, a pure sheet of gold; this is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermilion; another is parti-colored, pink and yellow, green and red; yonder is one of a deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded; still another blends all these colors on its own branches, in capricious confusion, the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colors, and shaded tints. And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye: in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and road-sides, in those of the lawns and gardens — brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually lessening in tone upon the farther woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant back-ground, the hills are colored by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them." pp. 337 – 340.

ART. VI. — *Report of the Case of John W. Webster, indicted for the Murder of George Parkman, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, including the Hearing on the Petition for a Writ of Error, the Prisoner's Confessional Statements, and Application for a Commutation of Sentence, and an Appendix containing several Interesting Matters never before published.* By GEORGE BEMIS, ESQ., one of the Counsel in the Case. Boston: Little & Brown, 1850. 8vo. pp. 628.

THE book of which we have here given the title, omitting the list of literary and scientific honors and offices appended to the names of the accused and the deceased, has just issued from the press of our indefatigable publishers; and, as will be readily understood from the number of its pages, contains a most elaborate report of one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of criminal jurisprudence. The professional character of the reporter gives abundant assurance that, in undertaking to present "a complete and accurate report of the entire proceedings in the case of Professor Webster, from the time of his arrest, down to the period of his execution," he would sedulously apply to the work, as the preface assures us he has done, "a diligent and anxious desire for accuracy;" and its contents prove that he has "bestowed on it an amount of labor and attention which nothing but the supposed importance of the work could justify." He was one of the able counsel for the government in the case, gave very efficient aid, it is understood, to the learned Attorney-General in its preparation, and unquestionably has had ample opportunity for making a correct report. The work stands not alone, however, but is the last of a series. Daily reports of the trial were issued by the daily press during its progress, and some of them were collected in a pamphlet form immediately upon its close.

A respectable octavo volume, of three hundred and fourteen pages, containing a phonographic report of the trial by Dr. James W. Stone, who sustains a high reputation as a reporter, was issued very soon after its termination, professing to give the charge of the Chief Justice, and the argument of the Attorney-General, as carefully corrected by their authors;

and stating that the arguments of the prisoner's counsel had not been revised by themselves, but assuring the public that the report could be relied upon as substantially correct. The prisoner's counsel, however, soon afterwards, in a card to the public, impugned the accuracy of the report, so far as they were concerned, and gave notice that another report would be prepared; and the present volume comes to us with the statement of the reporter, that "it contains at least a quarter part more evidence in compass given at the jury trial than any other report in print;" — that "His Honor the Chief Justice has also favored him with his charge to the jury, now for the first time written out and revised with care for this publication;" — that "in reference to a statement in the preface of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s phonographic report of the jury trial, that the Chief Justice had 'carefully corrected' his charge for that report, it is proper to say, that when called upon to revise it after it was in print, and preparatory to its being immediately stereotyped, he attempted to correct only some of the most obvious errors it contained, in the imperfect manner in which it was then practicable so to do;" — and, in reference to the arguments of his associates on the jury trial, the reporter says, "that those gentlemen have done him the favor to revise them for the present volume; two of them never having attempted that undertaking with reference to any other report, and the Attorney-General having only partially, and in a very imperfect manner, performed that office with reference to a portion of his addresses to the jury as reported in the phonographic publication just referred to." This may be regarded, therefore, as an official report.

The publication of this volume indicates that the case is one of more than ordinary, even of enduring, interest. Such, no doubt, is the fact, and it is this which commends it to our notice at the present time.

The trial, in the course of its progress, was a cause of intense excitement, extending through the whole length and breadth of the land, and reaching even into foreign countries. Extraneous circumstances may have contributed something to this result. The mysterious disappearance of a gentleman who stood prominent in the city of Boston by reason of his wealth, his connections, and his scientific attainments; the discovery of a portion of his remains in the apartments of the

Medical College occupied by one of the Professors of that Institution, the body being horribly mutilated, and partially destroyed, with the evident purpose of concealing the homicide; and the arrest of that Professor upon a charge of wilful murder, — were circumstances which must naturally excite the public attention. And the proceedings of the coroner's jury, promulgating a formal verdict charging the accused with the crime of wilful murder, while the evidence on which that verdict was founded, contrary to the usual custom, had been taken with closed doors, and was withheld from the public eye; — the published references to the distress of the families of the deceased, and of the prisoner; — the almost continual rumors sent forth through portions of the daily press, and even through pamphlets, some of which were true, and many of which were got up to cater for the eager curiosity which had been aroused, — were among some of the extrinsic means by which the public mind, necessarily much excited by the mere accusation preferred by the coroner's jury, was kept in a most painful state of tension, up to, during, and subsequent to the trial. The attempt to avoid the sentence of the law by a petition for a writ of error for the reversal of the judgment; — the petition for a free pardon, with its solemn asseverations of innocence; — the subsequent confession, with the application for a commutation of the punishment; — and the frequent reference in the newspapers to the habits and conduct of the prisoner, — kept alive the interest in the case, even to the last hours of the wretched man who has paid the forfeit of his life for the crime which he committed, whatever may have been the true nature of the offence.

It is not, however, in the phase of its dramatic interest, tragic and exciting as the drama may have been, that the case presses itself most strongly upon our attention. It is not as it affects the family of the victim, or that of the prisoner, or the connections of either, or in any of its private bearings; or as it might furnish an apt theme for some reflections upon the too common practice of sending forth unfounded statements of new developments, in relation to a case under judicial cognizance; or as a text for a moral or religious discourse; or even in its relation to the much mooted question of the lawfulness or expediency of capital punishment, — that we propose to make it the subject of consideration at the present time.

To the honor of the community be it said, that the excitement, however prolonged and intense, was tempered by a due regard for the majesty of the law and the purity of its administration. However deep the feeling, no popular outbreak threatened to wrest the prisoner, guilty as he was deemed, from the hands of the officers of justice. The community awaited, peaceably if not calmly, the trial of the issue, and the execution of the sentence.

The immediate operation of the crime upon the family of the victim, and its tenfold horror and crushing weight upon that of the criminal, are in a great degree private griefs. Would that the expression of the heartfelt sympathy of the community for both might alleviate their distress!

The moral and religious teachings of the case have formed themes for the pulpit, and will doubtless be further set forth by other pens. And the question of capital punishment has made quite too sorry a figure in the Council Chamber, in connection with the application for a commutation of the sentence, to tempt us to discuss it at the present time in our pages.

The case has a legal interest aside from all these considerations. As one of the *causes célèbres*, it will hereafter be made the subject of frequent reference, and will thus leave its impression upon the administration of justice. The present publication is an evidence of this; for it is very clear that it is not merely to present the arguments of the defendant's counsel in a more perfect form, and the guilt of the criminal in a stronger light, that the volume was prepared. It has its legal outside of "law sheep," as well as its popular binding of cloth; and the legal principles stated in it are of more consequence to the community than the lives of both the individuals whose names are inscribed upon the records of the trial. In saying this, we have no disposition to undervalue either of them.

It is in no spirit of fulsome adulation, nor from any sectional feeling, that we say that the tribunal before which the case was tried is one of the most learned and respectable in the United States. Its reputation is too widely known, and too firmly established, to need any commendation from us. The counsel engaged in the cause were men of unquestioned ability. And of the learned and venerated Chief

Justice, who presided at the trial, it is hardly necessary to say, that if his impartiality was so severe as to lead to the supposition, that in effect he threw the weight of his influence into the scale of the government, the legal doctrines he promulgated are but those which are found in English books generally received as learned treatises, and even as authorities; which had previously been recognized to some extent upon the trial of the Knapps; and which, at a former time, upon the occasion of the trial of York, had the concurrence and sanction of a majority of his brethren.

And yet we are not quite sure that we attain from the reports of this case, (what we certainly have not from the language of the English judges and books, or from the case of York, which preceded it,) a clear understanding of the principle which is made the basis of the implication of malice in the law of felonious homicide, and upon which the case must have turned to a greater or less extent. *Primâ facie*, this might well be supposed to result from some deficiency in our own perceptions; but we shall hope to escape this imputation when we state our difficulties.

The definition of murder, as stated briefly in the case, "is, the killing of any person in the peace of the Commonwealth, with *malice aforethought*, either express or implied by law." p. 456. This is the received description, giving of itself, however, no definite idea of the precise nature of the crime, but leading to an inquiry, what is the nature of the malice thus mentioned; what is to be understood by express malice, and what by implied malice; and under what circumstances the implication of malice is to be made. Waiving for the present any discussion of the nature of implied malice, the first difficulty, to which we have just referred, is this; — when express malice is not shown, upon what state of the evidence is malice to be implied, so that the charge of murder is to be regarded as proved, *primâ facie* at least, and the prisoner put upon his defence? In other words, may the malice, which gives to a homicide the character of murder, be implied from proof of the mere fact that the respondent killed the deceased, or is it to be implied only from evidence showing that the respondent voluntarily committed the deed. Upon this point, we find the learned Attorney-General, in his opening address to the jury, saying, —

"If you are satisfied that Dr. Parkman came to his death, in any manner, by the voluntary act of the prisoner, then the case is to be determined by the rule of law, which we understand to be settled in this Commonwealth, namely, — that a voluntary killing being proved, it is held to be murder, unless there is evidence arising out of the whole case, satisfactory to the jury, upon a preponderance of proof, that the act was committed either in necessary self-defence, or under such provocation as reduces the offence to manslaughter; — the provocation, however, extending to blows, and not consisting in words merely, of however irritating and exasperating a character.

"In other words, we understand it to be the established rule of law, — and I respectfully submit, may it please Your Honors, [here the Attorney-General turned and addressed the Bench,] in a case of *secret* killing, — upon the *unanimous* judgment of this Court, that if a voluntary killing be shown, the presumption of law is, that it is murder, unless the evidence produced by the government, or that furnished by the defendant, proves circumstances of mitigation accompanying the killing, which reduce it to a lesser offence." p. 30.

In the closing argument for the government, the Attorney-General remarks, —

"We rely, may it please Your Honors, upon the well settled principles of the common law, as recognized in this Commonwealth, in the case of *Peter York*, subsequently affirmed by this court in the case of *Washington Goode*, and more recently in that of *William E. Knowlton*. A homicide being proved, unless it appears by a preponderance of the testimony to have been committed under reasonable provocation such as the law recognizes, is presumed to be malicious; and with this presumption, whether express malice is or is not shown, it is murder." And again, — "But if there should be no satisfactory proof of actual premeditation, the law presumes, in the absence of any controlling evidence, that there did exist the implied malice, and it is equally murder." pp. 383, 384.

But we look for an exposition of the principles of the law rather to the charge of the Court to the jury, which upon this point is as follows: —

"Upon this subject, the rule as deduced from the authorities is, that the implication of malice arises in every case of intentional homicide; and, the fact of killing being first proved, all the circumstances of accident, necessity, or infirmity, are to be satisfactorily established by the party charged, unless they arise out

of the evidence produced against him to prove the homicide, and the circumstances attending it. If there were, in fact, circumstances of justification, excuse, or palliation, such proof would naturally indicate them. But where the fact of killing is proved by satisfactory evidence, and there are no circumstances disclosed, tending to show justification or excuse, there is nothing to rebut the natural presumption of malice." p. 457.

In verification and illustration of this position, East's Pleas of the Crown is cited, as a work of good authority, and the following extract from Chapter V. is introduced: —

"The implication of malice arises in every instance of homicide amounting, in point of law, to murder; and in every charge of murder, the fact of killing being first proved, all the circumstances of accident, necessity, or infirmity, are to be satisfactorily proved by the prisoner, unless they arise out of the evidence produced against him." (Sect. 12,) p. 459.

Again it is said, "But where one intentionally and voluntarily destroys the life of another, and there is no mitigating evidence, either in the testimony offered to convict, or in that given in defence, to show heat of blood from adequate provocation or in mutual combat, malice is implied." p. 488.

The phonographic report by Dr. Stone does not relieve us from the difficulty suggested, if difficulty there be. The language of both reports states the implication of malice in both the forms before mentioned, namely, — from proof of an "intentional homicide," and from proof of the mere "fact of killing."

This is, perhaps, still more clearly shown in the case of York, which again is only a repetition in this particular of the language of the English books. In that case, a commendatory reference is made to Sir Michael Foster, as a most acute, discriminating, and exact writer, followed by an extract from his Crown Law, stating the rule in these words: —

"In every charge of murder, *the fact of killing being first proved*, all the circumstances of accident, necessity, or infirmity, are to be satisfactorily proved by the prisoner, unless they arise out of the evidence produced against him; for the law presumeth the fact to have been founded in malice, until the contrary appeareth." 9 *Metcalf's Reports*, 111, 112.

And after the examination of several other authorities, the conclusion is thus stated: —

"From this view of the immemorial usages of the courts, upon special verdicts, it appears manifest that the fact of killing is *primâ facie* evidence of malice, and unless overcome by preponderating proof the other way, it must be held murder, and judgment go accordingly." p. 115.

Farther on we have other citations upon this particular point from other English books: —

"Lord Hale says, when one voluntarily kills another without any provocation it is murder, for the law presumes it to be malicious and that he is *hostis humani generis*," 1 *Hale's P. C.* 455. In 1 *Hawkins*, c. 31, § 32, it is laid down, that "wherever it appears that a man killed another, it shall be intended *prima facie* that he did it maliciously, unless he can make out the contrary by showing that he did it on a sudden provocation, &c." In 4. *Bl. Com.* 201, it is said, we may take it for a general rule, that all homicide is malicious, and of course amounts to murder, unless where justified, excused, or alleviated, into manslaughter; and all these circumstances of justification, excuse, or alleviation, *it is incumbent on the prisoner to make out* to the satisfaction of the court and jury." 9 *Met. Rep.* 119, 120.

After divers other extracts and references, the learned Chief Justice, speaking for the majority of the court, says: —

"I have thus endeavored to establish the proposition, and it seems to be most abundantly proved, that when the fact of voluntary homicide is shown, and this not accompanied with any fact of excuse or extenuation, malice is inferred from the act; that this is a fact which may be controlled by proof; and if not so proved, it cannot be taken into judicial consideration." 9 *Met.* 121.

But the learned reporter, whose legal erudition has since elevated him to a seat upon the bench, states the principle of the decision in these terms: —

"When on the trial of an indictment for murder, the killing is proved to have been committed by the defendant, and nothing further is shown, the presumption of law is that it was malicious, and an act of murder, and proof of matter of excuse or extenuation lies in the defendant. Wilde, J. dissenting." 9 *Met.* 93.

This abstract is warranted by the facts of the case.

Now it is very clear that these different forms of phraseology express different propositions, and do not, and cannot, mean the same thing. The principle, as stated in the conclusion of the Chief Justice is more favorable for the prisoner than that stated generally in the books which he cites, — more favorable than the previous rulings in this State, founded on those books.

The fact that one person killed another does not show that he *voluntarily* killed him, without something by way of proof superadded, to show the circumstances attending the homicide. This is quite too clear to need argument. The fact that a very considerable proportion of the homicide which occurs in the world is not committed voluntarily, is well known. This is true not only of the large class of cases where one kills another by accident, in the course of a lawful ordinary business, in which the homicide, being without fault, is excused; but it is true also of another large class of cases, where the homicide is unlawful, but is the result of negligence, without intention, and in fact without any supposition that the party whose death follows was in any danger. In many cases of provocation, where one party kills another when he intended merely to punish him for an aggression, the blow was intentional, but the homicide unintentional.

The proposition of Lord Hale, that "where one *voluntarily* kills another without any provocation, it is murder," or the proposition that "the implication of malice arises in every case of *intentional* homicide," is not substantially the proposition of Sir Michael Foster, that "in every charge of murder, *the fact of killing being first proved*, all the circumstances of accident, necessity, or infirmity, are to be satisfactorily proved by the prisoner, unless they arise out of the evidence produced against him." This clearly excludes the idea of any necessity of proof on the part of the government to show that the homicide was voluntary, in order to raise the implication of malice; and East, who is cited as authority, maintains as clearly the same doctrine, quoting, to a considerable extent, the words of Foster.

It is not merely as a matter of critical learning that we inquire whether these different forms of phraseology express different ideas. It must be of great importance to the accused, in many cases, to ascertain which proposition con-

tains the true principle. The case before us may furnish an illustration. Suppose we are not satisfied, upon the evidence, that Dr. Webster sought the meeting with Dr. Parkman with the design of compassing his death; which is a well founded supposition in relation to many members of the community, and gave rise to what has been called "the Cambridge petition" for the commutation of the punishment; then, if from the mere fact that Dr. Webster killed Dr. Parkman, malice is to be inferred, it was only necessary for the government to show that Dr. Parkman came to his death by the hands of Dr. Webster, in order to make out a *primâ facie* case of wilful murder, through the implication of malice. But if malice is to be implied only from a *voluntary* killing, then that proof is not sufficient, but the government must superadd something to show affirmatively that the homicide was a voluntary act.

It will not do to say that, the fact of killing being shown, the slayer is presumed to have intended to do what he has actually done, and that thus, from the mere fact of killing, we derive, first, the presumption of intention, and then, from that, the implication of malice. We are aware that it is sometimes said, that a man is presumed to intend the consequences of his own acts. But this is said by mere inadvertence respecting the form of the proposition. Taken literally, it would be false in philosophy, and mischievous in law. If it were so, the housewright who makes a misstep upon the roof of the house, and falls to the ground, whereby his neck is dislocated, would be shown to be a suicide, for the fall and the dislocation are the consequences of the previous movement, and that was his own act. The principle is found more definitely stated by the Chief Justice, "that a person must be presumed to intend to do that which he voluntarily and wilfully does in fact do, and that he must intend all the natural, probable, and usual consequences of his own acts." This is the principle as usually understood, stated with more than ordinary precision; and upon this proposition, in order to show a voluntary killing, it is necessary to prove the means used to have been such as would naturally and probably accomplish the actual result. If, however, we examine this proposition critically, we very much doubt whether its soundness can be maintained, except

with the qualification that the act is of such a nature as that, rightly understood, the consequences were probable to the comprehension of the party who committed it. How can an individual be presumed to have intended consequences resulting from his acts, which seem probable enough when viewed after the fact, but which it does not appear would have been probable results to him, had he reflected upon the subject at the time, or even to any one else who happened to be present. It seems to us clear, therefore, that the presumption of an intentional killing cannot be derived from the mere fact that one party killed another. We must have something beyond, before we draw the conclusion; and of course, if malice is to be implied from a voluntary killing, it is necessary to show something beyond the fact of killing to raise the implication.

It is not necessary to go into an examination of the authorities cited by Sir Michael Foster for the purpose of showing that, taken together, they do not support the proposition he states. It is sufficient for our present purpose that it cannot be maintained upon principle.

We by no means intend to infer, that Dr. Webster did not have the full benefit of the most favorable of the propositions we have been considering; — that the jury did not understand that it was only upon proof of a homicide voluntarily committed by him, that the implication of malice could arise, so as to constitute the crime of murder. But it seems a matter of no small moment, without reference to this case, that it should be definitely settled, from what a presumption of malice is to be raised, that we may have a well known and reliable distinction between murder and manslaughter.

The difficulty we have thus stated, however, is not the only one which attends the examination of the subject. The inquiry arises farther, how is it that malice is to be implied even from a voluntary homicide, without something farther to lead to the inference?

This is an inquiry which leads us back again to the English books. If it should be asked why we are not disposed to rely upon the authority of the English text writers and reports on these questions, as much as upon others, we answer that the principles of the criminal law have not, in our opinion, been so well and fully considered there, as those which

govern the civil rights of parties. We need not go at large into the reasons for this opinion. The fact, that until a comparatively recent date, counsel were not allowed to persons indicted for treason or felony, when the cases were tried upon the general issue; and the fact that no new trials were granted in capital cases, are quite enough to show why we should expect somewhat less of precision in the examination of the principles which should govern such cases, and pay somewhat less of deference to the doctrines promulgated. That "the judge should be counsel for the prisoner," may, in individual instances, be a very good doctrine for the prisoner on trial; but a well reasoned argument oftentimes gives great additional value to the opinion, even when the latter is adverse to, and overrules, the positions which are attempted to be maintained in it. Any one who will take pains to collect the resolutions of the English courts in cases of homicide, and examine the distinctions which have been maintained at different times, will, we think, be satisfied of this. A single instance shall suffice at this time. In Mawgridge's case, the Lord Chief Justice, — after a reference to the resolution of the judges, that no words of reproach or infamy are sufficient to provoke another to such a degree of anger as to strike the provoking party with a sword, or to throw a bottle at him, or strike him with any other weapon that may kill him, but if the person provoking be thereby killed, it is murder, — is reported, and probably with truth, to have said: —

"Therefore I am of opinion, that if two are in company together, and one shall give the other contumelious language, (as suppose A. and B.) A. that was so provoked, draws his sword and makes a pass at B., (B. then having no weapon drawn,) but misses him. Whereupon B. draws his sword and passes at A. And there being an interchange of passes between them, A. kills B. I hold this to be murder in A., for A.'s pass at B. was malicious, and what B. afterwards did was lawful. But if A. who had been so provoked draws his sword, and then, before he passes, B.'s sword is drawn; or A. bids him draw, and B. thereupon drawing, there happen to be mutual passes; if A. kills B. this will be but manslaughter, because it was suddain, and A.'s design was not so absolutely to destroy B. as to combat with him, whereby he run the hazard of his own life at the same time." — *Supplement to Sir J. Kelyng's Rep.* 130.

It may be our misfortune, we hope it is not our fault, that we do not perceive the force of the reason for the difference, or rather that we are inclined to think, that, if there be a difference, it shows why the conclusion should be the other way. It seems to us, that "it was suddain" in the first case, rather than in the other. They are both cases of mutual combat, where the aggression was on the part of him who was slain. In the same case, speaking of malice, the Lord Chief Justice says: —

"By the statute of 5 Hen. 4, if any one out of malice prepensed, shall cut out the tongue, or put out the eyes of another, he shall incur the pain of felony. If any one doth such a mischief on a suddain, that is malice prepensed; for saith my Lord Coke, if it be voluntarily, the law will imply malice. Therefore when a man shall without any provocation stab another with a dagger, or knock out his brains with a bottle, this is express malice, for he designedly and purposely did him the mischief." — *Ib.* 127.

We have no great difficulty in agreeing to the conclusion, because the cases show express malice, and not because, from the mere fact that the acts were voluntary, the law will imply malice. The passage referred to in Coke, is found in the 13th chap. 3 *Inst.* 62. "Of felony for cutting out of tongues and putting out of eyes, &c." where, referring to this statute, 5 H. 4, c. 5, he says, "If any man do cut out the tongue or put out the eyes of any of the king's lieges, of malice prepensed, it is felony;" and makes this commentary: "*Malice prepensed.*] That is, voluntary and of set purpose, though it be done upon a sudden occasion; for if it be voluntary, the law implieth malice." We think if a man does such an act voluntarily, "and of set purpose," there is no need of any implication. In Coke's general description of malice, in the chapter upon murder, he has no such proposition.

We do not intend, however, any sweeping denunciation of the books on criminal law. We shall endeavor, as briefly as possible, to show that a great portion of them sustain our views, and must therefore be admitted by us to contain sound principles.

Homicide has been divided into justifiable, excusable, and felonious, the latter embracing the offences of murder and manslaughter. The definition of murder has already been

stated; its distinguishing characteristic being "malice aforethought, either express or implied."

"Manslaughter," says East, "is principally distinguishable from murder in this, that though the act which occasions the death be unlawful, or likely to be attended with bodily mischief, yet the malice either express or implied, which is the very essence of murder, is presumed to be wanting in manslaughter; and the act being imputed to the infirmity of human nature, the correction ordained for it is proportionably lenient." He says, "the cases falling under the head of manslaughter are either, first, where death ensues from actions in themselves unlawful, but not proceeding from a malicious or felonious intention; secondly, from actions in themselves lawful, but done without due care and circumspection for preventing mischief; thirdly, where death ensues from a sudden combat or affray; or, fourthly, from heat of blood upon a reasonable provocation given." 1 *East's P. C.* ch. 5, § 4, p. 218, 219.

The appropriate language of an accusation for a crime of this description, committed upon sudden combat, or from heat of blood, is, as shown by the usual forms of the indictment, that the person committed the act "in the fury of his mind."

Now we think we comprehend how and why the mere fact of the killing of an individual may raise a presumption that the killing was unlawful. The right of existence, the right of life, the right of liberty, the right of property, are rights which the law recognizes and guards; and he who interferes with either, as possessed by another, appears *primâ facie* to be an aggressor, and is put upon his defence. The party who kills the horse of another, or cuts a tree upon his ground, subjects himself to answer for it, as a trespass upon the mere proof of the fact, because the act being, *primâ facie*, an interference with the rights of another, the presumption is, that it was unlawful; and if he have an excuse or justification, he must show it. The party who lays his hands upon the person of another, even the officer who arrests him upon lawful process, appears, until the reason is shown, to have done an unauthorized act. The *primâ facie* evidence, upon the mere proof of the fact, is, that the party has committed a trespass. And, upon similar principles, the individual who takes the life of another, is well presumed to have done the act unlawfully, the *status* of life being the lawful

status of the person slain. But upon what principle is it, that the presumption, from the mere fact of the homicide, or even from the fact of a voluntary or intentional homicide, is, that the slaying is not only unlawful, but that its unlawfulness is of the most aggravated character known to the law? How is it, that the law should not be content with the presumption that the act was unlawful, subjecting the party to the punishment prescribed for manslaughter only, until the addition of some proof tending to show that the deed was of an aggravated character, from which circumstances the implication might well arise? This leads us to a consideration of the nature of the malice aforethought which is implied, and to the character of the presumption through which it is made.

It is said, in some cases, that the malice is an inference of law, to be drawn by the court. By this, however, we suppose it is not intended to assert that the malice inferred is itself matter of law, but only that the inference of the fact of malice is one which the law makes through the agency of the court, instead of through the intervention of a jury inquiring respecting the existence of that fact. There can be no reasonable doubt that express malice is matter of fact, and that is the nature of all malice.

Nearly all the authors who treat of homicide attempt to give definitions or descriptions of malice express and implied; but the descriptions run into each other, and the dividing line between them is certainly not very well defined. Coke, in his chapter on murder, says, "malice prepensed is when one compasseth to kill, or wound, or beat another, and doth it *sedato animo*." As an illustration, he puts the case; — "If two fall out upon a sudden occasion, and agree to fight in such a field, and each of them go and fetch their weapon, and go into the field, and therein fight, the one killeth the other; here is no malice prepensed, for the fetching of the weapon and going into the field, is but a continuance of the sudden falling out, and the blood was never cooled. But if they appoint to fight the next day, that is malice prepensed." 3 *Inst.* 51. Malice implied, he says, is in three cases. "First, in respect of the manner of the deed. As if one killeth another without any provocation of the part of him that is slain, the law implieth malice." (He puts *poisoning* as one of the cases of implied malice, under this head.)

"2. In respect of the person slain. As if a magistrate or known officer, or any other, that hath lawful warrant, and in doing, or offering to do his office, or to execute his warrant, is slain, this is murder, by malice implied by law," &c. "3. In respect of the person killing. If A. assault B. to rob him, and in resisting, A. killeth B. this is murder by malice implied, albeit he never saw or knew him before. If a prisoner by the duress of the gaoler, cometh to untimely death, this is murder in the gaoler, and the law implieth malice in respect of the cruelty." 3 *Inst.* 51, 52. It is very evident that, in this description of Lord Coke, the implication of malice is made from something very different from a mere voluntary destruction of life.

Foster is more explicit respecting the meaning. He says, "When the law maketh use of the term *malice aforethought*, as descriptive of the crime of murder, it is not to be understood in that narrow, restrained sense, to which the modern use of the word *malice* is apt to lead one, *a principle of malevolence to particulars;* for the law by the term *malice* in this instance meaneth, that the fact hath been attended with such circumstances as are the ordinary symptoms of a wicked, depraved, malignant spirit." He says further, of the use of the words '*per malitiam*' and '*malitiosè*' by "our oldest writers," "they constantly mean an action flowing from a wicked and corrupt motive, a thing done *malo animo*, *malâ conscientiâ*, as they express themselves."

"The legislature hath likewise frequently used the terms *malice* and *maliciously* in the same general sense, as denoting a wicked, perverse, and incorrigible disposition." Again, "The 4 & 5 Ph. & M. enacteth, 'That every person, that shall *maliciously* command, hire, or counsel any person to do any robbery — and being arraigned shall stand mute of *malice*.' The word in both parts of the act plainly importeth, in general, a wicked, perverse and incorrigible disposition." . . "In the same latitude are the words *malice aforethought* to be understood in the statutes which oust the clergy in the case of wilful murder. The *malus animus*, which is to be collected from all circumstances, and of which, as I before said, the court and not the jury is to judge, is what bringeth the offence within the denomination of wilful, malicious murder, whatever might be the immediate motive to it; whether it be done, as the old writers express themselves, *irâ vel odio*, *vel causâ lucri*," or from any other wicked or mis-

chievous incentive. And I believe most, if not all the cases, which in our books are ranged under the head of *implied malice*, will, if carefully adverted to, be found to turn upon this single point, that the fact hath been attended with such circumstances as carry in them the plain indications of an heart regardless of social duty and fatally bent on mischief." *Foster's Crown Law*, 255, 257.

Again, in the report of Curtis's case: "And where the circumstances of deliberation and cruelty concur, as they do in this case, the fact is undoubtedly murder; as flowing from a wicked heart, a mind grievously depraved, and acting from motives highly criminal. Which is the genuine notion of malice in our law." *Foster*, 138.

East gives us similar characteristics. In his chapter upon the several kinds of homicide we find: —

"The sense of which word *malice* is not only confined to a particular ill-will to the deceased, but is intended to denote, as Mr. Justice Foster expresses it, an action flowing from a wicked and corrupt motive, a thing done *malo animo*, where the fact has been attended with such circumstances as carry in them the plain indications of an heart regardless of social duty and fatally bent upon mischief. And therefore, malice is implied from any deliberate cruel act against another however sudden."

For this last proposition he cites Mawgridge's case. We shall not stop here to inquire into the force of the terms "deliberate" and "sudden." His enumeration of the different classes of murder, which follows in the same section, certainly does not include a mere voluntary killing, suddenly committed, without something further to show its character.

"The grosser instances of murder," he says, "where the depravity of the heart or malice above-mentioned is apparent, form the 1st class of cases under this head; 2. Where an officer, or one who assists in the advancement of justice where he lawfully may, is killed in the regular discharge of his duty; 3. Where a private man, lawfully interfering to prevent a breach of the peace, is opposed in such his endeavor, and slain; 4. Where death happens incidentally in the prosecution of some other felony; 5. Where it happens from other unlawful acts, of which death was the probable consequence, done deliberately, and with intention of mischief or great bodily harm to particulars, or of mischief indiscriminately fall where it may, though the death ensue against or beside the original intent of the party; 6. From deliberate duelling." 1 *East's P. C.* ch. v. § 2.

Hale, in relation to implied malice, follows the arrangement of Coke. "Such a malice, therefore, that makes the killing of a man to be murder is of two kinds: 1. Malice in fact; or 2. Malice in law, or *ex præsumptione legis.*" "Malice in law, or presumed malice, is of two kinds, namely, — 1. In respect of the manner of the homicide, when without provocation; 2. In respect of the person killed, namely, — a minister of justice in the execution of his office; 3. In respect of the person killing." But his description of malice in fact may serve to show what kind of circumstances are evidence of malice. "Malice in fact is a deliberate intention of doing any bodily harm to another, whereunto by law he is not authorized. The evidences of such a malice must arise from external circumstances discovering that inward intention, as lying in wait, menacings antecedent, former grudges, deliberate compassings, and the like, which are various according to variety of circumstances." *Hale's P. C.* ch. 36, p. 450.

Another writer of acknowledged reputation states, "It is to be observed that any formed design of doing mischief may be called malice; and therefore, that not such killing only as proceeds from premeditated hatred or revenge against the person killed, but also in many other cases, such as is accompanied with those circumstances that show the heart to be perversely wicked, is adjudged to be of malice prepense, and consequently murder." *Hawk. P. C.* ch. 13, § 18.

Russell condenses the language of Foster and describes malice as meaning, "that the fact has been attended with such circumstances as are the ordinary symptoms of a wicked, depraved, and malignant spirit; a heart regardless of social duty and deliberately bent upon mischief." And having said that "express malice is when one person kills another with a sedate, deliberate mind and formed design," seemingly confining it to cases where there was a design to take the life of the party slain, he says, "malice is implied by law from any deliberate and cruel act, committed by one person against another, however sudden," and gives as instances, "where a man kills another suddenly without any or without considerable provocation." "So if a man wilfully poisons another." 1 *Russell on Crimes*, b. 3, ch. 1, p. 482, 483.

From these descriptions, by the best English writers, of

the nature of the malice aforethought, which gives to homicide a character of such fearful import, it seems to us, that while express malice might well be said, in general terms, to denote an unlawful, deliberate design to destroy life, whether of the deceased, or of another, implied malice, unless where there may be a presumption of it in respect of the person of the slain, or of the slayer, is that wanton, reckless disregard of life, which denotes a depraved, vicious, cruel disposition, connected with actual homicide. A large class of cases of homicide, which is referred to in 9 *Metcalf*, 102, where "as the question, whether such homicide be murder or manslaughter, must depend upon the degree of carelessness, cruelty, or malignity, presented by the evidence, depending upon the particular facts and circumstances, the malice must be an inference of fact from those circumstances," — tends very strongly, we think, to support this proposition. And Chief Justice Parsons may be referred to as sustaining it: "The malice is express," said that learned judge, "when there was a premeditated intention to kill. Malice is implied, when the killing is attended with circumstances which indicate great wickedness and depravity of disposition, a heart void of social duty, and fatally bent on mischief." *Selfridge's Trial*, 5. In regard to the inference of malice from the fact of killing he stated the rule as it is generally stated in the English books.

The language of some judges of high standing in England, when considering cases other than homicide, can hardly be considered as giving more accurate descriptions of the nature of malice. Mr. Justice Bayley, in *Bromage* v. *Prosser*, 4 *Barn. & Cres.* 255, and Mr. Justice Littledale, in *McPherson* v. *Daniels*, 10 *Barn. & Cres.* 292, say that malice in its legal sense denotes "a wrongful act done intentionally without just cause or excuse." But if this were so, intentional homicide committed upon the provocation of a blow, or in mutual combat, or in the commission of an unlawful act, without any deliberate intent of doing mischief, must be held to be wilful murder; for the act is without just cause or excuse; unless by excuse is meant mitigating circumstances, which can hardly be its just interpretation in such a connection.

If the English doctrine, that malice is presumed from the

mere fact of killing, be correct, even the latter part of the definition thus given may be omitted; for malice would denote an intentional wrongful act; or rather such an act would denote the malice aforethought necessary to constitute murder.

There is no doubt that the term malice, in its legal acceptation is used in the books with different meanings according to its connection. Mr. Justice Story must have held such an opinion when he said, "In cases of murder, where it" [the term malice] "has acquired a more intense sense; there is an accompaniment, indicative of its being used in that more intense sense; for in such cases there must not only be malice but "malice aforethought;" although he adds, "Yet in strictness of law, the term malice by itself, perhaps, has no more than its usual sense in law even in such cases. 2 *Sumner*, 586, *United States* v. *Taylor*.

We come next to the inquiry, what is the character of the presumption by which the inference of malice is drawn, or in other words, by which malice is implied; which, without going far into the discussion of presumptions, we shall dismiss in a few words.

It is said to be a natural presumption. 9 *Met.* 104.

"Presumptions of law," says Professor Greenleaf, "consist of those rules, which in certain cases either forbid or dispense with any ulterior inquiry. They are founded, either upon the first principles of justice; or the laws of nature; or the experienced course of human conduct and affairs, and the connection usually found to exist between certain things. The general doctrines of presumptive evidence are not therefore peculiar to municipal law, but are shared by it in common with other departments of science. Thus, the presumption of a malicious intent to kill, from the deliberate use of a deadly weapon, and the presumption of aquatic habits in an animal found with webbed feet, belong to the same philosophy, differing only in the instance, and not in the principle, of its application. The one fact being proved or ascertained, the other, its uniform concomitant, is universally and safely presumed. It is this uniformly experienced connection which leads to its recognition by the law without other proof; the presumption, however, having more or less force, in proportion to the universality of the experience. And this has led to the distribution of presumptions of law into two classes, namely, — *conclusive* and *disputable*." 1 *Greenleaf on Evid.* § 14.

The presumption of malice which we are speaking of is clearly not conclusive. Turning to what is said respecting disputable presumptions, we find that, —

"These as well as the former are the result of the general experience of a connection between facts or things, the one being usually found to be the companion or the effect of the other. The connection, however, in this class, is not so intimate, nor so nearly universal, as to render it expedient, that it should be absolutely and imperatively presumed to exist in every case, all evidence to the contrary being rejected; but yet it is so general and so nearly universal, that the law itself, without the aid of a jury, infers the one fact from the proved existence of the other, in the absence of all opposing evidence." *Ib.* § 33.

Here let us make a remark upon the significance of the word "*deliberate*" in the 14th section. It may serve to show us what we are to understand by a deliberate act however sudden, spoken of by East. It is quite clear that it cannot be rejected from the context, but that it imports some period of reflection, greater or less. The learned Professor, we think, would never assert that the presumption of a malicious intent to kill from the mere use of a deadly weapon, and the presumption of aquatic habits in an animal formed with webbed feet, belong to the same philosophy.

Having thus gone into a very extended examination of the nature of the malice which characterizes murder, and ascertained the principle of the presumption through which it is implied, we ask, how that malice can possibly be implied by a *natural* presumption, even *primâ facie*, leaving the presumption disputable? How is it possible, "upon the first principles of justice, or the laws of nature, or the experienced course of human affairs, conduct, and the connection usually found to exist between certain things;" to deduce and imply from the isolated fact that one person voluntarily killed another, that the act was done under circumstances indicative of "a wicked, depraved, and malignant spirit," or a "wicked, perverse, and incorrigible disposition," or a "heart regardless of social duty and fatally bent on mischief?" Is the connection between a voluntary killing and malice, by whatever description it may be designated, "so general, and so nearly universal, that the law itself, without the aid of a jury, infers the one fact from the proved existence of the other, in the absence of all opposing evidence?"

If one "killeth another without any provocation," we can presume malice; for the natural inference is, that he was actuated by a depraved and malignant spirit, — by a heart fatally bent on mischief. But how are we to infer that there was no provocation, from premises which are, to say the least, equally consistent with its presence as with its absence?

The statutes of several States provide for the punishment of divers malicious trespasses. By those of Massachusetts, he who shall wilfully or maliciously destroy or injure the personal property of another person, may be imprisoned in the State prison; and any person who shall maliciously break down, injure, mar, or deface, any fence belonging to or enclosing lands not his own, may be imprisoned in the county jail. Upon indictments for such offences, would evidence that the defendant threw a stone at the prosecutor's horse, which did him an injury, or that he injured his fence, without some further evidence, furnish even *primâ facie* evidence to support an indictment alleging that he did the act maliciously? It would undoubtedly be sufficient to support an action of trespass, for the reasons heretofore stated.

These are significant questions; and some consideration of them leads us to the conclusion, that if the matter is not to be determined by authority, but is to be decided with regard to the principles upon which presumptions in general are founded, the existence of this fact, *malice*, cannot, naturally and logically be inferred from the proof of that fact, *voluntary homicide*, even *primâ facie;* because such an inference is not warranted by ordinary human experience, or the ordinary connection of facts with each other; and therefore an inference of its existence cannot be made "upon the first principles of justice." It is not consistent with the known principles of the law in relation to homicide itself, to make such an inference or implication as a natural presumption; for the malice does not exist, in contemplation of law, in justifiable homicide; it does not exist in excusable "intentional" homicide; it does not exist in that species of felonious homicide which is caused by sudden passion, occasioned by blows on the part of the deceased, or in cases arising from heat of blood in mutual combat; and no one, we think, will contend that these divisions of homicide do not comprehend a great proportion of the cases of homicide occurring in the world.

Still less can the implication be made as a natural presumption from the mere fact of the killing itself; for then the inquiry, whether its existence is according to human experience and observation, must embrace, in addition to the above, the two great classes of involuntary, excusable homicide, and involuntary, but careless, and therefore criminal, homicide, in which no such inference is drawn by the law.

We think we have sufficiently shown, that if a presumption of malice is to be raised from a voluntary killing, it cannot be as a natural presumption, but must be one made by the policy of the law. It has not been placed upon that ground, and cannot stand there; because such a presumption from such a fact is directly at variance with the known and acknowledged principles of humanity which have characterized criminal jurisprudence for nearly half a century, and which profess to regulate the administration of the law in cases of homicide equally with other offences.

It has been said many times, and by high authority, that so humane is the criminal law, that it deems it better that ten guilty persons should escape than that one innocent person should suffer. We are not prepared, however, to assent to that proposition. It would certainly be matter for profound regret that an innocent person should suffer; but the escape of ten guilty persons, let loose to commit depredations upon society, may be a much greater social evil, and therefore more to be deprecated by the law. Probably, however, no one will deny that, as a general social principle, as a sound principle of government, and of the criminal law, it is better that a criminal should escape than an innocent man suffer. And if this be true of offences generally, it will certainly be so when applied to the degrees of felonious homicide. It is better that one guilty of murder should be convicted of manslaughter, and punished by confinement in the State prison, than that one guilty of manslaughter only, should be convicted of murder, and suffer death. Perhaps the proportion of ten to one might hold good here. Assume that the proposition is sound when applied to equal numbers, and it furnishes an objection to a presumption of the existence of an essential characteristic of the higher crime through the policy of the law.

Again, there is an acknowledged maxim, a mere truism, of

the criminal law, — that every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. Of what is the accused presumed to be innocent? The answer is: of the crime of which he stands charged, — of the whole crime; and if innocent of the whole crime, then of all its parts, — innocent of the malice as well as of the homicide. This, probably, will not be controverted. Now, it follows as a logical deduction, that when the law, in policy, presumes innocence of two things, it cannot permit the proof of one only to contradict its own presumption of innocence as to the other, unless the existence of that other is a natural inference from the proof of the first. The inference cannot be made from policy.

Again, the policy of the law in criminal cases requires that the proof which rebuts the presumption of innocence, shall establish the guilt of the accused beyond a reasonable doubt. It may be, that this principle does not date back so far as the time of Lord Hale. His maxim, *tutius semper est errare in acquietando quam in puniendo, ex parte misericordiæ quam ex parte justitiæ*, falls far short of it. We trace its appearance in the books, no farther back than *M'Nally's Evidence;* but it is now an unquestionable principle of criminal justice, and the policy of the law in other particulars must conform to it. The crime, — whatever is essential to the existence of the offence, — must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt has been defined to be a doubt which a reasonable man would entertain. It may, perhaps, be better described by saying, that all reasonable hesitation in the mind of the triers, respecting the truth of the hypothesis attempted to be sustained, must be removed by the proof. We shall not stop to inquire how far the adoption of the principle is inconsistent with a legal presumption of malice, to be drawn by the court in any case. It may deserve inquiry, how far the law can make any presumption of the existence of any thing beyond a reasonable doubt; for that seems to address itself to the mind of the trier, upon the particular circumstances of the case. Be that as it may, whether the inference is to be drawn by the jury or the court, it can only be made from facts which have not only a natural tendency to lead to the inference, but from which the inference is to be drawn so clearly that the mind of the trier has no reasonable hesitation in believing the matter to be inferred. If the matter to be

inferred is malice, the proof from which it is to be inferred should be of some fact or facts which show something more than a disputable presumption of its existence. Now, the policy of the law cannot do this, unless it make the presumption conclusive. The presumption can only be made from something which has a natural tendency to lead to the belief so strongly as to remove the reasonable hesitation. And to this we may add the question, what trier, considering the matter as one of natural presumption, can say that from the mere proof of a voluntary homicide he has no reasonable doubt that it was committed without a sufficient excuse? So long as the facts proved are entirely consistent with the hypothesis, that the killing was justifiable, excusable, or unlawful only in the minor degree, the inference cannot be made beyond a reasonable doubt. But, as a matter of fact, it cannot be made even *primâ facie;* and although the fact of killing may be conclusively established, the crime of murder is not proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

A question has been made, whether the presumption of malice does not arise from a "secret killing;" and we observe that the reporter in the volume before us, giving a summary of the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Wilde in the case of York, states as the third proposition, "In case of a secret murder, where no provocation is proved, malice may be presumed." p. 603. This is a common form of expressing a settled opinion. But we have not understood from our former examinations of that case, that the learned judge maintained that doctrine; and upon a reperusal we do not now so understand it. If we apprehend him rightly, he only puts that as a possible matter, upon which he expresses no opinion. His own conclusions, as stated in the close of his opinion, certainly embrace no proposition of that character. If we are to infer from what is contained in the reporter's note, preceding his summary, that the learned judge has come to that conclusion, (and the language of the Attorney-General (p. 30) indicates that such is his belief,) we must regret it, for we think such a distinction as that would not have been sustained by his learned associates.

We do not, however, understand from the language of His Honor the Chief Justice, on page 548, that Mr. Justice Wilde now maintains that position. He doubtless concurred

in the rulings and instructions in Dr. Webster's case, regarding the principles as settled, by the decision in York's case, against his opinion; but those rulings and instructions do not put the case upon any implication of malice from the fact that the deed was done when no third person was present. Whatever may have been the ancient law, it seems very clear, that, if by the secrecy, be meant any thing else than contrivance to accomplish the homicide without the presence of third persons, any presumption arising from their absence can stand on no firmer ground, than a presumption from the mere fact of the homicide itself. If by "secret murder" be intended one accomplished, through contrivance, in the absence of witnesses, then that contrivance is to be shown before the fact is established, and being proved, would furnish quite as undoubted evidence of malice as that presented by any other premeditated homicide. It would be a monstrous proposition to make the presumption of malice depend upon the motions of third persons, over whom the accused had no control; and to raise the inference from the mere accidental absence of those, who, if present, might conclusively negative it. If such a presumption were raised, it should be, (using the language of Lord Holt, in Mawgridge's case,) "to show how necessary it is to apply the law to exterminate such noxious creatures" — as commit homicide without first calling witnesses.

We have entered into an extended examination of this subject, not because of any especial interest it possesses by reason of its connection with the case of Dr. Webster, but because of its general importance. The principles involved have an application to cases where the incidents attending the homicide may be less suspicious, but quite as difficult of proof, and where the transactions subsequent to it will be of a less revolting character.

It may, at first, seem, from the particular course of the argument, that the discussion is too exclusively legal in its character to entitle it to a place in our pages. But if courts are trammelled and hampered by precedents and decisions, legislators are free to shape the administration of criminal justice in such a manner as shall give to every man the full benefit of the presumption that he is innocent of crime in all its parts, until he is proved to be guilty, by facts which naturally establish the belief; and of the still more humane

principle, that the guilt of *all* that is necessary to constitute the crime of which he may be accused, of the malice as well as the homicide, shall be proved beyond a reasonable doubt, before he is made to suffer the penalty.

New York, by her Revised Statutes, enacted that the killing of a human being without the authority of law, "unless it be manslaughter or excusable, or justifiable homicide," as provided therein, should be murder in the following cases, namely, — 1. When perpetrated from a premeditated design, to effect the death of the person killed, or of any human being; 2. When perpetrated by any act imminently dangerous to others, and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without any premeditated design to effect the death of any particular individual; 3. When perpetrated without any design to effect death, by a person engaged in the commission of felony. 2 *N. Y. Rev. Stat.* 657, [3d. ed. 746,] § 5.

Were the question an original one, we should certainly not feel disposed to carry the rule respecting the implication of malice beyond that expressed in *The State* v. *Smith*, 2 *Strobhart's S. Car. Reports*, 77. "If the act of a person which produces the death of another be attended with such circumstances as are the ordinary symptoms of a wicked, depraved, and malignant spirit, the law from these circumstances will imply malice without reference to what was passing in the person's mind, at the time he committed the act." It seems to us that this indicates a principle which will mete out the most equal and exact justice, and which would be most likely to be uniformly enforced by the verdict of juries.

ART. VII. — 1. *The North American Review on Hungary.* An Article in the Christian Examiner for November, 1850. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

2. *The War in Hungary*, 1848–1849. By MAX SCHLESINGER.* Translated by JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. *Edited, with Notes and an Introduction*, by FRANCIS PULZSKY,† Ex-Secretary of State to Ferdinand V., King of Hungary. London: R. Bentley. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

3. *Hungary: its Constitution and its Catastrophe.* By CORVINUS. London: John Murray. 1850. 8vo.

4. *Austria.* By PETER E. TURNBULL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A. London: John Murray. 1840. 2 vols. 8vo.

5. *Verzeichniss der unter den Insurrectionellen Regierung Ungarns durch Martial-oder Statarialgerichte hingerichteten, oder ohne alle Justiz hingeschlachteten Individuen.* [A Catalogue of the Individuals who have been put to death by martial or summary law, or slain without any of the forms of justice, under the insurrectionary government of Hungary.] The number of cases is 467. Wien. 1850. 4to. pp. 21.

6. *Genesis der Revolution in Oesterreich im Jahre* 1848. Leipzig. 1850. 16mo.

7. *Thronfolge und die Pragmatische Sanction in Ungarn; nebst einer Skizzirten Geschichte der neunmonatlichen Ofen-Pester Parteiherrschaft under ihrer Umtriebe.* Pressburg. 1849. 8vo. pp. 216.

8. *Geschichte des Oestreichischen Kaiserstaates.* Von JOHANN GRAF MAILATH. Fünfter Band. Hamburg. 1850. 8vo. pp. 488.

9. *Die Letzten zwei Jahre Ungarns. Chronologisches Tagebuch der Magyarischen Revolution.* Verfasst von J. J. VON ADLERSTEIN. Wien. 1850.

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* "The author is an Hungarian by birth, but long ago quitted his native country, residing first in Prague, and subsequently in Berlin. He is perfectly familiar with Hungary, and his conception of persons and characters is essentially accurate." *Preface*, by F. Pulszky.

† "Pulszky's name was one of the first on the list of those whom Prince Windischgrätz claimed to be given up by the city of Vienna. But he escaped in time from the court martial and from certain death. . . . After a short stay in Paris, he repaired to London as the accredited agent of his country. Kossuth could not have found a more active, able, and competent man in Hungary for this post." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary.*

10. *Denkscrift über die October-Revolution in Wien. Ausfuhrliche Darstellung aller Ereignisse seit dem 13 März, vor und seit der Katastrophe an den Taborbrücken, der Ermordung Latours, etc.* Verfasst und herausgegeben von WENCESLAW GEORG DUNDER. Wien. 1849. 8vo. pp. 908.
11. *Ueber Oesterreichs Staatsausgaben und Verwaltung, in Hauptumrissen dargestellt.* Von JOSEPH RITTER VON HAUER. Wien. 1850. 8vo. pp. 423.

"I do not pretend that the quarrel of a part of the Hungarian people (the Magyar race) against another part (the Slavic race,) and that struggle of Hungary, thus divided with itself, against Austria, *was the least in the world* a French or even *a democratic cause. I know perfectly well that it was nothing of the sort;* that this was a double or triple war of a character quite foreign to our discussions and our revolutions on this side of the western world. *It was a civil war amongst the Hungarians themselves, growing out of quarrels historical in their origin, and out of jealousies of race.* It was a federal war between the Hungarians and Austrians for more or less independent conditions of federation, or for the reconquering of national interests. It is true that France and democracy had not an atom of their proper cause involved in this confusion of conflicts." Lamartine's *Past, Present, and Future.* (Am. ed.) p. 60.

"The peasants are contradistinguished from the people; the word *populus* being in Hungary, as in ancient Rome, confined to the patrician body, — the nobles, clergy, and citizens of free towns. The rest of the community are termed *plebs*, and frequently *plebs misera contribuens* — a singularly significant expression, designating at once the state of the people, and the privilege or exemption which the nobles chiefly prize. One is here reminded of the French description of the Roturiers, "*gens taillables et corvéables.*" Originally they were astricted to the soil; but in 1405, a law was made suffering them to quit with the lord's leave, which, however, was not to be arbitrarily or capriciously withheld. . . . In the Diet of 1764, Maria Theresa in vain attempted to obtain a more favorable law from the nobles; and therefore she issued her famous *Urbarium*, which is partly declaratory, like the *Bulla aurea*, in favor of the inferior nobles; but partly also enactive. The peasant had by this important instrument the free power of leaving his land, provided his debts are paid and there is no criminal charge against him; but his lord cannot remove him. A portion of land was allotted to him

of from sixteen to forty acres of arable, and from six to twelve of pasture, with a house and one acre of garden ground. . . . The power of inflicting corporal punishment was likewise reduced to the bestowing of twenty-five lashes. . . . One of the greatest grievances which this wise and liberal measure left was the Lord's Court, having jurisdiction of disputes, not only between peasant and peasant, but also between the lord and peasant; the judge being named by the former. The power of inflicting capital punishment is now only possessed by some few lords, or by special grant. Prince Esterhazy is one of those few. The new Urbarium of 1835, which does the greatest honor to the eminent statesman so long at the head of the Austrian councils, removed this cause of complaint. Prince Metternich provided by this edict that the jurisdiction of the lord's or manor court should be confined to causes between peasant and peasant, and that all questions arising between lord and peasant should be henceforth tried by a new court composed of the district magistrate and four disinterested persons. He abolished all right of inflicting corporal punishment, restricting the lord's court to an imprisonment not exceeding three days, in case the peasant failed to perform his services. . . . .

"Such is the Hungarian Constitution — 'the ancient idol of the nation,' as one of their own authors has said; and an idol to whose worship they have sacrificed their country, and made themselves three hundred years behind the rest of Europe in every branch of social improvement. This constitution means, in the mouths of its votaries, the privileges of the nobles, the oppression of the people, the neglect of national prosperity, the sacrifice of real and solid advantages to a nominal glory and empty pride. It is by another of these authors charged as the cause why he deeply grieves to see his countrymen wretched, degenerated, and grovelling in the dust. Lord Brougham's *Political Philosophy.* London. 1846. Vol. ii. pp. 94–97.

"The ancient collection of laws, the Tripartitum, declares that the nation, or body politic, is composed exclusively of nobles; accordingly, out of 550,000 nobles, the Magyars count 464,000, which leaves only 86,000, with a proportionately feeble influence, to the Sclaves, the Germans, and the Wallachians. It is this corps of about half a million of Magyars, which keeps in check the Austrian government, the Sclaves, the Croats, and the Germans, which has gained great legislative advantages over them during the last few years, and has at last openly declared war upon them. The nobles alone have votes in the fifty-five*

* M. Rey seems to include the three counties of Transylvania in this number.

counties, and they assemble every third year at a *restauration* to elect their magistrates and the deputies to the Diet. The first Gespann, or honorary Chief Magistrate, is nominated by the Crown; but the first and the second Vice-Gespann, the judges of the several districts and their sworn assessors, the notaries, the fiscal, and his assistants, the collectors of taxes, in a word every thing which concerns the administration, the tribunals, and the police, is entirely in the nomination of the nobles. The counties thus form distinct and almost independent governments, varying greatly in population and extent, for some of them count half a million of inhabitants." M. Rey: *Autriche, Hongrie, et Turquie en* 1839 – 48, p. 123, as cited by Corvinus.

"The rights of the nobles were as vast as a privileged race of conquerors could possibly enjoy, for they had all the advantages which the Spartans had over the Helots, with the exception of the obligation of the latter to provide food and clothing for their masters. The noble was inviolable in his person, his goods were not subject to sequestration at the suit of a creditor, nor could he be imprisoned upon any charge; the villein alone could be legally flogged, not so the noble; neither the noble himself nor his servants paid any tax, real or personal, to the king or the counties; and neither his horses nor his men could be required to work at the roads or the dikes. The peasant alone was the person who paid the tax termed 'domestical,' for the expenses of the Diet and the county administration. The peasant paid the salaries of the schoolmaster, the notary, the priest, the patrol. The peasant constructed and maintained, either with his money or his labor, the roads, bridges, churches, schools, public buildings, dikes, canals; and it was the peasant and the townsman who drained the marshes, turned the course of rivers, &c. The peasants and the townspeople paid the war-tax and furnished recruits." *Ib.* p. 126.

"The internal government of the nation is a mixed monarchy and aristocracy. Laws can only be enacted by the joint consent of the King and the Diet; and although the executive power be said to lie with the King, yet the sovereign has only the nomination of lords-lieutenants (*obergespanne*) of counties and administrators; since every other public officer is either elected by the county itself, or named by its lord-lieutenant, — a nomination, however, which is often successfully disputed. . . . Under the kings of the reigning house, a great portion of Hungary and of the annexed districts was conquered from the Turks by great exertion on the part of the other imperial states; and many important alterations, in the relations of the King and the estates, took place at different times. What are called the cardinal privileges

of the nobility and the clergy, who are looked upon as equal to the nobility, have been preserved to the present day to an extent unparalleled in any country in Europe. . . . . The nobles being mostly Magyars, it follows that the Magyar nation has been chiefly instrumental in maintaining the constitution during so many centuries." McCulloch's *Com. Gaz.* (New York ed.) 1845. pp. 1142 – 1144.

"The county constituency consisted originally of the aggregate body of resident nobles, or — as we should term them — gentry, combined with the beneficed clergy, who sat by virtue of their office. The gentry, on the other hand, were chiefly of Magyar extraction, the descendants of the Arpadian warriors who constituted the original landholders; their ranks, however, had from time to time been recruited, as the Crown had the power of granting letters of nobility to individuals of the conquered races." *Corvinus*, p. 14.

"As for the fear so often expressed in Hungary, that the government by letting in so many foreign speculators will destroy the Magyar nationality, and convert the country into a German province, or a new Judea, it is too ridiculous to require an answer. A very little knowledge of human nature is sufficient to teach us that the second, if not the first, generation of those whose origin is not considered too reputable, are certain to forget all about it. The Hungarians may rest assured that it will not be the fault of the newly-made nobleman, — be he of what origin or religion he may, — if he does not very soon persuade himself that his ancestors were of the purest Magyar blood, and if he himself does not become the warmest supporter of Magyarism in all its forms." Paget's *Hungary*, vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

"The cardinal privileges of the nobility were, — 1. Freedom from personal arrest until after conviction of a crime. 2. Subjection to no judge but their legally crowned king. 3. Perfect immunity from every species of taxation. It was the last of these privileges which rendered the pauper nobles so mischievous an element of the constituency. No abandonment of their privileges could be expected from men whose very existence depended on their maintenance of them. On the other hand, though the Crown had the power of enlarging the constituency by granting letters of nobility to the peasants, there was a paramount obstacle in the way of any systematic use of this power. The Crown lost a tax-payer whenever it enfranchised a villein. There was no practical means therefore of recruiting the constituency on any large scale, yet this host of paupers formed the majority in the congregations of the counties, which returned the deputies to the Lower House, elected the county magistrates,

and assessed both the general and local taxes upon the peasants. It was the representatives of such a constituency who denied votes to the deputies of the free towns and to the delegates of the chapters, and who contested the right of the Magnates to initiate laws. Let us imagine for a moment the English constitution to have been stereotyped in the mould of Magna Charta with its villeins *regardant*, and villeins *in gross*, and we shall have a state of things not half so intolerable as the constitution of Hungary exhibited till within the last very few years, and for this single reason, that the relation of the Hungarian peasants to the nobles was not a personal, but a corporate relation." *Corvinus*, pp. 38–39.

"The count supreme is generally a great lord who possesses estates in the county, and whose ambition or patriotism induces him to take a part in public affairs. The law constitutes him the representative of the sovereign, but it abandons the civil, political, and judicial administration to the viscount, whom the congregation elects, and who, in fact, wields all the power. The count supreme contents himself with appearing on the days of great assemblies, and at receptions and elections. He frequently travels in foreign countries, and whole months pass without those who are under his administration having a glimpse of him. By reason of these circumstances, the administration in Hungary has escaped from the hands of the Austrian government, and fallen into those of the country itself — as the county assemblies really administer all affairs." Degerando: *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*, p. 253, as cited by Corvinus.

"The entire surface of the soil is possessed by the nobles, for no one not noble may hold land in Hungary. These nobles, assembled in county meeting, nominate to all offices in the county, judicial, fiscal, and administrative, without any interference of the crown. . . . In this lower house [of the Diet] the deputies of the nobles alone may *vote;* those of the cities being only permitted to attend and to speak. The class of peasants, who form the vast bulk of the community, have no political rights, and are held under rigorously feudal subjection." Turnbull's *Austria*, ii. p. 396.

"A feudal and privileged aristocracy is little likely to cherish the western doctrines of liberalism and democracy; and that of Hungary is too sagacious to think of seeking for themselves a distinct independence. . . . They are aware of the hostile feeling with which they are viewed by the towns, and of the ill-concealed hatred borne to them by a semi-barbarous peasantry. Whatsoever be the attitude they assume towards the Crown, they are certain that its interests and policy will secure them from the

wild havoc of popular insurrection; but were the connection with Austria dissolved,—were Hungary in her present state left to the unaided care of her nobles, short would be the period ere both their castles and their persons would be swept away by the horrors of a ferocious servile revolution." *Id.* pp. 490, 491.

"In Hungary, it [the system of education] is opposed, avowedly on principle, by a most influential section of the liberal party in the Diet, who fear that popular education would be a source of danger to property, if unaccompanied with a greater extension of civil rights, which, however they themselves have hitherto felt it inexpedient to accord." Turnbull, ii. p. 141.

"It was vain to attempt to better the condition of the people, while one law existed for them and another for the nobles—while the peasants bore all the taxation of the state, and were bound to work indefinitely for their superiors. . . . It was in vain that this oppressed people stretched their hands towards the Crown for protection. Its power was too feeble to compete with the autocracy of feudal domination. Several times, especially in 1772, the sovereign strenuously urged on the Bohemian and Hungarian lords the expediency of limiting and defining the *robots*, services, and dues, so as to leave to the peasant some portion of time for the cultivation of his own plot of land. But these endeavors were fruitless, until at length the terror occasioned by the present insurrections afforded to the Crown the opportunity of acting vigorously on its own sense of right."
Id. pp. 19, 20.

"In the Diet of 1764, the third and last held under Maria Theresa, the grievances of the peasants were most strongly urged on the attention of the nobles, but no ameliorations were obtained; occupied with their own affairs, those of the weaker classes were delayed to some future period. The next year, the natural consequences of the agitation of such a question without any step being made towards its solution, were manifested in a rising of the discontented peasantry in several parts of the country, and in the commission of the usual outrages before the forces of the government could allay the ferment. Taking advantage of the alarm which these excesses had impressed upon the public mind, the great Queen determined, by an act of arbitrary power, herself to apply the remedy to so crying an evil; an act which, if it cannot be defended as strictly constitutional, will never want apologists among the friends of humanity.

"The result of this determination was the celebrated Urbarium of Maria Theresa, the Magna Charta of the Hungarian peasantry. Partly a formal recognition of established customs, partly a grant

of new rights, the importance of which was not at first perceived, this Urbarium, *though unsanctioned by the Diet, became* virtually, and almost without opposition, *the law of the land.* After the death of Joseph, when the Diet was again called together, it was adopted provisionally till a more perfect one could be framed, and *so it continued till* 1835." Paget's *Hungary*, vol. i. pp. 295, 296.

"No further change in the law of landlord and tenant took place until the Diet of 1832–6, when a new Urbarium *was proposed by the Crown*, and accepted by the Diet, the object of which was to confer on the peasant a kind of 'tenant right,' and to attach the liability of taxation to the property, and not to the person of the cultivator." *Corvinus*, p. 41.

"One of the most extraordinary powers which the constitution allowed to the Comitatus was that of disputing the interpretation which the Crown gave to any law, and of suspending within the limits of the county the execution of it. . . . Even when a law was clear, it was by no means an unusual practice to neglect it. A striking illustration of this fact occurs in reference to the article *de nobilibus in fundo contributionali degentibus*, of the decree of 1836, which obliged the nobles who were in the possession of lands originally occupied by peasants, and so subject to taxation, to pay certain taxes in respect of such lands. This law continued for ten years to be a dead letter in many of the counties, because the county magistracies were reluctant to disoblige their constituencies by enforcing it, and so endanger their own reëlection." *Id.* pp. 24, 25.

"The Magyar movement is widely distinguished, both by the power which called it forth and the object it had in view, from all the revolutions that convulsed Europe during the last two years. The political knowledge of the Magyars does not extend much beyond that of their own constitution; and it is remarkable with what singular affection and constancy this ancient constitution, with all its defects and abnormities, has been held fast and cherished by the people. Whilst all the other nations have sought to enlarge more or less their representative constitutions, the Magyar has dreaded any change in his, clinging to its very letter, as the Mussulman to the words of the Koran." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. i. p. 114.

"The Sclavacks [Slowacks] are a branch of that great Sclavish family, which seems, at one period, to have occupied nearly the whole east of Europe, from the Baltic and Adriatic to the banks of the Wolga. There can be little doubt that the greater part of Hungary was peopled by them, till the fierce Magyars drove them from the fertile plains to the barren moun-

tains, which they still hold. The chief part of that mountainous district between the Danube, the Theiss, and the most northern range of the Carpathians is peopled by Sclavacks, who still retain their original language, (a dialect of the Sclavish, though differing both from the Bohemian and Polish,) their national customs and characteristic appearance. Other portions of the same race occupy, in the south of Hungary, the countries now called Croatia and Sclavonia, and extend south, nearly to the ruins of Athens itself. In Hungary, they seem to have experienced the same fate as the British in our own country, where the bleak mountains of Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and the west coast of Ireland have preserved the pure blood of Britain's earliest lords; while Saxon churls, and Norman soldiers appropriated her fairest fields to their own use." Paget's *Hungary*, vol. i. pp. 82, 83.

"The Slovacks were formerly good Magyars, — indeed, the majority are so at the present day, although recently they have been commended for their Sclavish Austrian bias. They however form but a small, harmless, unpretending race, which was first kneaded into shape by the head-cooks from Vienna, and by the lowest scullions from Prague." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. i. p. 89.

"Since the Hungarian Diet has proposed to enforce the use of the Magyar language instead of the Latin, in public transactions throughout all Hungary, a spirit of opposition has been excited among the Sclavish population, which threatens very serious consequences. The first effect of the measure proposed by the Diet was, the rousing up in Croatia of a strong sentiment of nationality, which found vent in the establishment of a periodical, something like the 'Penny Magazine' in form, in the Sclavish language. This is the 'Danica Ilirska,' edited by Dr. Gay. It is published once a week, is very respectably got up, and contains national songs, original articles, and translations.

"It is no uncommon thing to hear them reckoning up the Croats, Sclavonians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, and then comparing this mass of Sclaves with the three or four millions of Magyars, and proudly asking why they should submit to deny their language and their origin because the Magyars command it.

"I am very far from wishing this party success, though I cannot help in some degree sympathizing with a people who resist, when they think a stronger power is willing to abuse its strength by depriving the weaker of those objects — language and religion — which they hold as most dear.

"The act has passed, however, which declares that, in ten years' time, no Croat shall be eligible to a public office who can-

not read and write the Magyar language, and the consequence has been, the creation of a feeling of hatred against the Magyars, which bodes but very ill for the speedy Magyarizing of the Croatian people. Paget's *Hungary*, vol. ii. pp. 582 – 589.

"It is a bold assumption that the cause of the revolution was the cause of Hungary; it is very questionable whether, even in respect to the Magyar race, those persons who blazoned its name were in any sense its true representatives. This race is described by a recent Swiss traveller, in language which may be paraphrased, as 'loyal and generous, hospitable to an excess; but, by the side of these and other manly qualities, exhibiting a dangerous leaning towards an enthusiasm without reflection, and a vivacity without calculation. The Magyar soon becomes warm, and he then gives way to the illusions of his fancy, and, with an ardor peculiar to himself, plunges in pursuit of the strangest chimeras.' The Magyar spirit still bears the stamp of its early origin; it is Oriental and Tatár. The civilization of Western Europe has made no impression upon it beyond its surface, and its effects present many features in common with those which have resulted in the Ottoman empire from the infiltration of European ideas since the reign of Selim III., and which do not extend beyond forms and words. One of the most patriotic Magyars, Count Stephen Széchényi, in his last pamphlet against M. Kossuth, entitled 'The People of the East,' mentions that Hungary has never felt the influence of that civilizing element of the middle ages, the expression of which is found in the institutions of chivalry. The Magyars, it is true, have certain feelings peculiar to themselves and consonant to their institutions, but the Magyar is essentially a despot. It is especially in this particular that the revolutionary element of Western Europe is directly opposed to the national spirit of the Magyar race." Corvinus's *Hungary*, pp. 10, 11.

"Some worthy patriots, who had grown old in the opposition party in the former Diets, and who were more familiar with the history of the revolts against Austria, than with the ideas of the present age, were alarmed at the thought of quitting what they called *the historical ground*, in order to take up foreign or untried theories. In their opinion, it was less important to obtain liberal reforms than to embarrass or destroy the government. Like some devout persons, who have more fear of the devil than love of God, there was in their patriotism more hatred of Austria than love of liberty. . . . . Why not go back three centuries behind the age, to the time when the nation itself elected its own kings? . . . These were the sentiments and almost the language of a great part of that lesser nobility who form the whole

political nation, own the land, constitute the county assemblies, appoint the judges of the tribunals, compose by their deputies the lower house of the Diet, and keep it constantly under their control, through their imperative commands. . . .

"It was the glory of a small number of men, (who seemed to have more to lose than the lesser nobility by this substitution of liberty for privileges,) to save Hungary from a dangerous anachronism, and to teach it that it was now by reforms, not by conspiracies, that they were to save the State. Between the two roads then open to Hungary, they took, not that which their private interest or their historical grudge pointed out to them, but that on which they could obtain the aggrandizement of their country, and a more equal division of well-being and liberty among their fellow-citizens. *A great number of magnates, and especially of young magnates, embraced with ardor the new ideas of progress and social reforms;* they consecrated to this cause all the warmth of their convictions, and the influence of their rank and their fortunes. . . . These men dared to adopt a new policy; they profited by their power over the country to carry it along with them in a movement of ideas directly opposed to the old routine. The prejudices of the nation, instead of helping them, were opposed to their undertaking, which could not be accomplished without the aid of the Austrian government. . . . . The Austrian government adopted all of what was immediately practicable in the projects of the young reformer (Széchény.) In the Diet of 1832 – 36, it took the initiative in all the measures that were demanded by the new party. In reading the *royal propositions*, it seems as if we were perusing extracts from those writings [of Széchény] of which we have translated certain passages." De Langsdorff: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December, 1848.

"The liberal party in Hungary was divided into three factions. Our great reformer, the Count Széchényi, was worn out by his long and seemingly resultless struggles against the policy of the court of Vienna. He made a surrender of the leading ideas of his political life. He had, ever since 1829, been the champion of equal taxation and of legal equality. He had advocated the abolition of feudal burdens on the land. But he lived to consider these objects of his former aspirations as matters of secondary import. He became a practical man, and directed his energies to the steam navigation of the Danube, to the damming and diking of the river Theiss, to railroads, &c., and for the furtherance of these plans, the Count Széchényi, though still faithful to his principles, had drawn close to the conservative party, and became reconciled to the government of Vienna. . . . . Count

Széchényi's practical clique was flanked by a more numerous and influential party. M. Kossuth's parliamentary opposition, *taking a firm stand on the letter of the law*, waged an unceasing warfare against the machinations of the Vienna bureaucracy. *His party advocated the institutions of the counties*, the free elections of civic magistrates, and the independence of boroughs; and they stood ready to repel any direct or indirect blow which might be aimed at these institutions. This party was supreme, both in strength and numbers. *The middle classes and the gentry belonged to it; while Széchényi's followers were members of the high aristocracy, who resided in the metropolis, and who scarcely ever busied themselves in the county elections.* . . . Baron Eötvos was the leader of the third party. He was imbued with the levelling tendencies of French liberalism. The men of Eötvos's school admired the theoretical perfection of centralization, and vied with the Vienna party in their aversion to the county institutions, with their assemblies and elections. His party considered Hungary as a '*tabula rasa*,' and they endeavored, in defiance of history, to raise a new political fabric; not on the ground of written law, but on the treacherous soil of the law of nature. It was chiefly composed of young men of letters, who, full of spirit and ability, were but too prone to discover the weak and faulty parts of the county government, while they were unable to appreciate practical soundness and its salutary influence. This circumstance caused them to withdraw from the elections, and to look down upon the struggles and contests of a parliamentary life. Their doctrines could not, therefore, have any influence. . . . Their leaders, though spirited and witty, *failed in bringing their ideas of centralization home to the minds of their readers. The national instincts of the Hungarian people were opposed to such notions.*" F. Pulszky's *Preface to The Village Notary*, by Baron Eötvos.

"Thousands with him [Bathiany] held fast in the struggle against Austria to the old constitution, and eventually sacrificed their lives in its defence; and the deposition of the House of Hapsburg was a subsequent measure of violence, which had nothing to do with the original tendency of the movement." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. i. p. 116.

"The Old Conservatives represented the imbodied principle of fixedness at the period of the Pressburg Diets. Their motto might have been inscribed beside the national colors, — 'Noli me tangere,' — in other words, 'Touch not our privileges — leave us to oppress and harass our peasantry, as our fathers and forefathers have done before us, by virtue of the laws of the country; leave us to oppress the German, the Sclavonian, and Wallach, by

virtue of the laws of the country; leave us exempt from taxes, from road-tolls and bridge-tolls, by virtue of the laws; but touch not the abuses in the counties, the military state, the taxation of the un-noble class; on no account improve our roads, or admit a system of turnpikes into our free country; above all, O King, touch not our Constitution, which is the best on the face of the globe from Japan to America!'" *Id.* pp. 123, 124.

"The National Assembly consisted of three parties;—1. a section of the aristocracy, (Magnates,) liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connection;—2. a middle party, *including the new ministry*, whose watchword was the entire independence of a free Hungary, if possible under an Austrian king, if not, under some other sovereign, or form of sovereignty;—3. an extreme radical, revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members," [the whole number of members being about five hundred.] Arthur Frey's *Recent History of Hungary*, as cited in the *London Athenæum.*

"The Hungarian revolution comprehended all the elements of success, — great statesmen, great generals, a great nation, and a country favorable to their arms. In the first French revolution the people had taken up arms *against* the king; here (at the commencement at least) a nation had risen in support of their king." . . . .

"The democrats in Europe, in seeking to abolish the hereditary privileges of the nobles, abandoned with inconsiderate precipitancy the principles of the inalienable rights of man, for which they had fought and shed their blood. In a similar spirit of over-estimated self-reliance, the Austrian government now tramples on the most powerful aristocracy of the monarchy. In Batthyanyi's execution, they shook the confidence of the Magyar nation more than Kossuth had done by dethroning the House of Hapsburg. Men like Batthyanyi stand next to the monarch; the people cannot imagine the throne divested of such an aristocratic support." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. pp. 223, 241.

"Hungary had seized the opportunity afforded by the crisis, to plunge into the arena, and to demand the recognition of the independence of the kingdom. The concession was at once accorded, and it was proclaimed a distinct state, with its own king and diet, with an independent administration, and with political institutions modelled according to the demands preferred; but, as if instigated by terror or bewildered by the pressure of events, the Austrian government conceded to that of Hungary the power to exercise over others the very prerogative against which they had themselves rebelled, namely, to bring the Slavonian provinces on their

borders into the same relations with the Diet at Pesth which they had themselves so strenuously repudiated at the court of Vienna. Dissensions and jealousies had existed for many years between the various races inhabiting Hungary; but the Magyars, though the dominant and, physically considered, the superior race, were so numerically weak as to furnish barely a fourth part of the total returns of the census, the remainder, excepting an inconsiderable element of Germans, and about a million Wallachians, being made up entirely of Sclavonians. Formerly, the use of the Latin tongue stood in the same stead to this motley population as it did in the old times to the *literati* of Europe, and enabled them to meet for common purposes on a neutral ground. But this compromise was terminated, some time back, by the substitution, on the part of the overweening Magyars, of their own national language for the conventional Latin; and this example and foretaste of their oppressive ambition was naturally ill-received. At the late crisis, however, the Diet availed themselves of a situation in which the court of Vienna seemed scarcely to retain the power of refusing any thing, and obtained the imperial sanction for definitively and absolutely incorporating with the kingdom of Hungary those provinces of Croatia and Sclavonia, on their southern border, which had hitherto retained a *quasi* independence of their own, — the whole constituted kingdom being, of course, intended to represent only the dominant nationality of the Magyars.

But in this project they met with an opposition quite unexpected, at least in such force. The nationality of the Sclavonians had been quickened by the revolutionary epidemic into a passion quite as lively as that of the Magyars; and they very reasonably considered, that, if the new system of politics emancipated the Hungarians from the control of the Germans, it could hardly be so anomalous in its operations as to subject them to the control of the Hungarians. Accordingly, the provincial Diet of Croatia returned a flat refusal to the proposals despatched from Pesth; and when, upon the strength of the imperial sanction, the Hungarians prepared to enforce their will by arms, Baron Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, promptly accepted the appeal, and taking the initiative, at once marched upon Hungary." Thompson's *Austria.* (London, 1849.) pp. 391 - 393.

"It is a striking fact, that in all the Crown-lands belonging to Hungary, — Sclavonia, Croatia, and the Military Frontier, as well as Slovakia, — the Jews, without exception, incline to Magyarism, readily renounce all German character, and have a thorough aversion to Sclavism. . . . . .

"The Magyars had a choice of enemies, — Wallachs, Slovacks, Serbs, and Croats; and if they had hitherto proudly con-

sidered themselves the sole lords of the four thousand (German) square miles of that immense garden, in which the horses grow wild like the tobacco-plant, and the Sclavish races figure as the cactus-hedge, these latter turned their thorns quite as often inside as outside." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

"The pretence of the Hungarians, that they took up arms to secure the adoption of liberal principles in the empire, was a political fraud, which exposed itself by the tone of independence they arrogated when they perceived the authority of Austria was on the wane, and were emboldened in consequence to put forward the immoderate pretensions and demands which originated the war, and called forth the Ban, a Croat, who dreading the servitude intended to be imposed on his countrymen, unsheathed his sword to save their liberties and the undivided power of the empire. Should the Hungarians under Kossuth succeed, (a result little to be apprehended,) the Sclavonians would be subjugated and deprived of all their privileges, and Austria would fall into the hands of wild theorists, instead of being regenerated." Thompson's *Austria*, p. 396.

"The other races, however, that were concerned in these changes, (effected in March and April, 1848,) and especially the Slavonians, immediately saw that the tendency of the Magyars was to merge all the other nationalities in their own, and to suppress them altogether, to which end the separation of the Hungarian government from the central government of the empire was a necessary means. This conviction, supported by recent experience, soon brought out the most determined opposition. The Croatian and Slavonian members of the Diet, in the proceedings of the two Houses, (or Tables,) had not raised their voices against these innovations, because the terrorism exercised by the Magyar party had deprived them of all freedom of speech, and because they also hoped that the Crown would reject the propositions of the Diet, which would inevitably have caused the empire to be divided into two hostile portions." . . . "The Croatians and Slavonians were too well acquainted, through many years' experience, with the tendency of the Magyars, to hope for any effect whatever from the royal assurance, if it were not supported by material means. They strove, therefore, with unwearied zeal, to bring together these means, under the direction of their Ban." . . . "They were determined to repel injustice by force, without exacting from the Crown any active participation in the national movement, but only in the hope that this movement would not be treated as a rebellion against the king, whose faithful subjects they were willing still to remain; but without allowing their na-

tion to be Magyarized." . . . "They found hope only in their own power; and in the latter half of the month of May, they placed themselves in readiness to follow the call of their Ban, whenever he should summon them to defend with arms their rights and their freedom against the assaults of the Magyars. . . .

"On the other hand, the Magyars thought they detected in the position which the Croats began to take, an understanding between them and the court at Vienna; though their own fanatical zeal for their language and their nationality might well have taught them that another nation, as patriotic and as active as theirs, would not rest with folded arms when they saw the violent oppression of their freedom and their language attempted by a neighboring nation."

. . . "The holders of royal power at Pesth soon succeeded in calling forth a storm of royal displeasure against the Ban, who was suspected and hated by them, after an attempt made by them to remove him from the scene of his official duty and to summon him to the Magyar metropolis, and another attempt, to paralyze his power by sending Field-Marshal Hrabowsky as commanding general into Slavonia, had both failed. Jellachich was commanded in a very earnest, and even severe, manner, by the king, to render an account of his conduct as Ban, and for that purpose to appear without delay at the foot of the throne at Innspruck; whither he went, about the middle of June, attended by a numerous deputation." *Genesis der Revolution*, pp. 345–350.

. . . "The unsuccessful attempts to break the power of the Ban, the continuance of the measures of defence of the Croats and Slavonians, to whom the Servians were now united, notwithstanding the armed attack already made by Hrabowsky against them at Carlowitz on the 8th of June, on account of the Servian national congress assembled there for the choice of a Patriarch and Wayvode, increased the fury and distrust of the Magyars against all who did not belong to their race, and do homage to it, but especially against the Court, because it was not inclined to leave free play to their tendency towards complete independence and absolute dominion over the other nations belonging to the kingdom of Hungary." *Ib.* p. 353.

"The Hungarian ministry must prepare for a struggle, if it would obtain its object, of breaking off Hungary from the monarchy; for Croatia and Slavonia would not obey the commands of the ministry. In the beginning of the movement, the Croats also had claimed a ministry of their own, and put forth sundry other demands, which were any thing but favorable to the unity of the monarchy. But all this went into the background as soon as they saw that their nationality was menaced by the Hungarian minis-

try. The tyranny of race and language, which had been exercised for many years by the Magyars was now severely expiated by the resistance of the Croats. At the last meeting of the Diet, Kossuth had exclaimed in open session: — 'But where lies Croatia? I cannot find it on the map.' He now found out to his cost where it lay. . . . The Magyar ministry tried in vain various means to bring the Ban into subjection. He was summoned to Buda-Pesth; he did not come. A royal commissioner, General Hrabowsky, was ordered into Croatia; but he was not disposed to enter the province. The Ban was called to Innspruck to answer for his conduct; he obeyed, and soon convinced the emperor that he wished only the welfare of the monarchy and the dynasty. On his journey home, he learned from a newspaper that he was deposed; but Croatia continued to obey him, and soon a royal ordinance appeared which reinstated him in his dignity and office. This deposition of the Ban was one of the most enigmatical occurrences of the time. Of the numerous reports which were circulated in reference to it, the most probable one is, that the President of the Magyar ministry, who was for some time in Innspruck, by some unknown means, obtained the emperor's signature to a blank sheet of paper, and then, without the emperor's knowledge, filled it out with the deposition of the Ban.* This report was somewhat confirmed by the fact, that not the slightest protest was made by the Hungarian ministry when the Ban continued in the execution of his office; the Magyar ministry

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* This is the document from which a long citation is made in the *Christian Examiner* of May last, (pp. 495, 496,) in order to prove that "Ferdinand himself exposes the futility of the accusations which had been brought against the Hungarians as oppressors of the other races." But to make it answer this purpose, it was necessary to falsify the date of the document, so as to avoid the gross inconsistency of making the emperor denounce Jellachich as a traitor, and warn his followers against an uncaused and wanton rebellion, at the very time when, according to the Magyars, Jellachich and the Croats were acting in secret concert with the emperor. The Christian Examiner, therefore, gives the date of the instrument as May 10, its true date being just one month later. The whole document may be found, translated, in the appendix to Schlesinger's History. It cannot have been misdated in the Examiner by mere inadvertence, if the writer had read the whole instrument, and was not grossly ignorant of the facts of history; for towards the close of it, allusion is made to the fact that the emperor had summoned Jellachich to come before him and defend his conduct, which summons, it is foolishly alleged, he had refused to obey. "But Jellachich has as little obeyed this our present command as our former regulations, and has neither retracted the Congregation (called for the 5th of June,) nor has he appeared before ourselves at the appointed time." Now, it is notorious that he did appear before the emperor at Innspruck in June, as summoned, and there had an interview with the chiefs of the Magyar ministry, Bathiany, Széchény, Esterhazy, and others, which interview terminated with the celebrated mutual defiance: — "We shall meet again on the Drave!" said Bathiany. "No!" answered Jellachich, "but on the Danube." *And he kept his word.* This gross misstatement of fact in the instrument itself is alone enough to prove Count Mailath's statement, that the whole document was a forgery, or was obtained by surreptitious means.

dreaded any thorough investigation of this matter." Count Mailath's *Geschichte*, pp. 421, 422.

From a Memorial presented to the Archduke by the Hungarian Ministry, July 4th, 1848.

"If His Highness the Archduke John will bestow a careful attention upon all that we have just said, he cannot but be convinced of the true character of the rebellion of those States, which make great pretensions of fidelity to the Sovereign whilst violating the royal authority; — he cannot but perceive, that even their offer of joining Austria is merely a feigned pretext, in order to give at the crisis of the struggle such a superiority to the Sclavish element in Austria, that after thus completely paralyzing the German element, and undermining the Austrian throne, the Empire shall be split up into independent Sclavish kingdoms, and the very existence of the Austrian Imperial House shall be thus buried. And yet loyalty and attachment to the King is so deeply rooted in the heart of the Hungarian Nation, that the Illyrian rebels are well aware that, in openly exhibiting their intentions, they will not meet with any sympathy. They have therefore come forward in the spirit of reaction, as the pseudo-heroes of the royal authority, and against the Hungarian Nation, who have not attacked the royal power, for whom a legal independence and a constitutional administration is not a recent grant, but an ancient right sanctioned by innumerable royal oaths, — against the Hungarian Nation, which at this present moment, when almost every throne in civilized Europe is tottering, remains not only the firmest, but the only firm prop of the Austrian throne. This feeling and this experience have led us to request the kind assistance of His Highness the Archduke John with respect to the Illyrian rebellion. . . . . .

"The disloyal rebels actually boast of the support of the offended ruling House itself! And when we requested His Majesty, in order to enlighten the unhappy and deceived people, by his own handwriting to let the people know that His Majesty disapproves of the rebellion, and is determined to maintain in all their integrity the solemnly affirmed inviolability of the Hungarian Crown and the authority of the laws, the leaders of the rebels deceived the people by declaring that this has not been done voluntarily on the part of His Majesty, but that it is merely an unwilling expression extorted by the Hungarian Ministry through means of compulsion." (*Signed by Bathiany, Kossuth, Szemere, Eötvos, and the other Hungarian ministers.*)

Extracts from a Debate in a crowded meeting of the Diet, July 20th, 1848, on the question whether Hungary should send troops to aid the Emperor of Austria in putting down the Italian insurgents in Lombardy.

"KOSSUTH, the Minister of Finance, resuming his address, [which he had suspended from exhaustion,] came now to speak of the Italian question. This is the first European question which the nation had had to consider since it attained its majority, [or its age of freedom.] They should not therefore allow themselves to be so far carried away by it as to forget their own country. He wished that this question should not agitate their minds, but that they should consider it calmly. When the fate of the nation is at stake, all sympathies and antipathies must be laid aside. Here the matter ought not to be viewed according to abstract principles; if it were, we should be obliged to bear their iron consequences; *if we protect the Italians because they are fighting for their freedom, then we must also concede the point to Croatia and Bohemia, and confess that they are in the right.* [Murmurs.] He openly confessed, he wished the Italian nation was free. At the former Diet, the question came up whether they were willing that the ministries of war and finance should be at Vienna. We answered, No. Thereupon, those persons [the Austrian ministers] said, 'What shall we do? You will not assume any part of the state debt, and if the Italians break loose from us, we shall be driven to national bankruptcy; help us, at least, to end the war with honor.' We plead impossibility as an excuse. The ministry is constituted, and then the insurrection breaks out on all sides. Then they said at Vienna, 'Hungary will not help us, but Jellachich will; then we will make terms with Jellachich.' This lies like a curse upon the Hungarian ministry. At Vienna, they appeal to the Pragmatic Sanction to show that we ought to help them to obtain an honorable peace. Now before the opening of the national assembly, where we claim that every member of the Dynasty should labor to support our integrity as a state, the Hungarian ministry must be very circumspect. Idle fancies are here of no use. France would help the Italian republic, but not the Italy of Charles Albert, who has just as much right to Lombardy, as Jellachich has to Croatia, or the Russian Czar to Hungary. I will explain fully the policy of the ministry. (He reads the protocol of the ministers' plan, in which it was resolved, that if peace and order were restored to Hungary, they would then send the troops they did not need at home to effect an honorable peace.) Herein, continued the orator, we only say, 'procure for us quiet in Hungary, and we will help you to gain an honorable peace.' But to the Italians we

will say, 'strain not the cords too tight, or it may happen that we shall come to the help of Austria.' They have desired us to call back our troops from Italy. This is easily said, but not so easily done. We have from 10 to 12,000 men in Italy; but there are also 35,000 Croats there, who would also come back, and *we have no particular need of them.* He had here spoken only of the past policy of the ministry. He said nothing of the future. He did not say that they would immediately send an auxiliary army to Italy, or even how many they would send, but the moral power of such a declaration was very great, and by that alone, they might be a great help to Austria. (Unanimous applause.)

"Irinyi* opposed the proposition of the Minister of Finance. He said, it is proposed to aid in obtaining an honorable peace. But how if the Italians do not wish for such a peace? Then we must proceed to force. The wars of Austria are not the wars of Hungary. And then, what is the object of sending troops thither? That we may have a clear case against Croatia? But that is our affair, not Austria's. He would not make a bargain with the devil in order to get to heaven. (Laughter.) We will manage Croatia without the help of Austria.

"The Minister Eötvos did not agree with Irinyi. The Pragmatic Sanction binds us to help Austria, not when Austria is the aggressor, but when it is attacked; and this is now the case. He often heard people speak of the freedom of Italy; he loved freedom, and he loved Italy, besides being grateful to her as the cradle of civilization. But was Italy fighting for freedom? No; but for Charles Albert. We must judge this prince, not by his fine words, but by his acts. Besides, we shall send only as many troops there, as we can safely spare at home. We must in this matter support Austria. This is our true policy." *Die letzten zwei Jahre Ungarns.* Fünfte Lieferung, pp. 49 – 51.

Extracts from a Letter from Archbishop Raiachich to Field-Marshal Hrabowsky, dated "Carlowitz, August 1st, 1848."

"With a bleeding heart I take the pen to describe to your Excellency the horrors that have been committed by the Magyar troops at different places on the theatre of the civil war. There was not a single enemy in the Servian town of Futtak, when the Magyar troops under your Excellency's command fell upon the place, slaughtered innocent children, women, and old men, while others shamefully beat a priest, stripped him to the skin, and so dragged him naked round the place, while they plundered some

*This speaker is the person who, in open Diet, called the brutal murder of Count Lamberg by the Magyar mob "only a mistake in form."

of the houses, and burned others. In Mohol, they ripped open the belly of a venerable priest, and also beat his son to death.

"The abominations are indescribable which these savage soldiers committed in the churches at Futtak, Foldvar, Mohol, and Kikinda. I will pass over in silence the destruction in these churches of the seats, doors, prayer-books, chandeliers, and other articles of furniture devoted to God's service; but it is a thing unheard of in all history, that Christian troops, in an open place possessed by them, should seize on the Sacrament of the Eucharist standing in readiness for the dying on the holy altar, should throw it down, and trample it under foot, should kindle a fire on the holy altar, and commit other abominations on it not fit to be named; should fire their pistols at the image of the Holy Virgin, and stab out the eyes of the other images of the saints. As they could not cool their courage on the armed Servians, they violated women and maidens, hewed down children and other defenceless persons, cut off their ears and noses, plundered every thing they could carry away, and destroyed the rest.

"From this picture, falling far short of the reality, of the horrors thus far committed by the Magyar troops, your Excellency can easily infer, that this national war [or war of races] provoked by the Magyars, is already not far from turning into a religious war, and must issue in such a war, if some limits are not put to these barbarities. I greatly fear that very soon I shall no longer be able to hold back our own officers and troops from similar deeds of horror; I greatly fear that Bacska, the Banat, and Syrmia will soon be made a wilderness. After what has now happened, I believe that the Servian people find themselves reduced to extremity, and as I know them, they will fight with the energy of despair for their nationality and their religion, and will rather die than allow themselves to be robbed of them. I must frankly confess to your Excellency, that from the barbarities already committed by the Magyars, the Servian nation already draws the inference that the Magyars are waging against them a war of extermination. What will be the issue? I believe it will be nothing else but this, — that they will adopt these practices of the Magyars, and will repay them like for like.

"The Servian nation has not the means for carrying on war which are at the disposal of the Magyar ministry; * they would never have thought of war, if they had not been urged and driven to it by the attack made on the 12th of June upon poor innocent Carlowitz, upon their sanctuary. They were firmly determined to recover their undoubted rights by legal means. Therefore

* The Servian population of Hungary number less than three quarters of a million; the Magyars are over four millions.

they sent me with a respectable deputation to the foot of the imperial throne, in order that they might find help there where they were always accustomed to find it when in distress.

I remain, with all respect,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
JOSEPH RAIACHICH, Archbishop.

Extracts from the Official List of 467 *persons executed by the Magyar revolutionary government.*

"Camp at Szeczo, April 6, 1849.

"John Mericzey, priest, has been convicted of having, yesterday and the day before, entertained all the Austrian generals at his house, of having provided the hostile troops with all necessaries of life, of having published and distributed the enemy's proclamations, of having preached, in his church, that the cause of Hungary was lost, and that Kossuth would soon die in the pillory, and, consequently, of having demoralized his parish, and acted as a traitor to the country. To prevent his doing further mischief, I had him shot, this morning at 5 o'clock.

"DAMJANICH, General." *

"Count Eugen Zichy, governor of the county of Weissenburg, was arrested on the 30th of September, 1848, and taken to the camp of the insurgents at Lore. He was tried by court-

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* "Damianich, a Serb by birth, of strong build and gigantic stature, like Kinisy, 'the miller's lad,' fought against his countrymen with a deep and *conscientious hate;* one of his proclamations concluded with the following words: — 'I come to exterminate you, root and branch; and then I will send a ball through my own head, that the last Serb may vanish from the face of the earth.' There is a terrific grandeur in these words." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. p. 110.

It is some consolation to know that this ruffian was one of the insurgent generals hanged at Arad, after the surrender of Georgey. Schlesinger thus describes his appearance at the place of execution. The usual color of his large features was heightened by rage and impatience. His view had never extended further than the glittering point of his heavy sabre. This was the star which he had followed throughout life; but now he saw whither it had conducted him; and impatiently he exclaimed, when limping up to the gallows, 'Why is it that I, who have always been foremost to face the enemy's fire, must here be the last?'" Vol. ii. p. 233.

But let us hear the bold statement made by the *Christian Examiner*, (p. 466,) to prove that the other races were not deemed inferior and degraded and unworthy of holding office. "The first officer commissioned by the Hungarian ministry at the commencement of the insurrectionary movement in Croatia and Slavonia, was the Slavonian Hrabowsky, [who is nearly allied to Count Zichy, one of the most influential Magyar nobles in Hungary]; in the first battle which was fought in the the late war, the Hungarians were commanded by the Wallachian Moga, [whom Kossuth deposed immediately after that *first* battle, and put Georgey, a Magyar noble, in his place]; *one of the most distinguished of their generals was the Servian, Damjanich;* and the first act of the independent nation was to confer the highest office in the state upon the Slovack, Kossuth," [who was a Slovack in just the same way in which Damjanich was a Servian; that is, they were both *nobiles Magyarisati*, and, as is usual with renegades, were more fanatically Magyar than the Magyars themselves.] Neither Hrabowski nor Moga had any connection with the Magyar revolutionists after October, 1848, the month in which war was first openly waged by the Magyars against Austria.

martial, under the presidency of Major Arthur Görgey, and hanged in the course of that very night." *

"Anton Hernogger, curate at Koka, in the county of Pesth, was arrested on the 6th of April, 1849, on the entrance of the rebel army into that county. He was taken to the camp at Isaszegh, and shot on the following morning. The cause of this severe proceeding has not transpired."

"John Duncsat, 47 years of age, married, district justice at Donau Pentele, in the county of Tolna. When the rebels entered that place, in April, 1849, he was accused of having held office under the Austrian government. He was arrested and tried by the court-martial at Szegedin. Although nothing could be laid to his charge, except his having held office under, and according to the orders of, the Austrian government, he was, on the 23d of April, ordered to be shot; and this sentence was executed three hours after it had been pronounced. He walked to the place of execution with a proud and haughty air, talking Latin to the priest who accompanied him. He undressed quietly, and, kneeling down, he was hit by three bullets, which brought him to the ground, but did not kill him. Another discharge of two muskets ended his sufferings.

"Adam Benkovics, 29 years of age, a native of Neuzina, in the county of Toronta, and John Perisits, 26 years of age, a native of St. Miklos, in the same county. They were accused of having, in the commencement of 1849, accepted office under the Austrian government, the former as district judge and the latter as juror and clerk; of having acted for and in behalf of the said government; of having proclaimed the constitution of the 4th of March; and of having enforced a conscription for the Emperor's army. Notwithstanding their appeal to the amnesty, granted by the rebel general Vecsey, they were shot on the 8th of May.

"John Anagnoszczy, an inhabitant of Semlin, 41 years of age, who acted as a courier to the Austrian army, was stopped by the Hungarians in the county of Toronta, and, in spite of his desperate resistance, he was ultimately cut down and captured.

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* On the morning of the 2d of October, the following announcemeut was placarded at every corner of the city [Pesth];—'Thus shall it be done to all traitors! Count Eugenius Zichy, formerly Lord Lieutenant of the Fejér county, convicted of having plotted with the enemies of the country, has been hung by sentence of Court-Martial, on the isle of Csepel, on the 30th of September, at nine o'clock, A. M.' Georgey presided over the court-martial which doomed the Count to the gallows." Pulszky's *Memoir of Georgey*. The brother of the murdered man, in a letter written from Florence, which was published in the English newspapers, accused Georgey and Kossuth of having robbed the house of their victim after his execution, and carried off from it some diamonds, emeralds, and other articles of costly jewelry, of which a Magyar magnate, with his half barbaric taste, always has a large store. The accusation was, that the Magyar leaders devoted these valuables to their own uses, and did not put them into the treasury of their party.

He was taken to the hospital at Szegedin; and, having been cured of his wounds, he was tried by court-martial. In spite of his pleading his duty as a soldier, and in spite of his prayers for his life, he was condemned on the 8th of May, and executed on the same day. Before his condemnation, and even on the place of execution, he implored all the bystanders to save his life, crying, 'Noble Magyars, pardon me!' 'Dear Magyars, pardon me!' But it was all in vain."

"Joseph Papi, a magistrate of Weissenburg, was shot at Veszprim, on the 20th of August, 1849, for having in his possession certain papers relating to negotiations and to a surrender to the imperial troops.

"Anna Valentak, 70 years of age, was shot on the same day, by order of the rebel Mednyansky, for having written a letter to her uncle, assuring him that the Austrian troops would soon reconquer the country."

"The political suicide of Transylvania was not the will of a majority of the population, but was the work of terrorism. The civil war in Hungary and Transylvania broke out between the Magyars and the other races inhabiting those countries, — Croats, Slavonians, and Servians in the former, Saxons [Germans] and Wallachians in the latter, — *against the will of the king*, for the protection of their nationality endangered by the Magyars. The apostolic king and Austrian emperor then *for the first time* took part in it, when the Magyars threw down to him the glove of defiance. . . . The war in Hungary and Transylvania was not merely a struggle for the interests of a dynasty or a race, but for order against anarchy, for civilization against barbarism, for the support of society against its destruction. *Genesis der Revolution*, p. 383.

"I have already said that the Szeklers were found by the Magyars in the country [Transylvania] which they now occupy on their first entrance, and, on account of similarity of language and origin, were granted favors refused to the original inhabitants of the country. They were allowed the full enjoyment of their freedom on condition of defending the eastern frontier. . . .

"The richer and more powerful have gradually introduced on their own estates the system in operation in the rest of Transylvania, and the peasant and the seigneur are now found in the Szekler-land as elsewhere. Titles too, and letters of nobility, have been freely scattered through the country, and have gradually cast a slur on those who possess them not." Paget's *Hungary*, Vol. ii. pp. 390, 391.

"One of the fundamental laws of the Saxons [Germans] is

the equality of every individual of the Saxon nation. They have no nobles, no peasants. Not but that many of the Saxons have received letters of nobility, and deck themselves out in all its plumes; yet, as every true Saxon will tell you, that is only as Hungarian nobles, not as Saxons. Their municipal government was entirely in their own hands; every village chose its own officers, and managed its own affairs, without the interference of any higher power." *Ib.* pp. 431, 432.

"The greater part of the population of Transylvania consists of Wallachians, who are not represented in the Diet; and to these may be added the Gypsies, who lead a nomadic life, and dwell for the most part in tents. The language used in the transactions of the Diet is the Magyar. The number of deputies in the Transylvanian Diet of 1841–42 was 310, who were thus divided in regard to race: —

Diet.	*Population of Transylvania.**	
161 Magyars.	Magyars,	260,170
114 Szeklers.	Szeklers,	260,000
35 Saxons, (Germans.)	Saxon Germans,	250,000
——	Wallachians,	1,287,340
310	Others,	60,400

Hauer: *Uber Oesterreichs Staats-ausgaben*, p. 133.

"It was thus that the union of Transylvania with Hungary was decreed without asking the consent of the Roumani, who form a great majority of the population of the former province; it was thus that ultra-Magyar commissioners were sent to different localities with orders to exterminate the men of capacity and education, (meaning thereby the schoolmasters and the priests, without whose direction the rude Wallachian peasants could do no harm); it was thus that in the neighborhood of the cities and villages, and even on the highways, gibbets were erected, and on the public edifices in every part of Transylvania these words were inscribed, in the Hungarian and Roumanic language, *union or death.* The Roumani, driven to extremities, assembled, in the month of May, 1848, at Balasfalva, to the number of sixty thousand, presided over by their bishops of the Greek church.

"Never was there a more furious war than that which ensued as soon as the Roumani took up arms. The whole nation rose, men, women, and children. The levy *en masse* was organized under the national chieftains by all the promoters of this formal insurrection, who assumed the old Latin titles of *Prefects*, *Centurions*, and *Decurions.*" Bourgoing: *Guerres d'Idiome.*

"The presence of the imperial armies, their manifestoes and

*According to Haeufler, as cited by Bourgoing.

promises, and on the other side the straitened position of the Polish general, [Bem,] had the effect of arousing old hostilities, old recollections, claims, and hopes among the wild Wallachs, who in that country are called Motzen. The hordes of these mountaineers were stirred, and thousands crept from their hiding-places like reptiles awakened to new life by the sun's rays. Bem saw the numbers of his enemies increase fearfully on every spot of ground he had to defend." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. p. 163.

"In Transylvania, the Wallachian peasantry rose against the Magyar proprietors. It was not merely a Jacquerie, as in Galicia — a war of class against class; but also a war of race against race, and the excesses of both parties were terrible. Again, in the Banat, the granary of Hungary, the Serbs made war against the Magyars and Germans indiscriminately, whether they were the friends of the King or of the Magyar government, of order or of the revolution, and entire villages have disappeared before their ravages." *Corvinus*, pp. 90, 91.

"The Committee of Defence had no sooner abandoned Pesth than it became evident that there was dissension in the Hungarian councils. General Görgey seems to have been the exponent of the ultra-independent feeling of the Magyar squirearchy, and he proclaimed at once, on his arrival at Waitzen, that he was in arms for the laws of April, 1848, and the lawful king Ferdinand V., and that the army would defend the country independently of all other authority." *Ib.* p. 81.

"It is not quite clear why Batthyányi, who was aware of Count Lamberg's mission, withdrew from Pesth on the 27th September, and so gave the Diet an opportunity to declare his mission illegal because his appointment was not properly countersigned. That declaration most assuredly paved the way to the murder of the King's Commissioner on the 28th; and it is impossible to assent to the Hungarian manifesto, where it states that 'Count Lamberg's death should be considered as a fact in itself.' The Diet must accept the responsibility of initiating the outrage; and it certainly failed to seize the occasion to repudiate the sanguinary sentiment of M. Irényi, when he described it in the Lower House as 'a mere mistake of form.'

"Upon the murder of Count Lamberg, Batthyányi, Eötvos, and even the Baron Wesselényi, the O'Connell of Transylvania, as he has been termed, left the country." *Corvinus*, p. 76.

"Nothing, indeed, shows more clearly the distinct character of the later period of the Hungarian revolution than the fate of this ministry. Prince Paul Esterházy tendered his resignation in September, 1848. Count Széchényi became insane on seeing

the misfortunes inevitably impending over his country, which he was powerless to avert. Baron Eötvos was obliged for his personal safety to fly from Hungary after the events which ended with the massacre of Count Lamberg; whilst Deák and Klauzál retired into private life, when they became satisfied that M. Kossuth intended to continue the civil war at all hazards, by withdrawing with a section of the Diet to Debreczin." *Ib.* p. 68.

"When the Ban crossed the Drave in September, 1848, on his march towards Pesth, several officers of an Hungarian army-corps, which had been despatched to oppose his progress, came to his quarters and begged him to declare whether he had any orders from the King, as in case that he could satisfy them that he had such authority, although only given to him by word of mouth, they were prepared not to oppose him. The Ban's reply was, 'that he had no orders from the Emperor — that he was acting without any authority from him, and on his own responsibility — but that he believed that he was acting for the true interests of his country and his sovereign, and in conformity to the feelings of the army to which he gloried to belong.'" *Corvinus*, p. 72.

"The French statesmen, under pretext of a dread of Socialism, considered France not in a position to intervene. This party, under Lamartine, had already exerted their influence against Hungary, and the consequence was, that Pascal Duprat, who had in fact received his instructions from Bastide as agent in that country, did not leave France.

"In June 1849, the affairs of Hungary took a better turn in the Elysée and the hôtels of the ministers; but the overthrow of the party of the Mountain again destroyed all that the emphatic manifestations of public opinion had effected in favor of Hungary. The very circumstance that the Socialists had taken part for Hungary was sufficient to determine the Conservatives against it." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. p. 59.

"The greatest riddle of the Hungarian revolution is unquestionably the national Declaration of Independence, prompted by Kossuth, and proclaimed by the National Assembly at Debreczin, on the 14th of April, 1849, — an act which has been interpreted in various ways, for the most part incorrectly, and the real meaning of which is almost universally misunderstood." *Ib.* p. 75.

"Kossuth had suffered himself to be allured by phantoms into taking a premature step, — one of sad and important significance for the future." *Ib.* p. 81.

"The semi-republican declaration on the Theiss alarmed the French statesmen on the Seine, and the Tories in England had

on their side an easy game to play with Palmerston. Teleki in Paris and Pulszky in London endeavored to correct this evil, by declaring that they both adhered solely to the act of Independence; but in so doing they found themselves in the no less fatal position, of being obliged to disavow the policy of their own government. These envoys, as the English and French journals of that time clearly show, endeavored to represent that the form of government for Hungary was to be considered an open question, and that this country could meanwhile be as little designated a republic as a monarchy." *Ib.* pp. 87, 88.

"A far greater error, which must be laid to the charge of the governor and his ministers, was the misapprehension of their task in reference to the question of nationalities. *The Declaration of Independence had no meaning, unless the perfect satisfaction of all the wishes of the Croats, Serbs, and Wallachs followed immediately.* The separation of Hungary from Austria ought at the same time to be a bond of union with the South-Sclavish races. That this was not easy of accomplishment, must be admitted; indeed it was extremely difficult to enter into any kind of peaceable and conciliatory relations with those nations."

"The government ought to have disarmed the power of the leaders, by issuing a proclamation, and at once conceding all the demands of the Hungarian Sclaves, however exaggerated. No attempt ought to have been made to negotiate with the leaders, but the Diet should have addressed themselves directly with this explanation to the people. By such a step the Declaration of Independence would have gained in significance and grandeur."

"For we must not deceive ourselves: the question of Hungarian nationalities is such a tangled one, that other countries can scarcely be brought to conceive how Austria had succeeded in gaining the Sclaves on her side."

"The Act of Independence might have been the cradle of Hungary's freedom: it was wrecked, on the false policy of the ministry, on the overthrow of Kossuth, and on Görgey's treachery." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. pp. 88–90.

"A newspaper correspondent was right, who, in September 1848, addressed these words to the Hungarian ministry. 'Men of the government, explain to us why the anxious exclamation is so often uttered, that the country is in danger. The map lies before us, and the eye passes over a surface of 5,000 [German?] square miles. How can a country of this extent have its security menaced by that narrow little strip of land to the south, which is called the kingdom of Croatia? Above all, we conjure you, determine in clear and definite language what it is which you

call ' our country.' Tell us what we ought to think of when the land of Hungary is spoken about. What are we to understand by this name ? Is it a land in which the domination of the Magyar race is to be supported, or is it a land in which Magyars, Slavonians, and Germans may live together free and happy, with an equal right to national existence ? Upon the answer to this question depends the preservation or the ruin of free and independent Hungary. If territorial Hungary is meant, then we all come together there as one man ; but if it is only the Magyar idea of ' our country,' — that is, if Hungary means stiff-necked Magyardom, then, among the Slavonians and the Germans, there is not one outstretched weaponed arm for such a meagre, despotic idea, but only tears for such a monstrous deception. Therefore make haste, gentlemen, to fix clearly the idea which the inhabitants of this beautiful land are to connect with the word *Hungary*. There is yet time, deliverance is yet possible, the fusion of the Magyars, the Slavonians, and the Germans into the unity of one Hungarian nation, is yet possible — yet only under the condition that you tell the people, what is their fatherland." *Thronfalge in Ungarn*, pp. 10, 11.

" The Slavonians are born democrats, and are especially democratic when the genius of their race is allowed to develop itself without hinderance. The Hungarian Slavonians wished for all those civic and political liberties which the Hungarians demanded; but they made the question of freedom second to that of nationality, and were willing to remain immovable on the ground of reform. And it was precisely this feeling of nationality which the Magyars strongly assailed, as if it were a thought of rebellion. The Magyars found it very natural to vindicate their own individuality as a nation and a race ; but it excited great astonishment and indignation in them, that the Illyrians, [Croatians,] the Czechs, [Slovacks,] and the Wallachians, who are included within the limits of Hungary, should cherish the same wish. The Hungarians wished to Magyarize the Slavonians ; but these were not inclined to submit to such a demand. The Magyars had dreamed of political unity for their own advantage ; and they saw federalism appear, which they had themselves called into being. The moment the question of races was brought upon the carpet, political unity became impossible ; and so Hungary entered upon a series of political movements which led to dissolution. Now the several races are engaged in furious war with each other. . . . Hence it happens, that, on the very day of the revolution, when Metternich and the old system were prostrated, the Magyars found themselves threatened on all sides, and by all those races whose national feelings in former times

they had not respected; hence the protestations of the Slavonic congress at Prague, and the insurrections of the Slovacks in the Carpathian mountains; hence the summons for the *Roumani* to come together and form one nation, which the republicans of Bucharest sent to the Wallachians of Transylvania; hence, finally, the warlike attitude of the Croats." *Thronfalge*, &c., pp. 16, 17.

"However much the free citizen of Austria must condemn the course which Jallachich pursued, he cannot withhold from him the acknowledgment that he was actuated on this occasion [the capture of Vienna,] by motives of humanity, when such motives were regarded as fantastical, and feeling was looked upon as eccentricity." Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. i. p. 71.

"Jellachich's first appearance was such as to command respect. In Croatia there was no pillage, but there was equipment; there was no murdering — there was arming. The Ban roused his fellow-countrymen to the war against the Hungarians, with the same irresistible eloquence as that which subsequently enabled Kossuth to perform such incredible exploits; he took the field for the independence of his nation with great talents for agitation and inflammatory enthusiasm. He entered the arena of the revolution with raised visor, in a spirit of self-reliance, of confidence in the power of his race, and — their right to revolt.

"The question naturally arose, why the Croats should not enjoy privileges which the Hungarians had obtained without a struggle, and which the Italians on the field of battle, and the Germans in their Parliament were striving to acquire? No one who does not condemn all revolutions as indefensible, can consider the Croat insurrection less justifiable than those in Italy and Poland. In fact, at its commencement, Jellachich met with considerable sympathy both in and out of Austria, notwithstanding that Sclavism had never enjoyed any great favor in Europe." *Id.* pp. 26, 27.

"The parliament held secret conferences, to discuss the great question how the hostile Sclavish and Wallachian races might be won over to the Magyar cause. The result was, the transferrence of the command-in-chief to Görgey, (with the proviso that he should render at a future time an account of his conduct,) a declaration of the equal rights of all nationalities, and an amnesty to all who had borne arms against Hungary. [28th July, 1849.] These resolutions were adapted neither to times nor circumstances. Kossuth was still silent respecting Görgey, when he ought either to have spoken out or resigned. For the government to offer an amnesty at the moment when the war had taken a new and decisive turn, was tantamount to an admission of their

own weakness, — at the same time that it was evidently too early to do this, so long as those to whom the amnesty was offered had a well-founded hope of being soon in a position to grant an amnesty themselves. But the recognition of equal rights came a year too late, for it now merely offered to the Sclavish races a concession which had already been secured to them by the Emperor of Austria, and offered it, moreover, in the sight of their burnt-down cities, desolated villages, and desecrated graves. The Magyar haughtiness, and the thirst for supremacy in the Hungarian nobility, never suffered a deeper humiliation than from the resolutions passed at this sitting of the Diet; it was the last — the last great expiatory sin-offering of the representatives of the Hungarian Nation for long years of injustice to the other races. Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, vol. ii. pp. 188, 189.

"M. Kossuth and his ministers received with politeness, but with reserve, the overtures of the Poles and the Wallachians. On the 10th of June, [1849, two months before the end of the war] Casimir Bathiany, the minister of foreign affairs, writing to the political agents and to the commandants of the frontiers, addressed instructions to them which seemed to put off indefinitely the epoch of a compromise. 'There are,' he said, 'three principles which must serve as a basis to this reconciliation, and in regard to which we shall concede nothing on any condition whatsoever; for it would amount to committing suicide with our own hands. These are, — 1. the unity of the state; 2. the integrity of the territory of the state, as it has existed for centuries; 3. the supremacy of the Magyar element, acquired 1,000 years ago by the armed hand, the foundation of our autonomy, and consecrated by the use of the Magyar as the diplomatic language.' Thus having taken the right of conquest as his banner, the minister speaks of the privileges of the Magyar language. 'They have been,' he continued, 'defined by the laws. Thus, the deliberations of the legislative body, the laws, the documents which relate to them, are drawn up in the Magyar language. The Magyar is also the language of the government, of the inferior and higher tribunals of justice, of the superior schools, and of the registers of births and deaths.' Can we consider M. Bathiany as serious in what he regards as a concession? . . .

"After the first defeats of Georgey and Bem, when the image of death under its most terrific aspect was presented from all quarters to the insurrectionary government, Kossuth, with the ministry and the legislative assembly, began to show himself less hostile to projects of compromise. Under the fear which then seized upon all minds, they agreed to make some of the concessions which the agents of the Wallachians demanded. It was at

Szegedin, the last asylum of the fugitive government, on the 14th of July, one month before the end of the war, that the minister acquainted the Wallachians with this tardy resolution. As to the demands of the Poles in favor of the Slavonians, the Magyars still hesitated; only at the last moment, and when on the point of expiring at Arad, did they resign themselves to this last and grievous sacrifice. Hardly had the Wallachians had time to become acquainted with the new rights which were conceded to them with so bad grace, when already the ruin of Hungary was consummated. The Servians and the Croats heard of the very small concessions made to them only after the catastrophe, with the news of the capitulation at Villagos." H. Desprez: *Revue des deux Mondes*, January 15, 1850.

"The moral development of nations is incessantly advancing, and the history of the last year must have given a mighty impulse to the intelligence of the various nationalities of Austria. No nation is altogether good, but none is wholly bad. The Wallach and the Serb are not inferior in point of valor to the Magyar and the Pole; the German is their master in civilization; the Czech and the Slovack surpass them in many valuable, peaceful virtues. The bond of union amongst these races will eventually be the recognition of their common enemy; and if the death-knell of Hungary has the power of awakening this recognition, if over the grave of Hungary the hostile races relinquish their jealousies, and mutually extend the hand of reconcilation and union, then Hungary will not have bled in vain; she will have achieved in her defeat greater benefits for mankind at large, than she would ever have been able to accomplish by her triumph." * Conclusion of Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*.

Our string of citations is a long one, so long that there is but little space left for comment; and, fortunately, but very little comment is needed. It is seldom necessary, upon any subject, to produce so formidable an array of authorities. But questions of fact, when by any means the prejudices of the community have been excited in relation to them, can be settled only by abundance of testimony; and we have therefore summoned into court a crowd of witnesses, English, French, German, and Hungarian, professing all forms of political doc-

* To prevent all cavilling, it may be as well to state, once for all, that these citations have been made for the statements of *facts* which they contain, and not for the expression of *opinions*, which, in a few instances, we do not share. Also, to save space, we have been obliged to make the extracts as brief as possible; but the omissions are indicated, and the exact references to the volumes and pages will enable any reader to verify them with little difficulty.

trine, from the frigid zone of despotism to the tropical regions of red-republicanism, whose united and harmonious testimony can leave no doubt upon a mind of ordinary capacity, however unwelcome the truth may be, or how obstinate soever the bias by which its reception at an earlier day was prevented. Just a year ago, we attempted to give in our own words, with a mere reference to such authorities as might be supposed to be accessible to many, a general account of the causes and nature of the civil war which had then just ceased to rage in Hungary. This plain and inoffensive statement of historical facts concerning a nation upon the eastern confines of Europe, with whom our countrymen had had no political, commercial, or literary relations whatever, and of whose history they might fairly be presumed to know as little as they did of the early annals of China, was received in a manner which shows how dangerous it may sometimes be to speak the truth, even in a land where freedom of thought and the liberty of the press are professedly guarded with the most jealous care. It is unnecessary here to dwell particularly upon the repeated and outrageous attempts that were made, through the least respectable portion of the newspaper press, to direct a storm of public indignation against the writer of the article on Hungary, and against the Journal in which it appeared. Endeavors to establish a system of terrorism, in order to repress the free expression of opinion upon matters not at all connected with our domestic politics, are fortunately so rare in America, that they are sure, in the long run, to meet the indignant reprobation of the community. When they are confined to the usual forms of newspaper abuse and anonymous threatening letters, they can be treated with contemptuous disregard; when they menace the character, the profession, the livelihood, and even the personal safety of a writer, the authors of them display rather their malevolent intentions than their power to injure. A cause which can be supported only by such means, to which it is humiliating to be compelled to allude, is not likely to prosper.

We have now told the story of the civil war in Hungary over again, merely using the language of a crowd of reputable and unimpeached witnesses, instead of our own; and it may safely be left to the judgment of the reader, to decide which form of the statement is more favorable to the Magyars.

With a natural feeling of respect for their gallantry in battle, and for some chivalrous points in their character and demeanor, we suppressed, or passed lightly over, many pages in the record of the shocking barbarities which they committed, and of the insulting and oppressive treatment, continued for centuries, which at length goaded their long-suffering, subject races into rebellion. Since the fall of the aristocracies of Venice and Poland, the Magyars in Hungary, with few exceptions, have been the most arrogant, cruel, and tyrannical nobility in Europe. The robber barons of the Middle Ages did not more fully merit the vengeance which sometimes overtook them at the hands of their despairing vassals, than did these semi-barbarous nobles the ruin which has at length befallen them. They have kept their country three centuries behind the age, for the sole purpose of retaining their odious privileges as an order and a race. The policy even of Austrian despotism was liberal and enlightened compared with theirs. They were the firmest supporters, the pliant instruments and vassals, of that despotism, so long as it would aid them in riveting the chains upon their unhappy subjects. When that aid was withdrawn, they turned fiercely against the power to which they had so long submitted without a murmur, and at the same moment found themselves surrounded, as with a wall of fire, by their revolted and desperate vassals. Slowacks and Wallachians, Servians, Germans, and Croatians, races separated from each other by the widest differences of language, manners, and religion, were now united by a common hatred of the Magyars, and fought against them with a long restrained thirst for vengeance, and with all the energy of despair. The scenes of the war which ensued were sickening to humanity, and an opprobrium to the age. Fortunately, it was of short continuance; the Magyars were crushed in the unequal contest; and their fair land is now a scene of desolation and ruin.

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos."

This tyrannical aristocracy, after actively aiding Austria, so late as the summer of 1848, to trample out the last sparks of freedom in Italy, at length became dissatisfied because the emperor would not help them to suppress the rebellion of their own vassals, and made war against him, commencing hostilities by the shocking murders of Count Latour and

Count Lamberg. This war they prosecuted for six months, carefully leaving the door open for reconciliation, till the emperor published a liberal constitution, which abrogated all distinctions of race among his subjects, and established representative institutions and equal suffrage throughout the empire. Then, indeed, in their fear lest the liberal policy which Austria had been *compelled* to adopt should be fatal to their own arrogant pretensions and aristocratic privileges, they severed the last tie which bound them to the empire, and fought desperately for the independence and aggrandizement of Magyardom. This nearly accidental circumstance, that, at a comparatively late period in the history of the contest, Austria became a party to it and fought against the Magyars, was quite enough to direct the sympathies of all those who knew nothing about the affairs of Hungary. It was almost universally taken for granted, not merely that Austria was contending for despotism, — a supposition which is usually a very safe one, — but that her opponents, the Magyars, were fighting for freedom and the establishment of equal rights, an opinion which happened to be the direct opposite of the truth. The mere fact that the Magyars formed but one third of the population of Hungary, though they arrogated to themselves exclusively the appellation of Hungarians, and were waging war against the other two thirds, would have been enough, if generally known, to dispel the illusion as to the character of the war, had it not been for a farther circumstance, almost as casual as the one already mentioned. As their haughty and oppressive conduct had left the Magyars without a single ally among the races and nations by whom they were immediately surrounded, they saw fit, after the contest had been raging for some months, to adopt as friends and associates in the war, the savage red republicans and infidel socialists, who had been driven from the Parisian barricades in June, and who were now justly proscribed in almost every city and nation in Europe. It was a strange and unnatural alliance in every respect but one; the murderers of Count Lamberg and Count Zichy might well make common cause with the assassins of General Brea and the Archbishop of Paris.

This last circumstance explains how it is that the delusion, or deception, about the war in Hungary has been so pertinaciously kept up here in America. In several of our large

cities there is unfortunately a small *clique* of these infidel socialists, mostly refugees from Europe, who have obtained command of a few penny newspapers, and are endeavoring through their means to exercise the system of *terrorism* here which they practised on a large scale in the old world. Professing, sometimes with truth, to have been actors in the terrible scenes of which they speak, they systematically pervert the truth of history respecting them, in order to gain sympathy and charity for themselves; and to every attempt to represent these affairs in their true light, they oppose nothing but fierce denunciation and personal menace, — the only weapons that are left to them since the stiletto and the pistol have been wrested from their grasp.

How successful they have been, among those who ought to be better informed, in making converts to their daring falsities, appears in an article from a highly respectable source in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*, to which we are now, though with great reluctance, compelled to allude. The writer of it, but for defect of knowledge, would doubtless have censured, as strongly as we have done, the conduct and projects of the Magyars, and the infamous system of falsehood and terrorism through which their cause has been supported in other lands. The character of the whole article, which is nearly seventy pages long, may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a single statement in it, which we copy as a curiosity, for it is certainly one of the most astounding assertions on record. The only facts alleged in immediate confirmation of it, are those which we have already considered in a footnote, on page 226.

"*Since the reign of St. Stephen, all the races inhabiting the kingdom have composed the Hungarian nation, and have shared equally in all its honors and all its sufferings.*" *Christian Examiner* for November 1850, p. 466.

We have no doubt, whatever, that the writer fully believed this marvellous statement at the time of making it. It only shows how far one may be misled by a little pardonable vanity, arising from the consciousness of having acquired some knowledge of the Magyar language, — a very rare, if not unique, accomplishment for one not born in Hungary, — and by implicit reliance on a single, but very untrustworthy, source of information.

It is quite unnecessary to waste much time upon the consideration of an article, which contains such an extraordinary assertion, and which also appears to have been written, not so much for the purpose of explaining the nature of the war in Hungary, as for that of damaging the reputation of the only American writer who has dared to plead the cause of ten millions of oppressed and down-trodden Slavonians, Wallachians, and Germans, who at last rose in rebellion against the arrogant and cruel Magyar aristocracy, "the only firm prop of the Austrian throne," — the aristocracy which had for centuries kept them in thrall. The cause must be a desperate one which needs to be supported by such historical statements as are made by this writer. It is difficult to consider them with gravity, and humiliating to be obliged to confute them by references to such authorities as are in the hands of everybody, — to pages with which a school-boy may be supposed to be familiar. If the Examiner will not admit the authority of such writers as Gibbon, Robertson, Coxe, Professor Smyth, and others, because they were ignorant of the Magyar language, (which is one of the reasons gravely assigned for declaring us incompetent to weigh historical testimony,) we have no further defence to offer. Not one of these writers knew a word of Magyar; we do not know a word of Magyar; and of the twenty millions of people, not Hungarian born, who inhabit this country, probably nineteen millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine are in the same predicament, the solitary exception being the writer in the Examiner. Not one of us knows whether *fonebbi* means *above* or *former;* and if this disqualifies us from saying any thing about the history of Hungary, we must all hold our tongues. And on the same principle, we must declare that no one shall write about the history of America, who has not a thorough knowledge of Choctaw.

But if the Examiner will abate a little of its lofty pretension, and admit ordinary mortals, like Robertson, Gibbon, and Coxe, to be good authorities for the history of Hungary, these imputed historical blunders can be easily shown to be well-known facts in history. Admitting that the "inaccuracies" in question "have not a direct relation to this subject," and being apparently conscious that a very bad motive might be

assigned as the only reason for noticing them at all, the writer apologizes with great gravity for devoting space to them, by saying that in referring to the *recent* history of Hungary, "we shall often be compelled to refer to authorities which may not be in the possession of our readers. We must, *therefore*, in order to prepare them to credit the existence of errors of such magnitude" in the Review, "point out misstatements of the same nature in relation to portions of history with which they are conversant;" that is, if we understand the logic, if the North American Review is mistaken about the *ancient* history of Hungary, the Examiner must be correct in its statements about the *recent* history of that country, and must have made a faithful use of those authorities which are not generally accessible, — because, we suppose, they are in the Magyar tongue. But no matter about the logic. We accept the challenge, such as it was meant to be; if the Examiner be found to have told the truth about the *ancient* history of Hungary, which is generally well known, we will admit that it has some claim — though a very faint one — to be believed when it makes assertions about the *recent* history of that land, which, in this country, is very little known. Its charges of historical blunders are eight in number, and we will consider them *all.*

1. The Examiner sneers at us for representing Ferdinand I. as "claiming to be rightful sovereign [of Hungary], in quality, apparently, of descendant from his wife," after we had admitted that the Hungarian crown at this period was elective. Dr. Robertson says that he *did* claim the crown, and that "this claim was founded on a double title; the one derived from the ancient pretensions of the house of Austria to both kingdoms; *the other from the right of his wife, the only sister of the deceased monarch;*" and in the very next sentence, he admits that the crown was elective. Archdeacon Coxe asserts the same fact in almost exactly the same language. The Examiner's sneer, therefore, is directed against these two historians.

2. We had asserted that "*after* the memorable scene with Maria Theresa, this right [of the House of Hapsburg to reign in Hungary] was extended, according to the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, to the female line." The Examiner objects that "if this right had not been extended to the

female line in the lifetime of *Charles the Third, father of Maria Theresa,* the memorable scene could never have taken place." The ignorance here displayed is almost incredible. Charles the Third lived seven or eight centuries before Maria Theresa was born. *Charles the Sixth,* (as he is called by all historians except the Magyars*) who was her father, had indeed persuaded the Hungarians nominally to accept the Pragmatic Sanction some twenty years before "the scene;" just as most of the sovereigns of Europe had done, who broke their pledge immediately after the death of Charles, just as the Hungarians were expected to break theirs. Of course, the female line was actually established on the throne only by the success of the queen's appeal to the feelings of the Hungarian Diet. Archdeacon Coxe, who is followed by Prof. Smyth, when speaking of the preparation for the scene in 1741, says, "the gray-haired politicians of the court of Vienna in vain urged that the Hungarians, who, *when Charles the Sixth proposed the Pragmatic Sanction, had declared that they were accustomed to be governed by men, and would not consent to a female succession,* would seize this opportunity of withdrawing from the Austrian domination. But Maria Theresa formed a different judgment, and her opinion was justified by the event."

3. The Examiner, in referring to a statement of ours, says that "the confirmation of the union with Austria, or *to speak more accurately,* the confirmation of the House of Hapsburg on the Hungarian throne by the act of the Diet of 1687," could not have contributed to the release of Hungary from the Turks in 1683. Of course, it could not; but according to Coxe and all other historians, (except the Magyars,) the union with Austria was in fact confirmed as early as 1567; and it was not till *long after* this event, that the Turks were driven out. In that year, John Sigismond, the last formidable claimant of the Hungarian throne against the House of Austria, according to Coxe, signed a treaty with Maximilian II.,

* The overweening national pride of the Magyars appears even ludicrous, when manifested through their obstinate determination not to recognize their sovereigns except under the appellation by which they were known in the annals of Hungary, though they were universally known by a different title throughout civilized Europe. Grave complaints were made by Magyar writers, and even by the Magyar Diet, because their late sovereign *would* style himself Ferdinand I., while they persisted in calling him Ferdinand V. What common reader would recognize the second James of England under his Scotch title of James VII.?

in which "he engaged not to assume the title of king of Hungary except in his correspondence with the Turks, and to acknowledge the emperor as king, his superior and master." Sigismond died four years afterwards, when "all his possessions in Hungary reverted to Maximilian." Hungary continued, indeed, to be *nominally* an elective kingdom till 1687; but the sovereigns of Austria were always chosen in lineal succession, so that the election was a mere form.

4. The Examiner goes on to affirm that "the Turks were *not* driven out of Hungary in 1683; *neither were they driven out by Sobieski*, though the Reviewer seems so well satisfied of this fact, &c." We had tolerably good reasons to be satisfied of it, if Coxe, and every other English, French, and German historian who have written the history of this period, are to be trusted. We refer to Coxe chiefly, because his volumes can be obtained by every one, and because his diligence, fidelity, and impartiality have never been questioned. Prof. Smyth relies upon him almost exclusively, and says "his work is executed with every appearance of diligence and precision." Now, Coxe says, that Sobieski raised the siege of Vienna, September 12th, 1683, put his army in motion again five days afterwards, overtook and defeated the Turks again at Parkan on the 27th of October, invested Gran, and compelled it to surrender. "This success was followed by the surrender of the towns which had submitted in the first panic of the invasion, and which again hastened to acknowledge their sovereign, *while the Turkish army, continuing their flight to Belgrade, abandoned Hungary.*" Sobieski then became dissatisfied with the emperor, and withdrew his troops into Poland.

5. We had said that "in the final struggle, the noted Tekeli and his partisans fought with the Turks against Sobieski;" for proof of which, see Coxe and all other historians, (except the Magyars,) *passim.* The Examiner *seems* to deny this, by asserting that "Sobieski was already dead at the time of the final struggle," which it fixes in 1716; while, on the authority given above, we placed it in 1683. The decisive blow given to the Turkish power, after which it never again became formidable to all Europe, though it often afterwards invaded Hungary at the request and by the assistance of the Magyar nobility, was when Sobieski defeated the

Ottoman army before Vienna, and drove it back to Belgrade. To prove that these are the familiar and notorious facts of history, we will quote even from so common a book as McCulloch's Universal Gazetteer, where it is said, (speaking of Turkey under Solyman the Magnificent,) "at this period, the Turkish empire was, unquestionably, the most powerful in the world. Nor had this mighty power even then reached its greatest height. Solyman was succeeded by other able princes; and the Ottoman arms continued to maintain their ascendency over those of Christendom *until in* 1683, *the famous John Sobieski, king of Poland, totally defeated the army employed in the siege of Vienna. This event marked the era of their decline.*" Vol. ii. p. 977.*

6. Commenting on our assertion that the Turks held possession of nearly half of Hungary for a century and a half after Ferdinand came to the throne, the Examiner says, "this, then, was the protection which the Hungarians found *from their enemies* in the union with Austria;" and again, "Austria neither protected the Hungarians from the Turks, nor suffered them effectually to protect themselves." This is really too bad. During the whole period in question, the greater part of the Magyars were, not the enemies, but the active allies and friends, of the Turks against the Christian powers of Europe; their leaders, John of Zapolya and his posterity, and Tekeli and others, could not have kept up the contest with Austria for a month, except by the aid of the infidels.

7. The Examiner objects to our calling both John Hunniades and his son, the almost equally renowned Corvinus, *kings* of Hungary, by saying that the former was *not* a king, but only "governor of Hungary." He was a king in fact, though not in name, just as Charles Martel and Pepin were really kings of France, though nominally only mayors of the palace. Gibbon does not hesitate to speak of the *reign* of Hunniades in the same sentence in which he alludes to "the *titular* king, Ladislaus of Austria."

8. We once used the abbreviated expression "emperor of

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* In a former publication of this paragraph in a newspaper, in place of the sentence here cited from McCulloch, another sentence, which was quite irrelevant, was accidentally substituted by a mistake of the copyist.

Austria," instead of the more common phrase "emperor of the House of Austria." Of course, the former expression is just as correct as the latter; for the sovereigns in question were emperors (of the Holy Roman Empire,) an appellation which had become merely titular for more than a century before Francis resigned it, so that they were usually designated by adding the name of their hereditary dominions. Many writers do not hesitate to use the shorter phrase frequently, as it could hardly mislead even a school-boy.

We have now considered *all* the specifications in the charge of blundering in our statements of historical facts, and can safely leave the reader to form his own opinion of them. Of course, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the assertions of *such* a writer in regard to the recent war in Hungary. According to the terms of the Examiner's own challenge, uttered in reference to the preceding allegations, all its subsequent statements, confessedly derived from authorities not generally accessible, are wholly undeserving of credit.

We have but a word to add about the alleged inconsistencies in our account of the conduct of the Hungarian nobles. We spoke of their conduct at two different periods, — the one extending from the earliest period of their history down, certainly, to as late an epoch as 1836; the other extending from 1836 to the eve of the recent revolution. We spoke of their conduct as a body during the first period with uniform and strong censure; upon the course pursued by a party among them during the later period, we bestowed the highest eulogy, comparing Széchény, their leader, even to our sainted Washington. The Examiner takes isolated sentences and paragraphs from the two distinct statements, which are carefully distinguished throughout in the article, places them side by side, and cries out that the Review confutes itself!

But the gravest misstatement in the Examiner is yet to be noticed. For the purpose of calling down popular odium upon the Review, the writer openly declares that our object in the article published a year ago was "to undertake the defence of Austria," and "to disenchant his readers from the spell" which had connected with the Metternich policy and the name of Austria "no associations but those of meanness, stagnation, moral death."

Now what are the facts? In our first article, the conduct and policy of the Austrian government were censured from beginning to end, in the strongest language that we could command. It was expressly stated, that no credit was due to it even for what *seemed* to be a liberal act, the grant of a new Constitution. The execution of the Magyar chiefs, after the insurrection was crushed, was declared to be cruel, wicked, and even impolitic. The motives of Austria were shown to be selfish, even in the protection which she had granted to the peasants and the subject races against the Magyars; as her only object was, to establish her own despotic power, by limiting the privileges and extinguishing the power of the nobility. Finally, in a second article upon the subject, published nine months ago, the opinion was expressed that "the conduct of Austria has been as selfish, her pretences as hollow, her concessions as unwillingly made, during the last two years, as in any former period of her history." It was further stated, that "we should have heartily rejoiced if the civil war in Hungary, or the Slavonic insurrection which preceded and caused that war, had caused the final dismemberment of her (the Austrian) ill-jointed empire, — which has had no principle of political cohesion, but forces together, by a sort of Mezentian union, races and countries that are implacably hostile, — together with the dethronement of that House of Hapsburg, whose very name is a byword in history for perfidy, cruelty, and oppression."

We leave the reader to characterize the statement made in the Examiner in any manner which he may think it deserves.

> The Reviewer "throws slight and ridicule even on that celebrated example of self-devotion and loyalty, which drew forth the brilliant eulogium of Montesquieu, and waked a glow even in the cold heart of Voltaire. The pages of these popular writers have made this scene familiar and dear to the memories of thousands, and we believe that no part of the attack on the Hungarians called forth a more lively sense of the indignity offered to that brave people than the passage in which this scene was coupled with the sneering epithets 'theatrical and in bad taste.'" *Christian Examiner*, p. 134.

The language here is studiedly ambiguous; but every reader would certainly draw from it the inference which it was plainly intended that he should draw, — namely, that we had designated the celebrated scene with Maria Theresa as

"theatrical and in bad taste" *on the part of the Hungarians.* It happens that we did no such thing. In illustrating some of those "characteristics of the Magyar race" which "interest the imagination and the feelings *strongly in their favor*," in dwelling upon "their *chivalrous*, haughty, and aristocratic spirit," their intense feeling of nationality, and their "enthusiasm of character, coupled with some picturesque peculiarities of dress and customs, [which] is *one great cause of the favor*" with which the Magyar cause was received in Europe, we alluded, among other things, to the memorable scene with Maria Theresa, and described the costume that she then wore, and the manner in which she was received.

"The whole scene would have appeared theatrical and in bad taste *to any other legislative body in Europe; but* it was *perfectly in character for the Magyars*, who have shown the same spirit on more recent occasions." *N. A. Review* for January, 1850. pp. 103, 104.

The inference from such language is very clear. The scene was in character *for the Magyars;* it suited their chivalrous spirit, their enthusiasm of character; it interested the imagination and the feelings in their favor. But *in any other legislative body*, not possessing these traits of character, it would have been simply ludicrous. Imagine an imitation of "the scene" in the English parliament, at about the same period, when the rebellion of 1745 was in prospect. Suppose that, during the alarm which was then general, the grave legislators of England, in full warlike costume, had assembled in St. Stephen's chapel; that their half-German sovereign, who was not very fluent in the English tongue, had made them a speech in a dead language; and that the whole assembly, in great delight, had then jumped up, clashed their swords together, and exclaimed in very bad Latin, *Moriamur pro rege nostro, Georgio Secundo.* Would such a scene have drawn forth "the brilliant eulogium of Montesquieu, and waked a glow even in the cold heart of Voltaire?"

"The Reviewer *makes no attempt to explain* how it was that the peasants of this haughty race, men in whom all the characteristics of the Magyar were much more strongly marked than in the nobles even of their own race, came to make common cause with their oppressors." *Christian Examiner*, p. 443.

This is not true; and the writer, who appears to have examined our article with a microscope, dwelling upon the force of every sentence in it, could hardly have failed to know that it was not true. In the course of the two pages next subsequent to the passage on which the Examiner is here commenting, there are two distinct "attempts to explain" why the Magyar peasants made common cause with the Magyar nobles, which we will here copy, to allow the reader to form his own opinion of the weight due to them.

"The Magyars who are not noble form the higher class of the peasantry; and though not often rich, they have generally most of the necessaries, and even the comforts of life, as the feudal burdens on their lands are not excessive, and their tenant rights are often very valuable. Whether peasants or nobles, they pride themselves on their race, and regard the Wallachians and Slavonians as their subjects, if not as inferior beings." *N. A. Review* for January, 1850, p. 88.

"The Magyar peasants, it is true, had nothing to do with the direction of affairs, though their interests, so far as they came in conflict with those of the Slavonian and Wallachian peasants, were, of course, protected by the great body of the Magyar nobility, who owned all the land and made all the laws." *Ib.* p. 89.

But it is a pitiable undertaking to follow the track of a writer who is thus reckless in assertion; and we gladly stop here, though our materials are far from being exhausted.

Art. VIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences.* By Joseph T. Buckingham. Boston: Little & Brown. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

It is often said, that we live under a government of newspapers. Perhaps no one can appreciate the full force of this remark, till he has reviewed the political history of the country, especially of New England, ever since the Declaration of Independence, with a special reference to the effects produced by the most influential of these organs and guides of public sentiment.

Certainly, any history of politics in our portion of the world, during the period mentioned, would be very defective which did not devote a considerable space to the characters and labors of such men as Isaiah Thomas, Benjamin Austin, Jr., Benjamin Russell, Joseph Dennie, Thomas G. Fessenden, and many others, who furnished to the great majority of the people every morning all the topics and the thoughts, not directly belonging to their personal concerns, which were to exercise their minds for the rest of the day. It is little to say that every one reads the newspapers; the great majority of our people read nothing else, except the Bible, and now and then a novel, of an evening or a Sunday. The frequency with which the blow falls makes up for the shallowness of the impression left by each individual stroke. The assertion which a man finds repeated every morning in his newspaper, he may put down as a falsehood at first; but before the end of the month, he will come to believe it. Iteration and reiteration is the secret of writing successfully in the newspapers. The ablest pamphleteer that ever wrote, if he lived in our own day, and looked chiefly to the effect which his writings were to produce on the opinions and actions of his contemporaries, would publish his works only in the newspapers. In books, whether of large or small pretensions, he would attempt only to act on the minds of a class, usually a small one, in the community, or to determine the judgment of posterity. It is not too much to say, that a series of able *leaders*, as they are called, on a given subject in the *Times*, continued for a month, would exert a wider and stronger influence on public opinion in Great Britain than was produced by Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. State papers are now written, and speeches in Parliament or Congress are made, not so much to influence the minds of those to whom they are nominally and directly addressed, as with a view to the effect on public sentiment which they are subsequently to have through their dissemination in the newspapers.

Much of what is most peculiar in the course of politics here in New England for the last half century, and in the career of our public men, can be fully traced out and understood only through the diligent study of files of newspapers. The power which was wielded by the individuals whom we have just mentioned, it is true, has, in these later days, been much weakened by diffusion. The multiplication of newspapers has greatly lessened the influence which can be exerted by any one of them; and even their collective power is diminished, for, to a great extent, they neutralize each other. They do not now so much create public opinion on any given subject as concentrate and intensify it; they lend force to that sentiment to which they give expression, though they cannot shape its course. Their agency is not

so conspicuous in kindling the fire, or directing where it shall rage, as in fanning the flame. If we were to credit the language used by the newspapers on the eve of every presidential election, we should believe that the crisis could not terminate without a civil revolution or an appeal to arms. But the crisis does terminate, and the community accept the result, whatever it may be, with seeming apathy. The thunder of the daily press dies away in a plaintive or rejoicing murmur.

No one could be better qualified than the author of these unpretending volumes to write a history of newspaper literature in New England. His personal reminiscences, which are modestly thrown into the shade, or kept in reserve, might well have filled a prominent portion of his book. Having been connected for more than half a century with some of the leading newspapers of the day, during most of which time he has occupied the editor's chair that he has but recently quitted, he has now undertaken in his old age to collect some of the scattered materials for a history of that form of literature which has been the occupation of his life. With most of the events that he chronicles, he was directly connected; with most of the men whom he writes about he was personally intimate. Having borne his part manfully and well in many sharp political conflicts and other controversies of his times, he has given some of the leisure which belongs of right to gray hairs to a calm retrospect of these events and the principal actors in them. The tone in which the work is executed is subdued, grave, and impartial; not one sharp word or sheathed sarcasm betrays the direction of the writer's sympathies, or any bitter recollection of friends or opponents. Yet he will not quarrel with us for saying, that no prominent newspaper writer has given or received harder blows than he, while the war was raging and he was in the midst of it. There is a moral lesson in the equanimity with which he now views the well fought field, if we would but heed its purport. Controversialists are too apt to forget, that the printed word sticks on the page long after the angry feeling which dictated it has died out of the writer's mind. Political controversies, as they are managed in the newspapers, it is true, generally partake of the nature of militia sham-fights; the noise and smoke deceive no one as to the amount of injury done, or even intended. But though the harsh and bitter language which is used does not flow from any strong feeling in the bosom of the writer, its obvious effect is to inflame the passions of those who read, and thus to do more harm to their characters than good to the political cause which they espouse. Why will not the Major Russells and Hony Austins of our own day consider that, should they all be alive thirty years hence, they will probably have become the best friends in the world?

But we did not intend to moralize over Mr. Buckingham's entertaining volumes; we wished simply to commend them to our readers' attention and regard. They contain much information on topics in which every one feels some interest, which would be sought in vain elsewhere, or could be obtained only after long and exhausting research. The specimens of newspaper literature are selected with excellent taste and judgment, and many of them deserve to be laid away in cedar among the few books to which a cultivated appetite often recurs without any risk of satiety. Joseph Dennie was one of the most pure, tasteful, and elegant writers of whom our trans-Atlantic literature can boast; his Lay Sermons were never preached to a sleepy audience, and if collected and republished at the present day, would have a glad reception from many besides those who would be interested in them from associations with the past. Our author's own style is an honorable exception to the slipshod manner in which most newspaper writers of our own day generally indulge. He writes English with the vigor, precision, and neatness, which show that vigilant self-discipline and long practice may produce all the best effects of careful training in the schools. We hope the intimation given in the preface, that a third volume may perhaps appear, "embracing matters of more recent date, and which excited some interest at the time of their occurrence," will ere long be fulfilled.

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2. *English Grammar. The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Development; designed for Use in Colleges and Schools.* By William C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1850. 8vo. pp. 675.

Though class-books for instruction have multiplied of late years with great rapidity, some striking deficiencies in the list yet remain; and among these, we know not a more obvious and pressing one than that which Professor Fowler has here attempted to supply. Murray's larger grammar, and the excellent little work by Bishop Lowth, on which it is founded, rather indicate the want than satisfy it; they are neither comprehensive in plan, nor satisfactory in execution. That they are not methodical or systematic in form, is a fault which ought in fairness to be attributed to the subject. Our noble mother tongue, with all its copiousness,

flexibility, and power, is an immethodical and anomalous compound of heterogeneous ingredients. A great part of its beauty is attributable to its irregularity; its richness often proceeds from its violations of rule. It is like an old-fashioned mansion-house, which has undergone so many alterations and additions, to suit the taste and the convenience of its successive owners, that it has become a shapeless pile when viewed from without, and within, it is a maze of turnings, passages, staircases, and odd corners; but it is still grand, spacious, and comfortable, with massive walls, stout buttresses, and noble apartments. An army might encamp under its roof, and treasures are hidden in its chambers. To describe it in terms which would be intelligible to one who has never wandered through its spacious halls, to classify its rooms, its entrances, and its conveniences, to give a technical name to every nook and passage, and point out a purpose for every feature in its architecture, would be a vain attempt. We can know it thoroughly only by dwelling in it for many years.

The grammarian who makes the English language his subject has an arduous task; and we ought therefore to view his work with leniency. The instructor who attempts to teach English grammar without the light which is reflected upon it from the grammatical systems of other languages, has to contend with still greater difficulties; and we wonder how his pupils learn it at all. With these preliminary considerations kept fully in view, we are prepared to judge Professor Fowler's treatise fairly. It contains much good material; it bears the marks of laborious research and careful elaboration. A good portion of it may be used in the higher seminaries with advantage, and the laborious student will derive profit from diligent study of the whole. We have not had time to examine it thoroughly; but it appears to be a safe guide, as far as it goes. The author is not ambitious of novelty, nor is he a slave to a preconceived theory. He does not stretch the language upon the Procrustes bed of a grammatical system, but contents himself with describing it in its natural proportions. The portion which has been contributed to the book by Professor J. W. Gibbs, relating chiefly to the derivation of words, well sustains the reputation of that learned philologist; but as this portion almost necessarily takes the form of a catalogue, we have some doubts whether it might not have been more profitably included in a dictionary. Learned etymological discussions are serviceable only to a small class of scholars; the pupil of a common school, or even an undergraduate in college, would be frightened by them. The author also acknowledges that he is under large obligations to Dr. Latham, of London University, whose labors in this department are well known and highly appreciated. Hav-

ing freely incorporated into his work whatever he found most valuable and consonant with his purpose in the writings of many erudite philologists, logicians, and grammarians, nearly every student can derive some profit and information from his pages; so that we can heartily commend them, for examination at least, to teachers and learners.

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3. *Poems*, by H. W. Parker. Auburn: James M. Alden. 1850. 12mo. pp. 238.

Before we received his volume, we had never heard of Mr. Parker; but having subjected the book to a tolerably thorough *extispicium*, we feel safe in auguring that we shall hear of him again. We are inclined to deal gently with the earlier essays of song. A first volume, like a first love, is a tender experience, which a man can have only once. It is a venture watched by one pair of eyes, at least, with nervous solicitude. Like the taper-freighted bark of the Hindoo maiden, it trusts itself to the current of the time; and we would not endanger it by a single ripple of adverse criticism. At a certain period, our American youth of both sexes pass through an eruption of verse, more or less violent, as inevitably as through measles or scarlatina. In such cases, we doubt the safety of treatment by cold water. We should rather be inclined to try a homœopathic regimen; and, trusting that *similia similibus curantur*, would put the patient upon a rigid course of other first volumes.

The richer veins of poetry do not always crop out upon the surface. There must be tough digging, and a getting down into the depths to come at them. But where we find fancy and imagination scattered as profusely as in the pages of Mr. Parker, we may feel quite safe in recommending the sinking of a shaft.

We find in this book proofs of an unconscious strength, and a difficult ease of expression, (for the best things are not in the gift of luck, but of luck's master, endeavor,) which promise much. The poems, too, have an indigenous flavor, as if they had caught the direct rays of the American sun, without the intervention of glass. Mr. Parker's images and illustrations are drawn from things about him, which he has seen, not dreamed of; and he presses the wine of poetry from the native grape.

The chief defect of the author lies in his not allowing enough weight to *probability* in the choice of his fancies. It is not a

bad sign, as an argument of freshness of mind; and we pardon it in the elder poets; but in the age of newspapers, we cannot away with it. For example, in the poem of the "*Elm-Sylph*," (p. 111,) he spoils a great many ingenious fancies concerning the wrongs which trees endure at the hands of men, by asking us to believe in an "Emperor Elm" and an army of trees, making ready to brush the human race from the face of the earth. So, in the poem of "*The Shadow*," (p. 55,) the conception is a very striking one, but is damaged by being allowed to straggle here and there beyond the bounds of that average limit which we agree to call the natural. Lord Byron has sung the difficulties of "beginning;" and the earlier Greeks made Arche one of the Muses; but after having begun, leaving off is the next hardest achievement. There should also be a muse of selection, who might be figured with a sieve in her hand. It is not enough for the poet to give us pearl-oysters; he should himself pick out and string the pearls.

We copy a part of "*A Vision of Shelley's Death*," in which Mr. Parker has beautifully imagined a final reconciliation between the life and the belief of the poet.

A moment more, and one pale form appeared,
And faintly looked the eyes; no storm careered,
And all the place with mystic light was sphered.

Around him slept a circling space of wave;
It seemed the crystal pavement of a cave,
And all about he heard the waters rave.

He saw them waving like a silken tent,
Beheld them fall, like rocks of beryl rent,
And rage, like lions from a martyr pent.

A sudden life began to thrill his veins;
A strange, new force his sinking weight sustains,
Until he seems released from mortal chains.

He looked above, — a glory floating down,
A dazzling face and form, a kingly crown,
With blinding beauty all his senses drown.

As tearful eyes may see the light they shun,
As veiling mists reveal the clear-shaped sun,
He knew the crucified, transfigured One.

In that still pause of trembling, blissful sight,
He woke as from a wild and life-long night,
And through his soul there crept a holy light.

A blot seemed fading from his troubled brain,

A doubt of God, a madness, and a pain,
Till upward welled his trusting youth again, —

Till upward every feeling pure was drawn,
As nightly dews are claimed again at dawn,
And whence they came are more gently gone.

He gazed upon those mercy-beaming eyes,
Till recognition chased away surprise,
And he had faith from heaven, and strength to rise,

To rise and kneel upon the glassy tide,
While down the Vision floated to his side,
And stooped to hear what less he said than sighed: —

"O Truth, Love, Gentleness! — I wooed and won
Your essences, nor knew that ye are ONE;
O crowned Truth, receive thine erring son?"

We had many other passages for extracting, but on the whole prefer to give the following fine poem, "*The City of the Dead.*" both as complete in itself, and likely to commend itself to the tastes of all our readers.

Go forth, and breathe the purer air, with me,
And leave the city's sounding streets;
There is another city, sweet to see,
Whose heart with no delirium beats;
The solid earth beneath it never feels
The dance of joy, the rush of care,
The jar of toil, the mingled roll of wheels;
But all is peace and beauty there.

No spacious mansions stand in stately rows
Along that city's silent ways;
No lofty wall, nor level pavement glows,
Unshaded from the summer rays;
No costly merchandise is heaped around,
Nor pictures stay the passer by,
Nor plumed soldiers march to music's sound,
Nor toys and trifles tire the eye.

The narrow streets are fringed with living green,
And weave about in mazes there;
The many hills bewilder all the scene,
And shadows veil the noonday glare.
No clanging bells ring out the fleeting hours,
But sunlight glimmers softly thro',
And marks the voiceless time in golden showers
On velvet turf and lakelets blue.

The palaces are sculptured shafts of stone,
That gleam in beauty thro' the trees;

The cottages are mounds with flowers o'ergrown;
No princely church the stranger sees,
But all the grove its pointed arches rears,
And tinted lights shine thro' the trees,
And prayers are rained in every mourner's tears,
Who for the dead in silence grieves.

And when dark night descends upon the tombs,
No reveller's song, nor watchman's voice
Is here; no music comes from lighted rooms,
Where swift feet fly and hearts rejoice;
'Tis darkness, silence all; no sound is heard
Except the wind that sinks and swells,
The lonely whistle of the midnight bird,
And brooks that ring their crystal bells.

A city strange and still! — its habitants
Are warmly housed, yet they are poor —
Are poor, yet have no wish nor woes and wants;
The broken heart is crushed no more,
No love is interchanged, nor bought and sold,
Ambition sleeps, the innocent
Are safe, the miser counts no more his gold,
But rests at last and is content.

A city strange and sweet! — its dwellers sleep
At dawn, and in meridian light, —
At sunset still they dream in slumber deep,
Nor wake they in the weary night;
And none of them shall feel the hero's kiss
On Sleeping Beauty's lip that fell,
And woke a palace from a trance of bliss
That long had bound it by a spell.

A city strange and sad! — we walk the grounds,
Or seek some mount, and see afar
The living cities shine, and list the sounds
Of throbbing boat and thundering car.
And *we* may go; but all the dwellers here,
In autumn's blush, in winter's snow,
In spring and summer's bloom, from year to year,
They ever come, and never go!

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

True Stories from History and Biography. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851. 16mo. pp. 335.

Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. III. Part. I. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. cxxxviii & 107.

Jamaica in 1850; or the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony. By John Bigelow. New York & London. G. P. Putnam. 1851. 16mo. pp. 214.

History and Geography of the Middle Ages, for Colleges and Schools; chiefly from the French. By George W. Greene. Part I., History. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 454.

Beranger: Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems done into English Verse. By William Young. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 400.

George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albania. By Clement C. Moore, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 367.

The Leather-Stocking Tales. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Author's Revised Edition. Vols. II. & IV. The Last of the Mohicans, a Narrative of 1757. The Pioneers or the Sources of the Susquehanna, a Descriptive Tale. With a New Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Author. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo.

Historical Collections of Lousiana, embracing Translations of many Rare and Valuable Documents relating to the Natural, Civil, and Political History of that State. Compiled, with Historical and Biographical Notes, and an Introduction. By B. B. French. Part II. Philadelphia: Daniels & Smith. 1850. 8vo. pp. 301.

Europe, Past and Present: a Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History; with Separate Descriptions and Statistics of each State, and a Copious Index. By Francis H. Ungewitter, LL. D. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 671.

The World's Progress: a Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular Views of General History and a Historical Chart. Edited by G. P. Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 692.

Numa Pompilius, Second King of Rome. By M. de Florian. Translated from the French, by J. A. Ferris. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 279.

A general View of the Fine Arts, Critical and Historical. With an Introduction, by D. Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 472.

Select Orations of M. Tullius Cicero; with Notes, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Johnson, Professor of Latin in the University of New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 459.

The Poetry of Science, or Studies of the Physical Phenomena of

Nature. By Robert Hunt, Author of Panthea. First American from the Second London Edition. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1850. 12mo. pp. 388.

Universal Dictionary of Weights and Measures, Ancient and Modern, reduced to the Standards of the United States of America. By J. H. Alexander. Baltimore. W. Minifie & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 158.

Epidemics examined and explained; or Living Germs proved by Analogy to be a Source of Disease. By John Grove, M. R. C. S. L. London: James Ridgway. 1850. 8vo. pp. 192.

America Discovered; a Poem, in Twelve Books. By an American. New York: Printed by J. F. Trow. 1850. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Life of John Randolph of Roanoke. By Hugh A. Garland. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

Biographical Essays. By Thomas De Quincey, Author of Confessions of an English Opium Eater. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 284.

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ART. 1. — *A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament.* By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary at New York. A New Edition, revised and in great part rewritten. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 8vo. pp. 803.

IN no department of sacred or profane literature has there been so great improvement, in recent times, as in lexicography and grammar. It would be impossible to communicate an adequate idea of this to any reader, who was not practically acquainted with the older lexicons and grammars, before he used the recent ones. The philosophy of language is now so much better understood than it was a half century ago, as to lay the foundation for important improvements, not only in the manner and method of representation, but in the development of the forms of words, of the nicer significations dependent on these forms, and of the syntax or manner and order of combining words in a sentence. On these, every thing depends in enucleating the meaning of any language; and cases of real difficulty can hardly be met in an adequate manner, without an accurate knowledge of the minutiæ of both the grammar and lexicography of the language which one undertakes to interpret. Now and then, the solution of a difficulty depends on the knowledge of antiquities and of historical facts, and without such knowledge, no satisfactory ex-

planation, in such cases, is feasible. Hence the appellation of *historico-grammatical interpretation* is given to the now generally admitted and established rules of exegesis.

In studying a dead language, we first of all resort to a lexicon for the meaning of each particular word; and then we must consult the grammar, in order to find out what modifications of sense and expressions of relation are designated by the various forms of words, whether verbs or nouns, and finally, to determine the manner in which the words of every sentence may or must be arranged. We cannot make an inch of headway without going through all this process. The first part, the consultation of a lexicon, every one spontaneously feels to be necessary. But the other parts of the work are not less so. Take, for example, the very first verse in the Bible, which in Hebrew runs thus: "*In the beginning, created God the heavens and the earth.*" Now in English, the unlearned reader, at least, might be puzzled to know, when he first perused this sentence, whether it means to say that *the heavens created God*, or *God created the heavens*. In English, which is literal (if we may so speak) in respect to the *order* of words as well as to their signification, the sentence is, at least in appearance, equivocal; and the predominant construction in such a case, drawn from analogy in our language, would be that in which the *accusative* case immediately follows the verb. A reader of the Bible in general would indeed know, that such a method of interpretation here would contradict the tenor of the Scriptures, and make little less than nonsense. But if we should take a reader who knew nothing of the Bible, and direct him to the sentence in question, arranged in the Hebrew manner, he must be greatly puzzled, if not misled. Yet in Hebrew, all is plain and lucid. The Hebrews more commonly put the subject of a sentence *after* the main verb, unless some special emphasis on it were intended, and then it was placed *before* the verb. In the present case, the emphasis lies on the verb *created*, because the sequel exhibits a history of the *creation*. And then, before the word *heavens*, the Hebrew here places a particle, (אֵת) which is used to mark the accusative in any case, where doubt might arise. The Hebrew, then, is clear as the light. But suppose a person were to read this verse by the help of his lexicon only, and knew nothing

of the accustomed method of the Hebrew in regard to the position of the nominative, and nothing of the proper definitive power of the particle in syntax; how could he satisfy himself of the meaning of the verse, unless, indeed, he might do it by a subsequent perusal of the context?

This is only one of the thousands of like cases that occur, both in Hebrew and Greek. In the latter language, however, the accusative is marked (neuter nouns and adjectives excepted) by the manner in which the word terminates. But in Hebrew, as in English, some cases are not marked by their terminations. The reader is obliged, therefore, to resort to other means, in order to distinguish the nominative and accusative, or subject and object. Prepositions come to our aid here in English, for the most part; but in the Hebrew, there are cases almost without number, where the accusative of time, of manner, of means, etc., has neither ending nor particle to distinguish it from the nominative. Other means than those of forms, or even of syntax, must often be resorted to here. They belong to, or consist in, the diacritical knowledge of the interpreter; for without this, he could effect nothing satisfactory.

It is in relation to such subjects as the preceding remarks bring to view, that most of the modern advances in grammar and lexicography have taken place. Not many new meanings of words have been discovered, nor have many principles of forms or syntax absolutely new been developed. But where confusion once reigned, order is now introduced; where a miscellaneous list of facts was once exhibited, regular sequency, dependence, and connection are orderly presented; where examples or satisfactory proof of this portion of syntax or of that, of this meaning or of that, were once wanting, the lack has for the most part been supplied. All the stores of antiquity have been ransacked, in order to find material for filling out and perfecting both grammars and lexicons. Etymology has been immeasurably advanced. The languages, not only of the Semitic tribes, but of the remotest East, the Zend, and its eldest daughter, the Sanscrit, have been somewhat thoroughly explored, and there have been found abundant affinities in them with Greek and Latin, and with most of the European languages, which have received the new name of *Indo-European* languages.

Besides the remarkable etymological researches after the *parent-roots* of words, the *philosophy* of language, both grammatically and lexically considered, has made advances never dreamed of by the older lexicographers and grammarians. That language affords abundant material to engage the attention of philosophical minds, must be evident to the mere tyro in the study of it. As Jerome said of the Scripture, "Although it has shoals in which the child may wade, it has depths in which the elephant may swim." Indeed, it is difficult to conceive that a person may attain a just estimate of this subject, without supposing him to become interested, and even enthusiastic, in the pursuit of it. For what is *language?* It is the external expression of the internal soul of man. Man is gifted with the power of forming words, a power at once astonishing in its exhibition and boundless in its extent, and one capable of infinite variegation in the manner of its exercise. Human language has, of course, enstamped upon it the history of man's thoughts, the picture of his mind. Had we the whole store of the words of any nation, and the means of getting at their true signification, we might congratulate ourselves on possessing immeasurably the most certain, extensive, and interesting history of that nation which could be written. There may be histories in abundance of all the external changes and commotions of that nation, of its extent, its power, its prosperity or adversity, its independence or subjection, its tumults within and the aggressions made upon it from without; and the accounts of all these may be even particular and abundant; but still there is only a partial anthropology here. The fate and fortune of a nation, its external or internal relations in a civil point of view, are by far the least interesting part of its history. It is the *soul*, the *mind*, which is the man, and not what he accomplishes by animal strength, nor even what is done in the way and for the sake of satisfying animal wants. Language is the development of the soul; it gives us at once a view of the *psychical* condition of any people. What did they think? how did they feel? in what way did they reason or persuade? in what light did they view things that are without or within? in what sciences did they make progress? what were their moral and intellectual sources of joy or of grief? what were their views of themselves in their then present condition, and

what their expectations in regard to the future? These and the like matters are all enstamped upon a language, in characters unmistakable and deeply impressed. *Words are signs of ideas*, whether written or spoken. When written, they are the visible signs or symbols of what passes in the interior man. They show us his course of thought and feeling and reasoning; they develop the objects which most excited and interested him; they show the degree of his culture and knowledge; they discover what passed within him in such a way, that we may see how high or low he stood in the scale of human intellect, and rational improvement and enjoyment. In a word, they are *the history of his soul*, just as the usual accounts of external events are the history (so to speak) of his body.

In languages where we have specimens of earlier and later writers, we can distinctly trace the history of progress in any nation. Any new art, science, or discovery, will introduce new words in order to designate things that are new. Look, for example, at the sciences of chemistry and geology, both scarcely a half century old, when considered as proper sciences; what an infinitude of new words have they demanded and occasioned! A future reader of English, in a distant land, when he comes down to our day, will discover at once when these sciences were introduced, and will argue the gradual progress of them, from the progress made in terminology. Just so of the past. When particular words, indicative of office, place, privilege, rank, science, art, and the like, begin to be employed, then began something new in respect to the objects themselves which are designated. Words are always formed for use, and either from necessity or convenience. No people lays up a store of them beforehand, ready for use when wanted. A critical philologist will find, then, in the language itself which he studies, the history of the culture and advance of any people; and he will be better able to tell us what they were as sentient and rational beings, by the study of their language, than by all the histories extant, written in the ordinary manner. No wonder that he who studies the true philosophy of language, in all its bearings on anthropology, or on the real development of man in the highest sense of this word, should become enthusiastic in the pursuit of this knowledge. We repeat it,

that there is more to be known of man as a rational, sentient, religious being, by the study of his language, than by all the external history in the world. Through that medium, we may look directly upon the very mind or soul of any people, and judge of them as to all their capacities and attainments.

Many causes have contributed to give impulse to the study of language, since the nineteenth century commenced. The better knowledge of the Zend and the Sanscrit, the deciphered hieroglyphics of Egypt, and more recently of those of ancient Persia, Media, and Assyria, — all contribute their share in diffusing abroad, among the lovers of knowledge, a deep interest in the study of the ancient tongues. Every month is now adding materials for reflection and philosophizing, not merely on the historical facts related, but on the cognate and congener parent-roots, in all these languages, as tending to establish a descent from one common stock.

With all this expansion of linguistic knowledge, have come great improvements in the exhibition of the forms and structures of words, and especially of the manner in which the secondary, tertiary, etc., significations of them came to be deduced from the original root. Grammars have been improved beyond any anticipated measure, not only in the classification and exhibition of the forms of words, but, most of all, in syntax. Compare, for example, the syntax in the older Greek grammars, with those of Matthiæ, Kühner, and others, or with Winer for the New Testament Greek; and in Hebrew, compare Buxtorf's Hebrew grammar (a good book in its time) with Gesenius and Ewald. So as to Hebrew and Greek lexicons. Buxtorf made an excellent manual Hebrew lexicon for his time. Even now it is worthy of consultation. But what a distance there is between his work and that of the *Thesaurus* of Gesenius! And so in Greek. Compare Schrevel or Hederic with Passow, Pape, Rost, and others, or with Liddell and Scott, as we now have them in the excellent edition of the Harpers, edited by that promising Greek aspirant, Prof. Drisler. How rude, how arbitrary, do many of the meanings of words appear, as exhibited by Schrevel and Hederic, in comparison with the same as exhibited in Passow, and in several of his successors and improvers! In recent lexicography, the literal and ori-

ginal meaning, being ranged first in order, is regarded as the root and trunk of the tree. From this, branches shoot off, spreading out wide at times, and giving birth to other and subordinate, or secondary branches. Not unfrequently, several main branches spring out of a trunk, which still remains, even to the top of the tree, but diminished (as is natural) in size, and, it may be, varied in shape. But all the branches still cling to the trunk; the main ones directly and immediately, the smaller ones mediately, and only by the aid of the larger. It is in respect to the beautiful proportions, connections, and mutual dependencies of the several parts of this tree, that the drawings of recent lexicographers excel. In Hederic and his compeers, we may find, perhaps, the trunk and every important limb belonging to the tree; but they are *disjecta membra*. One limb is here and another there; but where they once grew and were fitted on, we are not informed. As little do we know, why they are reckoned as belonging to this particular trunk or that, rather than to some other one. There they are, or may be; but the *why* of this arrangement is a secret not communicated to the scholar. Very different is the tree, as portrayed by recent hands. There it stands, in comely form and proportion, every large limb shooting out naturally from the trunk, and every small limb pushing forth from its immediate parent, the larger one. The leaves of the tree even are not wanting; for these are the passages quoted from the classics, and brought to illustrate and confirm the meaning given. What scholar has not heard of a *Greek tree?* But this was made out, in days of yore, only from the derived tenses of verbs. But here is now a *lexical* as well as a grammatical tree, and far more comely and fruit-bearing than the other. Indeed, the theory of the *lexical tree* belongs to some of the most subtile and diacritical parts of the philosophy of language. Gesenius led the van in Hebrew; Passow in Greek. Some of Passow's editors and emendators have done more than their master in giving finish to the lexical tree, and adorning it with comeliness as well as fruit. Who is to improve on Gesenius in Hebrew, remains yet to be seen. But there are Hebrew scholars now living, who are capable of doing this; as the lexical remarks here and there in their commentaries abundantly show. However, the work is great and appalling to most men, especially when

otherwise busily engaged in teaching. But enthusiasm will doubtless accomplish it in due time.

In respect to Greek, there are many things still wanting in Passow, and even in his emendators, Liddell and Scott, who have done nobly in the way of improvement. But there yet remains much land to be possessed. We may appeal to the *verb*, for example, and to its different meanings, proximate and remote. We need still fuller accounts of its irregular forms; of the respective meanings of its voices; of its usable and unusable tenses or persons; of its synonymes or equivalents, (for who has done much to the purpose here?) of its construction before different prepositions, and how it modifies them, or is modified by them; how and why it comes to be connected with such prepositions; what modification is made by *compounding* the verb with such and such prepositions, and why; what cases it must govern, (so to speak,) and why it governs them; and what cases it cannot govern, and why. The subtile philosophy of grammar and lexical science, in pointing out the *why* and the *wherefore*, in respect to the nature of cases that follow, as founded both on the relations which they are designed to express, and on the nature of the action designated by the verb, should be brought fully into action here. As yet, we have all this only in an incipient state, in most lexicons. The student may be told that this verb governs the genitive or the dative, instead of the accusative; that another can take only the accusative; but the *why* is often, nay, usually, left in the dark.

Now our idea of a perfect lexicon is such, that we deem it not complete when it tells us merely of the various meanings of a verb, or has shown us how they are derived, and in what order. It should also tell us why a genitive, or dative, or accusative, must stand after it, and how the same verb may take different cases after it, and how and why the sense is modified when this is the case. The basis of syntax, the *reason* or *ground* of it, is what we desire; and not a mere assurance of the simple fact, that a verb governs such or such a case. *There is a reason in all things*, says the old proverb; and there is one, at any rate, in the syntax of Greek verbs, although few have thoroughly developed it.

When all this is done, and we have, moreover, the history of the use of the word in its different senses, in all the differ-

ent stages of the language, then we have fully and fairly a *lexical* account of the word in question. Let any one look at most of the lexicons, and see how far they come short of all this. But the *complete* work is one of time. Not one generation, or even one half century, can be expected to perfect it. Such a lexicon would be a large book, if fortified by examples; and yet, compression in such cases can be carried a great way. De Wette, Hitzig, and Knobel, are conspicuous examples of this, in some of the lexical passages in their commentaries.

In respect to NOUNS, the task of adequate exhibition is sometimes rendered very difficult, when they are the names of *things* entirely foreign to our times and country. We are persuaded that where any remains of such things have been found, and sketches of them made by skilful engravers, it will be found the easiest, best, and shortest course in the end, to have these sketches copied on a reduced scale, and inserted in the lexicon itself. Professor Smith's excellent book of Greek and Roman Antiquities shows what may be efficiently done here. In many cases, a sketch or outline view of the object named would save a large space now occupied by an attempted description, and give a far more correct and definite idea to the student. We cannot but hope soon to see every *Real-lexicon*, as the Germans call such, namely, every lexicon which describes *things* foreign and strange, furnished with such an auxiliary apparatus.

In regard to other nouns, significant of things not palpable and visible, but intellectual and speculative, there is sometimes serious difficulty in making out the *lexical tree*, of which we have spoken. A *genetic* account of each species of meaning, the proof of its legitimate descent, and from what family, are not always things obvious and ready at hand. It oftentimes needs a subtle, discriminating, well-exercised philological tact, to accomplish this in a satisfactory manner. Any thing short of this will be exposed to blunders. Open Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, and inspect the Hebrew words that correspond to *heavens*, *Elohim* or *God*, *cherubim*, etc. Even good old Schleusner (peace to his memory and his ashes!) exhibits many an example of failure. Yes, peace to his ashes! we say again; for he was the harbinger of a brighter and better day for New Testament lexicography. "With all his faults,

we love him still;" for under his guidance we made our *début* on the field of New Testament philology. We are sorry to learn, that his last years at Wittenberg were darkened by the dismantling of that university, where Luther was so long the presiding genius. To a friend of ours, not long before his death, he said with great feeling, in reference to the ancient university, then reduced to an academy of theology, *Fuit Ilium.* Yes, Ilium had been, and had produced many a Hector in the holy warfare of the Protestants with their persecutors. And something like what Luther did in matters of theology, Schleusner himself, neither a great theologian nor an acute philologist, lived to accomplish, in regard to a revolution in the lexical department of New Testament Greek. Many a hint has he given to show the way to travellers more sharp-sighted than himself, for which their debt of gratitude is due. Even his errors are admonitory, for they teach us how to shun them. But we are digressing.

We return to another branch of lexicography, in respect to the New Testament. We have said nothing yet respecting the PARTICLES, apparently, at first view, the most insignificant of all the ingredients which compose a language, but in reality the most difficult, the most subtle, and in some respects, (especially as regards the *logic* and *rhetoric* of discourse,) the most important and controlling of all. What a wilderness do we descry the moment that we look into the old lexicons and search out these! Rather, we might almost say, what a desert! Some obvious and leading significations, of course, are given. But beyond that, what have we? The multitude of tints and hues which many of them give to discourse; the force and intensity, or the doubt and uncertainty in the speaker's mind, which many of them designate; the light and shade which they diffuse over a whole sentence or paragraph; the logical connection of thought and reasoning which some of them point out; the tone of moderated or impetuous assertion which others mark; — these, and many more of the nicer qualities which the particles were designed to portray, are all but entirely wanting in the older lexicons. We have said that they are the most *difficult* part of language. It is quite true. They are the last thing that a Greek student fully attains; certainly, the latest things to which the lexicons have in any good measure attained. It is no wonder. They seem,

at first, to be the most easy and obvious of words. So, in some of their primary meanings, most of them are. Hence they are not watched, nor their variations of meaning carefully noted. Every now and then, we find many of them introduced in particular passages, where they wear the air of intruders; and here, instead of being pointed out, and duly defined in the lexicons, they are merely proscribed by a simple *pleonastice*, or *abundat*, or *expletive*. In other words, the writer, if we are to believe the lexicographer, has inserted a word without any meaning, or at most, a mere idle word. What is the admiring reader to do with his Plato, his Xenophon, his Homer, or his New Testament, when he is bid to regard the authors as using words without any meaning? No; this will never do. It may serve, perhaps, to veil the ignorance of the lexicographer; but it does little to help the student. Rather must we say, it actually misleads him.

Particles are the very *joints* and *bands* of discourse; or, to use other similes, they are the joints of a frame; or they are the hinges on which gates and doors turn, and are opened or shut. Nothing can exceed the nicety and delicacy of shading which the Greek particles give to a picture. Put a tyro to reading Plato or Xenophon, those consummate masters of light and shade in a picture, and what idea does he get from one half of the particles with which he meets? Just none at all. He must fall back upon the old solution (wrongly so called) of *abundat, expletivum est.* Put Schleiermacher, or Herder, or Lobeck, or Stalbaum, or Porson, to read the same passages; and do they find any *superfluity* of words, in these renowned masters of language and æsthetical coloring? No; every word adds a new tint, or softens some one which seemed to be too strong. All the emotions of their minds, their clear convictions, their doubts, their assumptions, their assertions, their designed conditionalities, their hesitation, their higher or lower persuasion, even their hopes or their fears, are all made out more or less by throwing in particles of different kinds, adapted to all the various designs of the discourse. They are like the different colors on a painter's pallet, now communicating one tint, now another. Sometimes, too, they give a mingled tint, by being combined; and may be compared to the effect of a meeting of colors in the rainbow. In the hands of such painters as Plato and Xeno-

phon, they adorn, and vivify, and qualify, and mitigate, and strengthen, and render prominent, the pictures which they help to draw. A man who understands not their use well, may attain indeed to the substantial meaning of a Greek sentence, in either of these or of the like authors; but all the delicate tints of light and shade, of strength and beauty, are beyond his reach. They are a picture put before the eyes of one who has no power of vision.

Little, indeed, did lexicographers in days of yore think of these matters, and still less have they done to make them plain to others. Yet blunders here are sometimes of more serious importance than the mere loss occasioned by want of power to see light and shade. What if we are told to render a *causal* or an *illative* particle, in reasoning, by a particle not relating at all to such a connection? For example, good old Schleusner tells us, that γάρ sometimes means *nempe*, sometimes *autem*, *vero*, and sometimes *sane*, *profecto;* and then, to conclude the matter, γάρ is sometimes merely *completiva*, and sometimes *redundat*. Can we well believe, that a *causal* particle, which stands before the reason or ground of a thing, can assume phases so diverse, not to say opposite? It is true, indeed, that, in the passages to which he appeals in proof of all this, the particles which he gives as the proper translation would agree in the mind with a good sense of the passage; but the question is not, whether this may be true, but whether the writer did not give the sentence a different shape or coloring in his own mind. Philology, as it now is, would say, *Yes, he did.* And as to the *completiva* and the *redundat*, it would turn away with a feeling little short of scorn.

Such are and have been the difficulties, and the efforts to overcome them, on the part of grammarians and lexicographers. But of late, many monograms and even volumes on all the leading particles have been written by the hands of masters; and although all has not been done that should be done, we are at least on the high road to other discoveries. In due time they will come. But let us remember, that we are at present no travellers on a railroad, in order to reach the land of discovery. *Slow and sure* is a better mode of travelling in this region. Still, we can easily find adventurers who have made haste; and we cannot dismiss this theme about the *particles* without a glance at some of their efforts.

Let us take, as an example comparatively recent, the venerable Schleusner, who has already been mentioned. What says he on Καί? He gives us no less than thirty-two different meanings, and then adds, *interdum abundat*, in the thirty-third place, and in the thirty-fourth, *deficit interdum*. Finally, he adds, *Restant aliæ significationes*, which he goes on to give to the number of *six*, averring that nearly all interpreters admit them. Among these are *aliquando*, *cum*, *quamdiu*, *quanto magis*. What else now is this, but *deducere aliquid ex aliquo?* Even the tyro, at the present time, can see this to be preposterous. We shall attempt, however, no minute examination or refutation of such an extravagance. Hear that acute and excellent philologist and grammarian, Prof. Winer. "Καί," says he, (Gramm. § 57, 2,) "has only *two* leading primary ideas, *and* and *also*, both comprised in the Latin *et*." In other words, (a little different and more exact,) Καί is both a *conjunction* and an *intensive adverb*. In the latter case, being *adverbial*, it corresponds to our *even*, or *and indeed*, and sometimes is untranslatable, as in questions and commands. By usage, however, it gives intensity to them; a similar practice we can discern occasionally, in our own language. One person is telling another, for example, of a peril into which a mutual friend had fallen. The other interrupts him, and says, *And what did he do?* Is not this of quite a different shade and complexion from the simple and nude, *What did he do?* Every one feels it to be so, although he may not be able to describe the difference. So, too, in *imperative* sentences; for example, Καί μοι δὸς τὴν χεῖρα, literally, *and give me your hand*. But this does not translate the expression, in accordance with the true spirit of the Greek. This implies that preceding words or actions are in view, and the Καί makes the phrase mean as much as we should mean by saying, *In connection with this matter, give me your hand*. But the energic power evaporates in the English. Καί marks the connection and rapid succession, and also the animation, of the command. How difficult it is to translate all this, every scholar must of course know. In the New Testament, this *imperative* use of Καί is not much developed. But it is quite common in the classics. We approach near to it when we say, *give me your hand now*, or *give me your hand then*. With pronouns, the use is more simple, as καὶ ὑμεῖς ἐστέ σοφοί,

that is, *even you are wise*. Different would be the meaning in αὐτοὶ καὶ ὑμεῖς εἰσὶ σοφοί, *they and you* are wise. In the first place, Καί is an adverb; in the second, a mere conjunctive. Under the *adverbial* genus, many shades or species of translation can and must be given, according to the nature of the context; and this is allowable, because Καί as an adverb, has the *generic* nature of an *intensive*, and this, of course, comprises several species. In the admirable lexical article on Καί, which Kühner has given in his large Grammar, these are finely developed. His results are, *gar, sogar, noch; ganz, recht, schon, auch schon; noch, auch noch, auch nur*. The German goes so far beyond us in the richness of its *qualifying* and *intensifying* apparatus, that we will not hazard the attempt to translate all these words into English.

One thing more must be noted. This is, that in the New Testament Greek, καί not unfrequently answers to the Hebrew ו, in its peculiar meanings. Nothing was more natural than this, in a Hebrew-Greek writer. If the classical καί corresponded to the Hebrew ו in nine cases out of ten, it was nearly a matter of course for a Hebrew, who wrote Greek, to use it as corresponding to the tenth. And so we have it in the New Testament; for example, καί, *and so, and thus, and then, and yet, and still*. So καί often stands before the *apodosis* of a sentence, like the Hebrew ו, in which case it may be rendered *then, and then, and therefore*, etc., according to the nature of the sense required. Nothing can be plainer than that Schleusner, and even Wahl and Bretschneider, as exhibited in their respective lexicons, were at best but little acquainted with Hebrew. They rarely bring it to bear on the matter before them, except as to particular and peculiar phrases; and when they do, *aliquando bonus dormitat*. Yet all of these writers hold Hebrew knowledge to be indispensable to the interpretation of the New Testament Greek; while they have profited but very moderately by it.

But we find ourselves writing a lexicon instead of merely criticizing one. Our apology is, that we cannot criticize to any good purpose here, without showing *what* ought to be done, and *how* it should be done; and we can duly illustrate our meaning only by some examples. But enough of these for the present. There would be no end, if we examined all cases, or even those of importance. What we have said of

Καί, may be said, for substance, of many of the leading particles. There is either a nude skeleton, as in the older lexicons; or, when criticism had leaped over to the opposite extreme, there is an absolute plethora, — an image of Titanian magnitude, and with as many hands as Briareus. In the times of this opposite extreme Schleusner lived, and his lexicon partakes of the extravagance of those times. But it is the result of long, patient, and severe study; it embodies much that is contained in the best of the older commentaries; as a *Real-lexicon*, it has many good points; and as a faithful exhibition, with vouchers, of the meaning of words, in most cases, it is a safe and commodious guide. But as a *grammatical critic*, Schleusner has very moderate pretensions. When he wrote, grammar was just beginning to awake to new life, and to shake off the dust of ages. The art of lexical criticism was also in its minority, as any one may see, who consults the works of Pasor, Dieteric, Mintert, Leigh, Stock, Schwarz, Schoettgen, Krebs, and Parkhurst. In Schleusner, we see the transition state from the old *régime* to the new. His work is a great improvement on prior works of this nature. But we also may now say, *fuit Ilium*. His lexicon is, at present, almost one of the things that belong to the history of the past, like the works of Schrevel and Hederic. Lexicograhy, since his time, has become a *science;* one that has been fostered and adorned by some of the most acute minds in philological discriminations. It has its metes and bounds, as truly as hermeneutics. Indeed, the two sciences must go hand in hand, in order to reach the goal destined for both.

Wahl saw the defects of Schleusner, and attempted to remedy them. He brought to the task a good acquaintance with the Greek classics, and very considerable experience in the interpretation of Scripture. His work made a good degree of impression on the German public, and was received with so much favor as to go through repeated editions; the last of them, as we believe, (for we have not the work at hand,) in a condensed form, and in several respects improved. It was his lexicon, published a little before 1825, which was translated, with some additions, by Dr. Robinson, and published in the year just named. Wahl was not remarkable for special talents or acquisitions of the highest

order. He was diligent, even somewhat plodding, and not destitute of philological tact; but his *lexical-trees* sometimes look like our Lombardy poplars. The taste, the acumen, the philosophy, necessary to construct them and render them comely and well-proportioned, were not in him, and he could not command them at his will. He has all becoming *Dutch diligence*, wonderful patience in chase of *minutiæ*, and, in not a few cases, he makes distinctions not founded on differences, and differences not founded on distinctions, in the Greek text. One most important qualification was lacking, namely, — a deep and radical knowledge of the Old Testament idiom and language. It is in vain to think of reaching the summit of New Testament lexicography, without a radical knowledge of the Old Testament idiom.

Contemporary with Wahl, and independent of his work, was the New Testament lexicon of C. G. Bretschneider, published in 1824. It is of about the same size as that of Wahl, that is, two moderate volumes octavo. It is the work of a man of distinguished talent and powerful mind, who, had he been bred to philology, would doubtless have made distinguished proficiency in it. But the author had a system of Theology, and other works, in hand, and had little leisure to pursue critical linguistic studies with all his might. Still he has shown, under these embarrassments, not a little of industry, and also of tact. His work is not a mere compilation. He has paid much attention to the Septuagint Greek, to the writings of Josephus, and to all the earlier pseudepigraphs of the New or Old Testament, which are written in Greek. Philo, and the early Greek fathers, too, have not been altogether neglected. In this way, he has added something to the material for illustration and confirmation, which may be drawn from Hebrew-Greek writings composed a little before and after the time when the New Testament was written. For strength and clearness of conception, for logical power and discriminating acumen, Bretschneider has been highly distinguished in many of his works; and even in his lexicon these qualities are very apparent. Yet he had too many things to do, to permit him to steep himself in the idioms of either Testament; and sometimes he decides more as a psychologist, or a metaphysician, than as a philologist. But he has no little tact at exegesis, in consequence of his acumen

in discerning the logical sequency of a discourse. His work has been reprinted, we believe, more than once, and had he devoted to it as much time and patience as Wahl did to his, there can be no doubt that he would have carried away the palm from his contemporary. But he became engaged, at last, bitterly engaged, in controversy about neology, having become a convert to it in his old age, and writing even romances in its defence. In the mean time, the lexicon was left to shift for itself. In regard to its present repute, and the rank now assigned to it among the Germans, we possess no satisfactory information. We can say, however, from experience, that this lexicon will rarely fail to repay the student for consulting it.

In 1836, Dr. Robinson published his own New Testament lexicon, on which he had bestowed several years of labor. It is sufficient here to say of this, that three rival editions of it were speedily published in Great Britain, and subsequently two abridgments of it. The new edition, whose title stands at the head of this article, is the fruit of three more years' labor, in the best part of his life, and at the period of his full maturity. The helps which were now at his command, were of the highest order and importance. Wahl's and Bretschneider's lexicons had been republished with improvements. Winer had made many additions to his grammar; and Passow had been republished under the care of able successors, not to mention Pape and other Greek lexicographers. Liddell and Scott had issued their noble work; and, in commentary, De Wette, Meyer, and others had written distinguished works. Dr. Robinson, moreover, had himself been engaged in the daily explanation of the New Testament, for more than ten years. He had visited the lands of the Bible in person, and given to the world the only classical book on the subject of Palestine-topography, since the days of Adrian Reland; and a better one than even his. Besides all this, he came to his task furnished with a scholarlike knowledge of the ancient Greek classics; and, what is even more than this, in such an undertaking as his, he had enjoyed the best opportunities, in translating and publishing the Hebrew lexicon of Gesenius, to become extensively and accurately acquainted with the original Hebrew language. We must add to this, an almost vernacular knowledge of the German,

while a familiar acquaintance with the French, Arabic, Chaldee, and Syriac, had been a portion of his pastime. In short, it seems to us that he possessed all the keys of knowledge in relation to the treasures which were to be described and defined. Long practice in the exegesis of both Testaments had led him to the attentive study of all idiomatic and difficult passages; and his familiar acquaintance with Hebrew, Greek, and Roman antiquities and history, of course opened to him all the sources from which testimony or aid was to be drawn. Last of all, his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, his iron diligence, his firm and unalterable perseverance, and his sound judgment and discrimination, not only give him an unusual power of accomplishing, but of accomplishing in an able and satisfactory manner.

It is no wonder, then, that he has given us an excellent work, after laboring so long upon it, and with such ardor. He seems to unite the persevering enthusiasm of the Germans (among whom he has lived for several years) with the sobriety and sound judgment of the Englishman. We have sometimes wondered at the patience of the man, when we have read some of his articles, where a countless host of testimonies are appealed to, every one of which had been inspected and examined by him in its original source. When we examine these, we are led to give full assent to Scaliger, who said that "a part of the daily prayer of every literary man should be thanksgiving to God, that he had been pleased to make lexicographers and grammarians." Most persons, we well know, regard such studies as repulsive, and wonder at them. But we have seen, if not felt, that they may come to possess the highest degree of interest. Dr. Johnson, our English corypheus in lexical matters, did indeed perform much labor in his way; but not, it seems, with much loving attachment. Every one is familiar with his contemptuous and taunting definition of a lexicographer, namely, *a harmless drudge*. It was the *drudge* part which exasperated him; for he loved rioting in books, much better than the laborious making of them. Not so a real philologist. We shall hear from him no whinings about the disgusting tedium of his labors; no complaints of haughty neglect and disdain shown by those who wore coronets. Listen to Passow, the great reformer in recent Greek lexicography: "When I fall upon

the half complaining, half boasting passages in the prefaces to many lexicons, and light everywhere in them upon expressions of sore vexation, disgust, and abhorrence, even so that I can in no way imagine what has chained these groaning sufferers so long to the hated row-benches of the galley, I know not whether I shall find credence, when I assure the reader, that the rich, the endlessly manifold, and the ever new occupations of the mind, which this branch of philological study affords me, have rewarded me superabundantly for all my toil; without which consciousness, no earnest efforts to enlarge our scientific knowledge are possible." *Pref. to edit.* 1825. In another place, he says: "It is common for the writers of dictionaries to complain of their tedious, protracted, hateful toil, in order, as it would seem, to set off their pre-eminent regard for the public, in submitting to be drudges so long for their profit. One would think, that the best way to recommend a book to the reader, is not to tell him that every line in it was written with disgust and abhorrence. What sort of a recommendation is this? I have no such story to tell. On the contrary, I have labored more than twenty years on this work, and instead of being stretched on the rack all that time, I have been only swimming in an ocean of pleasure." Nobly said, and no doubt truly too! *Salve, pater lexicographorum! Salve! Bene tibi et faustum sit, in paradiso lexicali!* This, in our view, is worth a thousand times more than all the groans, or whimperings, or outcries, of the great English lexicographer.

Dr. Robinson, as we opine, is much more nearly related to Passow than to Johnson. His work is clearly done *con amore*. No feeling short of this could have gone through such a labor.

This journal is not an appropriate place to go into any detail, with respect to many leading and highly important words in this new lexicon. A classical journal is the only appropriate place for such details. We can more usefully occupy the space allotted us, in giving our readers a brief view of some of the special difficulties that lie in the way of New Testament lexicography. They will then be better able to appreciate the labor that must be bestowed on such a production, in order to render it truly valuable.

Let it be remembered, that the ground-principle of all true

lexicography and interpretation is, that *a word means what the writer intended to designate by it.* The ground is here assumed, that every serious writer designs to be *understood* by his readers. Of course, he employs words according to their meaning as used by those for whom he writes. This is indispensable, in order to be rightly understood.

In such a case, where a writer employs his vernacular tongue, and belongs to the people whom he addresses, and is conversant, of course, with all the objects and manners and customs of that people, he finds no serious difficulty. His words merely suggest to the minds of his readers ideas with which they are familiar; and they, of course, readily understand the ideas and conceptions of the writer. So was it when a heathen Greek wrote for heathen Greeks; and so is it, when a native Englishman writes for Englishmen.

Very different from this is the state of the New Testament writings. Here two difficulties are presented at the threshold. First, the writer is a native Hebrew, and his vernacular is the later Hebrew. Secondly, he addresses, in the *Greek* language, men who are or were heathen, and whose former circle of thought, and knowledge, and language, was altogether Greek or heathen. In so doing, he endeavors to bring before them new objects and new doctrines or truths; and he also exhibits new modes of treating them, and of impressing them on his readers. By his Hebrew origin, a New Testament writer has become a Hebrew both in language and thought. When he undertakes to write in Greek, he necessarily brings along with him both Hebrew thoughts and idioms. These are foreign and strange to the heathen Greeks. And when he intermingles more or less of Hebrew idiom in his modes of expression in Greek, he is recognized at once as a foreigner, who has introduced into the vernacular Greek another element. This makes difficulty on the part both of writer and reader. *The language is a foreign one to the former; the things described are foreign to the latter.*

As we advance into this field and take a farther survey, we find our difficulties increasing. The Christian writer has a new revelation of pure and true religion to disclose, first of all to those who spoke the Greek, and afterwards, through them, to other nations. He has a religion to portray, which "had been hidden from ages and generations." And how can this be done?

No nation or people coin words before they are needed. There is no magazine or storehouse whence they are drawn on an exigency. The Greeks, who were polytheists and idolaters, spoke a language altogether appropriate to their religious condition and views. Their language of and by itself never designated, and, in fact, could not designate, any thing but ideas purely and merely heathen. But now a religion is to be disclosed, which, from its base to its topmost stone, so far as it is genuine and *distinctive* Christianity, is of a new material and new texture. Ideas must now be presented to heathen minds, to which they aforetime, and their language also, had been utter strangers. How could this be done?

Only in one of the following two ways. *The New Testament writers must either employ old words in a new sense,* that is, *one in a greater or less degree new, or else they must form new words.*

Of the latter we have but few examples, in comparison with the number of occasions for new words. Even these examples are not mere arbitrary formations, not new creations or productions of the locutive power in man. Nearly all such words are made by *composition;* that is, by uniting two or more original Greek words in one, in order to express ideas, or shades of ideas, which were unknown, or undesignated, in heathen Greek, or else to express ideas in a shorter or a more modified way, than that in which the classic Greek expressed them. For example: ταπεινοφροσύνη, *lowliness of mind, Christian humility*, which the Greeks not only did not express, but did not even recognize as a virtue. They called such a state of mind *pusillanimity*, and looked on it as opprobrious in any brave man. So μακροθυμία, *forbearance, long-suffering;* μεγαλωσύνη, *majesty*, especially *divine majesty;* and so in respect to some other like words. In regard to abridging and modifying words, the number of instances is not inconsiderable; for example, ὀρθρίζειν, λιθοβολεῖν, ἀγαθοεργεῖν, μοσχοποιεῖν; and so ὑποπόδιον, χρυσοδακτύλιος, αἱματεκχυσία, ἀλλοτριοεπίσκοπος, μονόφθαλμος, καιλοποιεῖν, δικαιοκρισία, and the like; a pretty full list of which may be seen in Winer's New Testament grammar.

Kindred to this was the formation of words in a manner either new, (although normal,) or else the employment of old forms, grown obsolete in common written Greek. Thus we

have as new forms, ὀπτασία for ὄψις, συγκυρία for συγκύρησις, βασίλεσσα for βασιλεία, etc.; and as examples of rare and uncommon words, not usually employed in the later classic Greek, αὐθεντεῖν *to govern*, μεσονύκτιον *midnight*, ἀλάλητος *unspeakable*, βρέχειν *to irrigate*, and the like; (see Winer, ut supra, § 2.) Both of these latter classes spring not from absolute necessity, but from the conceptions of those to whom Greek was a foreign language, and to whom, also, little knowledge of it belonged, (the case of Paul excepted,) saving that imparted by the *conversation dialect.* No doubt, many such words belonged to the vulgar spoken language, which are not recorded in the Greek books that have come down to us. Had we all the works of Aristophanes, our stores of popular diction would, through his comic dialogues, doubtless be much enlarged. We incline to believe, that in both these cases, the New Testament writers owe the forms of most such words to the *popular* Greek with which they were acquainted. But however that may be, it is undoubtedly true, that in all such cases as are concerned only with *varied forms*, there is little, if any, departure from the general sense of the classic forms. Such words can hardly come under our present category of *new formed words;* examples of which have already been given.

We stop not to inquire how it came about that the apostles took the liberty of forming new words, either by composition or in any other way. It lies on the very face of the matter, that in speaking of things entirely new to the Greeks, they must of necessity coin some new words. What could the chemist, or the botanist, or the zoölogist, or the geologist, of the present day, do without the liberty of forming and employing new words, appropriate to their respective sciences? But they might address the public as well, without using their *technics*, as the apostles could address the heathen Greeks on the subject of Christianity, without employing words necessary to designate new ideas.

But, secondly, *old words in a new sense* are the principal means employed in conveying new ideas to the Greeks. This is a principle admitted, and by necessity admitted, into all parts of the New Testament. It will strike almost with surprise any one not conversant with this matter, when he comes to be told of the extent to which this usage goes in the

New Testament. A little attention to the subject, however, will show, that nearly every thing peculiar and special in Christianity is designated by employing *old words in a new sense.*

Let us begin with θεός, *God*, the fountain and object of all true religion. What is θεός in a Greek classic? A deified man, half human and half superhuman and monstrous, a compound of power, and pride, and cruelty, and ambition, and tyranny, and lust, a being fraught with all human passions, especially the baser or the more destructive ones; a being local, limited in power, subject to the destinies, and destitute of holiness, justice, goodness, and truth. If Plato and Socrates, and some few others, like Eschylus or Pindar, attained to higher and somewhat more spiritual views, these had little or nothing to do with the mass. The gods of Homer's Iliad are those of the populace. And these, with the exception of *supremacy* in Jupiter alone, have not one moral or physiological quality of the God of the New Testament. They are neither omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, uncreated, eternal, or self-existent; they are not endowed with proper creative power; they are neither holy, nor just, nor all-wise, nor good. They are not even spiritual or incorporeal, but are formed of a kind of sublimated or transcendental substance. When, therefore, a New Testament writer appeals to the God of the Christians, or introduces him into any description or assertion, what idea could a heathen Greek affix in common with him to the word θεός? Not one thing is common to their minds, when this word is first introduced and read, excepting that of sovereignty or supreme power.

In what way, then, was the Greek to understand an apostle? In no way except by explanation, or by what is said respecting God in the context, and in other parts of Scripture. In these two ways, all knowledge of the apostles' meaning must be acquired. Rarely, if ever, do they stop to define words, for they take it for granted, the reader will sufficiently understand them by a diligent perusal of the context. In the present case, *supremacy* is the germ of the idea of θεός, and this is common to both parties; but the attributes and character of the Supreme Being are matters of inquiry, and of subsequent information to the Greek reader. Better was it to use this *germ* as a basis for development,

than to coin a word entirely new. Definition, immediate and formal, if it could be made, would not avail so effectually as further reading and consideration of the manner in which the Supreme is developed.

Having explained this leading word, designating the basis of all that is religious in the true sense, we may state the case of other leading and fundamental words in respect to the Christian religion more briefly. The Greek word ἄγγελος means simply *a messenger;* but in the New Testament this use of it occurs only some five or six times. The common use of it is to designate a purely spiritual subordinate being, (angel,) intermediate between God and man. Such are the *divine messengers*, in the view of the apostles; so that the accessory ideas attached to the word are two; first, that of a spiritual nature, and secondly, (in its common usage,) that of a holy being employed to execute divine commissions. To this whole order of beings the heathen Greeks were strangers. The true virtue of the word in the New Testament they were obliged to learn in the same way as that of θεός.

Then, again, we have *the devil's angels.* These are his *spiritual messengers to do evil.* Of such beings the Greeks knew nothing. Nay, the word διάβολος, *devil*, was, in their language, significant merely of a *calumniator*, who was not a spiritual or supernatural being. Of a spiritual enemy of God and man, a *primus inter pares* among evil angels or spirits, the Greeks had no idea. Their own gods were bad enough to furnish a satisfactory reason, by which one might account for all evil influences; and they never thought of such an order of beings as *evil angels.* They had indeed three *Furies;* but these were principally concerned with the infliction of madness and its consequences; and in general, their office was to be the ministers of the vengeance of the gods. Moreover, all of them were *females;* but we know of no distinction of sex among the biblical angels. Of course, a heathen Greek, in reading the New Testament, had to learn from the course of it what were the attributes and functions of the devil and all his angels.

Of the *spirits of the just made perfect*, the Greeks had no adequate or correct idea. *Holiness* was an attribute for which they had not even a proper name. The happiness of the *Christian heaven* was a thing of which they never

dreamed. Of a purely spiritual existence or being they had no conception. With them, πνεῦμα was *wind*, *air*, then *breath*, *respiration*, then (tropically) *spirited feeling*. Of proper spiritual beings even their philosophy had no conception. Their *ghosts* were merely of sublimated, airy, transcendental matter; and not unlike to this, were the forms of the gods themselves. All the happiness or sensations of their *Umbræ* were only airy and seeming things, without reality. Of course, every thing that pertained to the blessedness of the saints in heaven was utterly beyond their sphere of thought and language. All the New Testament ideas on these subjects they were obliged to learn *de novo*, from the various representations of that book.

Let us now go from personages to *places*. What was the Greek notion of *heaven?* In their language, οὐρανός meant *welkin* or *vaulted sky*. The edges of this vault rested on the verge of the earth; and through the centre of it, Mount Olympus shot up, and on its top, above the welkin, was the seat and heaven of the gods. In a more general sense, the word meant both the *air* and *sky;* but sometimes a particular region of the sky. But this was all. No great white throne; no angels or seraphim; no spirits of the just made perfect; no "waters of life;" no "trees whose leaves were for the healing of the nations;" no everlasting Sabbath; no songs of holy rapture. What an immeasurable distance lies between the two things! A converted Greek had to learn a new sense of the word *heaven*, as well as new views of those who dwelt there. The New Testament makes all this very plain.

As to the word *hell*, the heathen ᾅδης simply means *the invisible world*, *the grave*, *the infernal* or *lower regions*. In these were both good and bad. But the γέεννα of the New Testament is foreign to the Greeks. Dr. Robinson deduces, like most others, this word from the Hebrew גֵּיא הִנֹּם but the proparoxytone accent makes against this; and De Wette and Paulus (on Matt. 5: 22) are decidedly of opinion that it is of foreign origin. With their views we coincide; for we do not see how ם·— (*om*) is converted into the Greek *a*. But be this as it may, the word stands for such a *hell* as the Greeks never dreamed of. They had to learn its meaning, as they learned that of the words named above.

Of *creation* as an act, that is, the bringing into being the material universe from nothing, no Greek dreamed. The words κτίσις and κτίζω had, in his mouth, a sense very diverse from that of the apostles.

So is it with *regeneration*. To be born of the Spirit, to be born of God, to be created anew in Christ Jesus, to be morally quickened or raised from spiritual death, were ideas as foreign to them in regard to the New Testament meaning, as the names of our technics in the recent arts would have been. All words employed to designate these things, as well as *sanctification* and *justification*, were employed by the apostles in a sense greatly diverse from that of the classic language. Even the word ἅγιος meant with them merely something devoted or consecrated to the gods. They had no ἁγιότης to designate *holiness;* and for the good reason, that they had never known or dreamed what *true Christian holiness* is. The readers of the New Testament found themselves called upon, therefore, to search out the new meanings of these words.

So is it with all the peculiar *Christian gifts* and *graces*. In classic Greek, δικαιοσύνη means *uprightness* merely; in the New Testament, in a multitude of cases, it designates the act or matter of *justification*, in the sense of acquittal or pardon. In classic Greek, πίστις means *trust* in others, *confidence*, or a means of *giving confidence* or *persuasion;* in the New Testament, there is mostly combined with this a special reliance on, or confidence in, the Lord Jesus Christ, as a *conditio sine qua non* of salvation. Χάρις, with the Greeks, meant *beauty of form, favor, kindness;* but Christianity has put a new emphasis on the word, when it speaks of the *saving grace* of God, and the *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ. In short, there is no end to this catalogue of *modified* words and new senses affixed to them. Open the introduction to Winer's Grammar, and there may be found a great catalogue of them, which it is needless to repeat here. Enough has been said to make the reader fully aware on what new Greek ground he is treading, when he comes to the reading of the New Testament in the original.

We scruple not to lay down the broad position, that there is not a single important object, in heaven, earth, or hell, that belongs to the Christian system as such, which the

heathen Greek language, with its heathen meanings, could designate. The reason lies upon the surface. No language has words, which are the signs of ideas never entertained by those who use it. The heathen Greeks never had any ideas, either of objects, affections, or actions, appropriately and peculiarly *Christian*. How was it possible then to use their words, in their proper heathen senses, to designate things exclusively Christian? Nothing could be done, without giving a new sense to old words, or by the formation of new words. Any other way was plainly out of all question. Indeed, the thing is so plain that a very child can understand it.

Turn the tables for a moment. Suppose we were called upon to translate *guns*, *cannon*, *bombs*, *rockets*, *men-of-war*, *gunpowder*, *steamboat*, *electricity*, *magnetism*, and ten thousand other things, into Latin or Greek? Would not a Porson or a Hermann shrink at once from the attempt? The thing is impossible, simply because the Greeks and Romans, never having had any knowledge of these things, never formed any words to designate them.

Just so is it with Christianity. The heathen Greeks knew nothing of it, nothing of its special objects, operations, or graces. Of course, they never had formed any words, or used any words, to express these things. Inevitably, therefore, the apostles were obliged to do as they actually did; that is, to give new senses to old words, or to form in a normal manner new combinations of words, thus making essentially new words.

It lies on the very face of all this, that no apostle or evangelist could employ purely classical Greek in a classical way, in their communications. It is no good proof of Attic usage or style in the New Testament, that mere words found in Attic writers are found also in this book. Θεός is an Attic word; but how much of the Attic sense attached to the word belongs to the same word in Paul and John? We have already seen how this matter stands. *Style* is of course made up more of the *meaning* of words, than of their forms. But is there a paragraph in all the New Testament, which has not more or less words in it, that are employed in a sense different from that which the Attics attached to them? Certainly not one which treats of the peculiarities of the Christian religion.

This sole consideration, by the way, settles the great question, controverted in the fiercest manner among critics for more than a century, namely, — *whether the diction and style of the New Testament exhibit Attic purity.* Under the hands of some writers, it became an *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ. Purism* was strongly contended for by Palairet, even so late as 1752. Salmasius wrote a book at an earlier period, which he entitled *Funus Linguæ Hellenisticæ*, in which he maintained, that the doctrine of a Hellenistic or Hebraistic style in the New Testament was dead and buried, and he came forward merely to celebrate its funeral obsequies. *Sed tempora mutantur. Purism* has now been dead and buried just about a century.

It is amazing how such a dispute could ever have existed. Evidently the apostles could not communicate their views to heathen Greeks, without attaching new senses to old words, or else forming new words. This, of itself, shows that strict *Atticism* was abandoned, and that from pure necessity. No other resource for communication was left but this. And there is evidence of it in every paragraph of the New Testament. If the words are Attic in form, the meaning of very many of them is not so.

Then why contend for *Attic purity?* Had its defenders gained the victory, they would have settled the question forever, in the mind of every critical inquirer, concerning the *genuineness* of the New Testament books ; that is, they would have proved that they were *not* written by Hebrews, but by native Greeks. Consequently, as the authors profess to be *Hebrews*, the books would thus be shown to be spurious. No Hebrew, above all, none who had learned any thing of the Greek except its conversation-dialect, could write in pure Attic without a miracle. Even miraculous aid given to the writer could not have enabled him to accomplish this ; for the heathen Greek is a perfect stranger to many Hebrew ideas, and therefore could not, without such expedients as are described above, be a medium of communicating new ideas, or of designating new objects. Thus the Purists, in their jealousy for the honor of the New Testament style, elevated the book with one hand and threw it down with two.

Such are some of the extravagances to which superstitious criticism may lead even renowned scholars and masterly lin-

guists. All Europe was agitated for three generations by the controversy. It has now been dead and buried as many more. But there are other questions, about as important as this, and about as easy to be settled, that are still agitated. The *allegorical* and *double sense*, the ὑπονοία concealed under the plainest language is still defended; and we can hardly look forward to a time, when the extravagances of an Origen and a Cocceius will cease to find defenders. Such facts are replete with grave matter for the consideration of the Christian churches. They teach us how earnestly men may contend for things as important and even necessary, which, if they are established, can do nothing but mischief both to criticism and religion.

From the views now given, it is easy to see what a work a New Testament lexicographer has before him. Without a thorough and correct understanding of this whole matter, he can make no headway. He must falter and stumble at nearly every step. All the modifications which the designation of Christian ideas demands, in words that are Greek, must be descried and defined by him. In order to make out these, the language and ideas of both the Greek and the Christian writers must be carefully compared. Dr. Robinson tells us, and no doubt truly, that this portion of his labor has cost him more time and toil than any other. (Preface, p. viii.) But he has done it to good purpose. Rarely will the reader find himself *sent to April* (as our cousins German say) when he consults him in respect to matters of this nature.

The work before us gives the etymology and original signification of each word. From the latter it deduces, in an orderly and logical manner, the derived or secondary meanings. The coloring given to words by their *adjuncts* is exhibited. In this way, the multiplicity of meanings in the word itself is very much diminished. Above all, regard is to be paid to this, in the case of verbs followed by prepositions, or of such as govern special cases. The derivations of forms, particularly of all irregular ones, is fully and accurately developed, as well as the distinctive and peculiar significations of different tenses and voices. As a specimen of patient, well-arranged, and accurate labor, one may consult γίνομαι or ποιέω.

In regard to nouns, the development often possesses a high

logical interest. For example, δύναμις is given, first generically, namely, — *ability, power, might, strength.* Then follow two classes of power: (1) Innate or inherent *power*, whether physical or moral. (*a*) *Strength* of body. (*b*) *Vigor* or *force* in various objects or agents. (*c*) *Power* of God or Christ. (*d*) Miraculous *power.* (*e*) Essential *efficiency.* (2) Outward *power.* (*a*) *Authority* or *sovereignty.* (*b*) *Power* as to quantity, in *abundance.* (*c*) Warlike or hostile *power.* All these are illustrated and confirmed, by quotations from, and references to, the New Testament, the Septuagint, the Hebrews, and the Greek classics, *pro re nata.* So the word πνεῦμα may be consulted, where will be found one of the highest and most protracted efforts of the lexicographer; which we cannot transfer here, for want of room. Other specimens may be found under πίστις, δικαιοσύνη, and χάρις.

We have already described the difficulty that attends a full and accurate development of the particles, and the importance of such a development. Accordingly, we should expect to find Dr. Robinson exercising his iron diligence here, and our expectations are fully answered. We cannot extract, but we refer for samples to διά, ἐν, εἰς, κατά, παρά, πρός, σύν, δέ, μή, οὐ, etc. The article ὁ, ἡ, τό, is one of the most labored in the book, and with much success.

All parts of the book which present words of any difficulty have received careful revision and correction. Some have been enlarged, others compressed. On the whole, the book contains a considerable number of pages less than the preceding edition of 1836. But the quantity of real matter is much greater. Skill in abridging and compressing, without any sacrifice of perspicuity, has effected this. Pascal's excuse to his friend, who chided him for writing so long a letter, namely,— that "he had not time to write a shorter one," contains a deal of truth. Nothing but thorough knowledge and strenuous effort can accomplish brevity and perspicuity united. Dr. Robinson might probably have made two volumes like Schleusner's, with less of effort, if not of time, than he has written one.

We must not omit to add, that every difficult passage of the New Testament is handled *exegetically.* The lexicon of words is at the same time a *thesaurus* of the best interpretations.

In addition to all the rest, the publishers have done their part nobly. Fine paper, superb type, both Greek and English, good ink, and a fine impression, constitute the beautiful costume of this work, so honorable to the author and his country. We are not fond of boasting; much less at the expense of the reputation of our venerable mother beyond the Atlantic. But we may, with all due respect, ask her, where are the New Testament lexicons of Oxford or of Cambridge, that will bear comparison with this? Greek scholars they have in abundance. They can lecture on Greek tragedies, and, it may be, on Greek historians, to some good purpose. But we are not aware of much which is important that has been done by them for a century past, in the way of promoting the true critical knowledge of the Scriptures. It would seem, that a large class of men, set apart for the service of the church and of sacred literature, and maintained at a most princely expense, ought to repay a munificent public by something that would keep adequate pace with the sacred philological progress of the present day. They have given us, indeed, a Parkhurst's Lexicon, and a Taber on the Prophecies, and a Birks on Daniel, and an Eliot on the Revelation, and some other productions of the like calibre and stamp. What real advances can a thousand such writers make, in solid, profitable, sacred literature?

One thing, however, they may do. As before, they may republish three or more editions of Dr. Robinson's work, besides several emasculated abridgments; and the first of these, even if the author is obliged to forego all remuneration, and has his own market straitened at home, we should be glad to see; for it would be the harbinger of a brighter day in sacred criticism among the English people. We hope the mother will not take offence at this freedom in her daughter, nor call to mind the days when this daughter was somewhat saucy and unmanageable. She has now grown to an age of some maturity, perhaps in judgment and learning, as well as in years, and can venture to speak a little more freely than in days that are past. But with all her pride and self-sufficiency and proneness to glorying, and with all her republicanism, too, she does boast, and will boast, and glory in it too, that she has the *noblest descent* of any nation on the face

of the whole earth. Let each provoke the other to love and good works; and the further the rivalry goes, the better for themselves and the world at large.

Of course, a book like that of Dr. Robinson's, which comprises such an infinite variety of topics, philological, critical, exegetical, moral, and religious, must needs have some faults. In the many leading articles that we have examined, however, we have found none worth noting here. Undoubtedly, with respect to the exegesis of some passages, there is room for variety of opinion. We might not agree with Dr. Robinson, as to the turn given to this difficult text or to that. But he does not claim that we are bound to accord with him. He only claims the right of giving his own opinion, and generally with the reasons for it. When we differ, we are bound at least to thank him for giving us what is said and thought by others, or by himself; and this is no unimportant service. He is no dogmatist; nor is he of the *neuter gender* in philology, criticism, or theology, so far as the latter has to do with a lexicon. But his decisiveness makes him neither overbearing nor obstinate. Even in case we are compelled to differ from him in opinion, we are pleased to see that he has an opinion of his own. The *aspectus bifrons*, which we so often get sight of in Schleusner and Wahl, has no place here. The *Umhüllung* so often employed by them, in relation to certain topics and things, is never employed, or at least is successfully kept from view, by Dr. Robinson. We may differ from him without the fear of any forthcoming anathema. But thorough adepts in philology and exegesis will not often find occasion to differ; and when they do, the case will be one on which something may be fairly said on both sides. Positiveness here would not be quite becoming.

What has been said above will serve, as we think, to convince every candid mind of the importance of a separate New Testament lexicon. How would it be possible, even in such an extended work as that of Liddell and Scott, to give all the light and shade of New Testament words? Above all, how could a classical lexicographer afford room for biblical history, biography, geography, antiquities, and the like; and especially, how could he make such a work a *thesaurus* of New Testament interpretations? Hence the all but worthlessness of common lexicons, for a critical reader of the New

Testament Greek. What has been already said will show every one the reason and ground of this. But a lexicon like that before us will enable the student in a good measure to dispense with the commentators. Indeed, it is beyond comparison the best way of studying the New Testament, to confine one's self to a good grammar and lexicon, until all the light which these afford, and all which one's own reflections may supply, appear to be insufficient for satisfaction. But always let one's own efforts be exhausted, before he applies for aid, when he has time to devote himself to thorough study. Commentaries are made for exigencies, and to save time in case of pressure. He who means to stand on his own basis, must render himself as independent of them as he can. A deep study of idiom, in the way of using grammar and lexicon, is the high road, and the only one, to real independence. In due time, lexicon and grammar may be nearly dispensed with, and a good *concordance* will be worth all the lexicons in the world. It is one excellence of Dr. Robinson's book, that it serves nearly all the purposes of a concordance, as well as those of a lexicon.

We are somewhat apprehensive, that some readers of this journal may think so long a review of such a book is out of place here. But the importance of the subject, and of the principles which are discussed, will apologize, as we hope, for this length. At all events, we believe that a Christian public will not do otherwise than thank us for bringing before them the merits of a work adapted to afford most important aid in studying the original records of our faith. It is a book that all religious parties may use in common ; and if they are not always guided by its decisions in certain cases, this will not hinder the profit resulting from the use of the book in general. It is not the work of a sectarian, but of a genuine philologist. We repeat, that it is an honor to our sacred literature and to our country.

ART. II. — *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By JOHN RUSKIN, Author of "Modern Painters." With Illustrations drawn and etched by the Author. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 186.

LIKE the other fine arts, architecture is a spontaneous product of a cultivated mind; one of the fruits of our spiritual nature, one of the privileges of our birthright. In the edifices which man builds for his own habitation, or for national uses, or for the ceremonies of religion, he aims at something beyond mere convenience and utility, even at the expression of ideas of beauty and grandeur, something that will contribute to his joy, will elevate and dignify him, and serve as a fit representative of his hopes and belief. Like the other arts, this attends the course of a nation's power and intelligence, and forms (as we shall see hereafter) one of the most striking and important indications of its condition. In one view, it is the most practical of the arts, being so closely connected with the comfort and convenience of man, and requiring the most practical skill in order to realize its ideas. In another, it is the most ideal, since it finds in nature few or no models, — in its ornaments even, borrowing from nature the elements rather than the perfect shape. In its grander forms, it is immeasurably more vast than the sister arts, and demands the aid of national resources to complete its designs; but then it repays this aid by bearing most public and permanent witness to the liberality of its authors, defying for ages the power of the elements, and bearing down from one generation to another the name and fame of its builders, mysteriously uniting different centuries, ever awakening our profoundest meditations, and contributing (how much!) to our moral sensibilities.

Like the other arts, it has its schools and its orders. Considered as the representative of religious ideas, it has been divided into the two great classes of heathen and Christian; or, using those terms which designate its most important schools, Grecian and Gothic. Sometimes it assumes a national nomenclature, as Egyptian, or Grecian, or Moorish, or Italian. These, too, are subdivided according to the peculiarities of some prominent member, as the column or the arch; and we have the Doric order, with its short columns and

massive simplicity; the Ionic, with lighter columns and the graceful volute of its capitals; and the Corinthian, with pillars still more slender, crowned with the gorgeous acanthus. The Gothic, too, though not divided into orders, like the Grecian, still has its flat arch and its pointed arch, and many other peculiarities, by which the patient student determines when and by whom the structure was raised.

Of the different kinds of architecture, there are some general characteristics which may be easily recognized, even though the ideas which they express are not distinctly before the mind. Every nation whose architecture is living, has originated that which gives it peculiarity. To the Egyptian belongs the pyramid and the obelisk, — the latter a slender monolith, with its vertical line of hieroglyphics, — the former, a vast pile, expressive, both by its shape and bulk, of simple weight and stability. Their temples suggest, as the most prominent ideas, permanence and mystery. Obelisks, with their undeciphered hieroglyphics, and sphinxes, with their placid, enigmatic countenances, guard the sepulchral doors; no window pierces the massive walls; the whole is like a prison or a tomb. The Greek, though borrowing his arts as well as his letters from Egypt, knew how to endue them with a fresh and exquisite form, and breathe into them the breath of a new life. Around the solid cell of the temple he raised the light and airy colonnade; upon the pediment he erected statues of gods and heroes; along the frieze he stretched the fabled Centaurs and Lapithæ, and beneath it hung the shields of those who had returned victorious from battle. There was little of the seclusion and mystery of the Egyptian. Nothing that art could do, working upon the patriotic memories of the people, or their present renown, or their love of the beautiful, or their religious instincts, was omitted to render the temple the centre of every affection, the emblem of the mind and heart of the nation. Every part of the Grecian edifice has a relation to the whole, and is instinct with life. Nothing is superfluous or unfit. The unbroken horizontal line of the long entablature at once catches the eye, and gives the impression of stability and weight, to which the abundant columns are ever opposing their sufficient support; so that it delights us with the tranquil harmony of its expression, so simple as to be easily comprehended, so perfect in beauty as

never to weary the eye, never grow old to the mind. Its workmen wrought with exquisite skill; the stones were united with the most beautiful accuracy; and even at this distance of time, a new principle is every now and then discovered to attest both the profound knowledge and the delicate practice of the marvellous builders.

The Greek style was carried by Greek artists to Italy, Sicily, and the south of France. At Pæstum, a day's journey south of Naples, was erected the magnificent temple to Neptune, which now, thousands of years since it was built, forms, in the solitude of the deserted campagna, one of the most impressive memorials which Italy contains. At Nismes, in the south of France, are carefully cherished, are even used, at this day, the temples and amphitheatres which Greeks and Romans built. The Romans were destitute of the requisite material in which Attica abounded; there was no Pentelicus near Rome; hence, had their genius equalled that of the Greeks, they could not easily have rivalled their structures. They built sometimes of brick, oftener of stone; but their purposes were different from those of the Greeks, and they produced different effects. They needed not only the temple with its narrow *adytum*, but the vaster enclosure, in which half the population of the city might, if necessary, congregate. Then rose their amphitheatre, with columns and arches tier above tier, and its corridors with their vanishing curves, and the vast oval of its interior, and its retreating circles of seats on which a hundred thousand could sit, and from which all could depart without jostling or delaying each other. Then rose the vast expanse of the Pantheon, whose beautiful dome now hangs over the statues of saints, as once it overhung the shrines of all the gods to whom Agrippa, twenty-seven years B. C., devoted it. To show how well they built, with what a grand purpose too, with what an idea of the permanent nature of their work, it may be remembered that the original bronze doors still swing upon the hinges where they were hung one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven years ago, and every stone remains as the architect placed it, though Constantine II. carried its tiles of gilded bronze to Constantinople in 663, and Pope Urban VIII., in the seventeenth century, took 45,000 pounds of bronze from its portico.

With the prevalence of Christianity and the changed con-

dition of society, another change came over architecture. The ceremonies of religion could be performed only within an enclosure entirely protected. The structure began to be emblematic of the faith; the church expanded in the form of the cross, a form not only fit as an emblem, but admirably adapted to architectural effect, (especially interior effects, which now came to be carefully considered,) and equally fitted to the convenience of worship. The extended open space at the meeting of the arms of the cross naturally suggested, especially to people living much in the open air, the idea of an elevated expanse. "I will hang the dome of the Pantheon," said M. Angelo, "in mid-heaven." Brunelleschi, the architect of Santa Maria at Florence, had already done something like it. In obedience to the word, rose the dome of St. Peter, fretted and blazing within, like the vault of heaven, and shedding down, through the numerous windows in the dome, a flood of light upon the crowd beneath, the images of saints, and the mosaic pictures. Beside the cathedral, also, in many places rose the campanile, a belfry tower, two of which especially, the leaning tower at Pisa and the campanile of Giotto at Florence, are famous as wonders of the world. Then, too, was sometimes added the *baptistery*, with its marble fonts. About the same time, the domestic and civil architecture assumed a permanent form. Palaces, dark, sombre, and frowning, strong as fortresses, yet grand and magnificent as the residence of princes, adorned and dignified the cities, while the hills were crowned with castles.

In the mean time, the northern countries, whose severer climate, by depriving their inhabitants of the free life of the south, made them more meditative, and cultivated their romantic tastes; whose position, too, removed from the centres of the eastern and the western empires, made them more independent, and gave a chance for original products, gave birth to that complicated, vast, and various style of architecture which we generally term Gothic. Here are no remains of the Greek; no long horizontal lines; no dark enclosed cell; no clear daylight exterior, faultless in its simple proportions; but a wonderful and intricate pile, shooting heavenward in countless pinnacles, its main spires rising to the utmost limit of architectural skill and daring, its exterior supported with solid or flying buttresses, to resist the horizontal pressure of the

massive roof, and ornamented with a profusion of pinnacles and statues, and grotesque figures, and delicate fret-work, — its interior open to the highest point of the roof. The "garish eye of day" shut out, and with it the noise of the outer world, a "dim religious light" streaming down from "stained windows richly dight" — every thing calling the mind to contemplation, to reserve, to worship.

"'The cathedral,' says an eloquent writer, 'is to be considered rather as a forethought than as a finished specimen. It exhibits the effort that has been made to embody those abstract ideas of solemnity and grandeur, which could not be fully realized or accomplished by human power. Still the effect has not failed. Gothic architecture appeals to the imagination, and fancy half supplies the deficiencies of the material scene. A Gothic building has always the charm of mystery; it always appears to be larger than its actual dimensions. The mouldings, the pillars, the arches, always create receding shadows; and to the mind the idea of space arises from a succession of shadows, just as a conception of time results from the succession of ideas. In the earlier Gothic styles, the management of the aërial tints was studied with remarkable skill. . . . . The Gothic style always fills the eye, and conveys the notion of comprehension and capacity. Habitation, and converse, and congregational worship beneath its roof, are seen to be its intent. We are invited to enter into the cathedral. The portals expand, and in the long perspective which appears between the pillars of the porch, and ends in the distant choir, the light darts downwards through the lofty unseen windows, each marked by its slanting beam of luminous haze, chequering the pillars and the pavement, and forming a translucent gloom. Gothic architecture is an organic whole, bearing within it a living, vegetating germ. Its parts and lines are linked and united; they spring and grow out of each other. Its essence is the curve, which in the physical world is the token of life or organized matter, just as the straight line indicates death or inorganized matter. It is a combination of arches, whose circles may be infinitely folded, multiplied, and embraced. Hence the parts of a Gothic building may be expanded indefinitely, without destroying its unity. However multiplied and combined, they still retain their relative bearing; however repeated, they never encumber each other. All the arched openings, the tall mullioned windows, the recessed doors, are essential parts; they do not pierce the walls of the structure; on the contrary, they bind them together. The spire may rise aloft, the large and massy walls may lengthen along the soil; but still the building preserves its consistency.

Richness of decorations, color and gold, may increase the effect of the Gothic style; but the inventor chiefly relies upon his art and science. Gravitation, which could bring the stone to the ground, is the power which fixes it in the archivolt, and every pinnacle bears witness to the mastery which the architect has gained. Frequently the details are bad. Parts considered by themselves are often destitute of beauty; but they are always relevant, and all minor faults are lost in the merits of the entirety. The history of the style accounts for its propriety, its chiefest merit. Gothic architecture, whatever its primitive elements may have been, was created in the northern parts of Europe; it was there adapted to the wants of a more inclement sky. Its structures were destined for the religious worship of the people amongst whom it was matured. In a Gothic church, no idea can possibly arise save that of Christianity and of the rites of Christianity. We cannot desecrate it even in thought. From its mode of construction, no convenience which we need, ever becomes a blemish, and its character assimilates itself to every emblem or ornament which its use requires." *London Quarterly Review, July*, 1822.

No style of architecture is, therefore, so free as this; none other admits of such elaborate and fanciful detail. The most luxuriant fancy of the architect had the fullest scope, the grand religious impression of the whole fearlessly authorizing accessaries the most various and peculiar. And who were the architects? We do not know that there has come down to us the name of a single builder of any of the hundreds of churches which rise all over Germany, and the northern part of France, and Belgium, and England, in such variety, (no two being alike,) and with such indubitable evidence of the genius and skill of their authors. Perhaps they were conceived and planned by ecclesiastics, whose life was so swallowed up in that of the church they served, that their names and individual existence were thought of little consequence. They received their reward in the very processes and effects of their art. It is probable that these structures were built, not unfrequently, by the guilds of masons, which, we know, existed in almost every country during the middle ages, and who had their secret craft and enjoyed particular privileges. However that may be, they built with an amazing economy of time and expense, and a large exhibition of manual skill and mechanical knowledge. Still, centuries were sometimes re-

quired for completing the works which they began in faith, and carried on in love. Many are yet unfinished. There was a fine sentiment, as it seems to us, in leaving, on the incomplete tower of the cathedral at Cologne, the crane with which the stones were raised, and renewing it when it decayed, that it might ever stand as a mute prophet of unfulfilled purpose.

It is almost as impossible to exaggerate the beauty of many of these structures, as it is to conceive their various effects, viewed in all the conditions each one is capable of; from below and above, when the sunlight of morning is creeping down, or the sunlight of evening is creeping up, the spire; or within, where great masses of light and of shade meet and mingle, and overwhelm the observer with a sense of vastness, and thought, and mysterious, solemn beauty. To erect a structure of lath and plaster, which becomes superannuated at fifty years, which every wind of heaven makes creak and shiver, is excusable for those who must build something, and cannot afford to build any thing better; but we cannot expect the full effect of architecture in such an edifice, nor should we blame the art or judge it harshly, if we fail to receive from it the expected lesson.

Yet we need not look for nor resort to any recondite argument to show the power of this art. What traveller has not garnered up, among the most precious treasures of his memory, the hours when first he saw some of those grand relics of former labors? — the hour when, entering the Porta Cavallegieri at midnight, a full moon throwing its silver light over roof, and spire, and dome, he found himself, all unawares, before the circling colonnade of St. Peter's? or when, wandering he knew not where, through the grass-grown streets of the silent city, he suddenly stood before the majestic front, beneath the frowning cornices, of the Farnese Palace? or when for the first time he rested upon the upper seats of the Coliseum, or wandered through its vaulted passages? or paused in the great quadrangle of the Ducal Palace at Venice? or heard, at gray twilight, the receding echoes in the baptistery at Pisa? or looked upon the dim old pictures in the Campo Santo? Can he forget the hour, when, fresh from the new world, he stood before the vast and wonderful front of the cathedral at Rouen? or, when, journeying homeward, sated

and wearied with a lengthened pilgrimage, having all day skirted the borders of the Black Forest, he saw from far the beautiful spire of the minster of Freyburg, and hastened to repose beneath the grateful shadow of its walls? If he can, then may he better have plodded and dug at home. History, for him, has no grandeur; art, no glories.

Perhaps no work of man awakens so strong a sympathy with the past — a sympathy with our race, indeed, and a wise meditation — as a building, which for hundreds of years has received the successive generations of men; has looked down on their business, their sufferings, their glory, and seen it all pass away. The earth is old, but its age does not affect us so strongly, for it shows few signs of age; it renews itself every year, and is constantly changed by the active energy of man. Our eyes do not see the same world that our fathers looked on, or else it is so much the same that we forget the time that has rolled away. Hence, too, of different buildings, one produces a stronger effect than another; the ruins of the Parthenon, where art lavished her powers, than the pyramids, older, by far, but less touched by time, and less capable of indicating its ravages. We have sometimes thought that, in connection with any public institution, especially an institution for education, a really fine building, standing age after age, as a kind of visible representative of the spirit of the place, the *religio loci*, is a more valuable education of the finer sensibilities, and of temperate and just thought, than books or teachers. Especially would this power be felt, as a country grew older, and could look back to a long line of distinguished men; and, every college would gather up the name and fame of its alumni, as its choice treasures. To remember the great and good, who once walked along these aisles and toiled in those chambers, does something to fortify one against indolence, something to prompt him to good resolutions and earnest labor. Charles Lamb refers beautifully to this intangible, and somewhat indefinite, but strong effect, in his Recollections of Christ's Hospital, when speaking of the tone of character imparted to the boy by "the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; by his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; by his spacious school-rooms; by his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures by Verrio and Lely;" by the

remembrances which went back to the very founder, "that godly and royal child, King Edward VI., the flower of the Tudor name — the young flower that was untimely cropped, as it began to fill our land with its early odors — the boy-patron of boys — the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley, fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of the church, to receive or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction." Should we not, therefore, look with more favor upon efforts for the construction of an edifice in connection with a public institution, where architectural skill and taste might find full scope, than upon the erection of plain, if not unsightly dormitories, except, indeed, so far as these last are absolutely required? Should we not build, too, upon the best plan and in the best way, so far as the means will allow, and then wait for a future day to complete the design?

Thus far, we have spoken rather loosely of the prominent styles and general effects of this earliest of the constructive arts. But the question arises, whether there are not certain laws derivable from the nature of the mind, from the very character of that intellectual delight and profit which the art affords, — certain principles, which must have lain in the minds of the great builders and given birth to their works, which will enable us to understand their merits, and which, when felt, will be the best assurance of excellent products in their art hereafter. To answer these questions, and to exhibit some of these "laws which are based upon man's nature, not upon his knowledge," is the object of the volume whose title we have placed at the head of our article; a volume which, we acknowledge, has bound us with a spell too strong to be easily broken, and too delightful to be resisted. If it sometimes attenuates the thought beyond our power to follow it; if it stretches a point to carry out a preconceived notion; if even it occasionally substitutes imagination for fact, — to prove which, however, would require an observation as accurate and an affection as true as its author everywhere exhibits, but which certain unaccountable heresies in the "Modern Painters" might lead us to anticipate, — all is amply atoned for by the generous and noble thoughts, the delicacy, the beauty and truth, so elegantly exhibited and enforced, as well as by the glory thrown over the grand art itself by

speculations so subtle, yet so large. Whether its technical distinctions be true or false, its nomenclature philosophical or otherwise, matters little, compared with the refining and elevating influence it must exercise upon the public taste. It has a worth beyond and above the power of technicalities, and will touch with joy many a heart to which *cusp* and *mullion*, *transept* and *apse*, are little better than words of a barbarian; many to whom, from want of opportunity or of study, the pages of minute and learned criticism will be of the least value or interest. And so far as our own country is concerned, we think it of much importance to give a wise direction to the awakening taste. One need not travel far to become convinced of the increasing interest taken in architecture, both public and domestic. In our quiet villages, there have risen many a tower and spire, such as, in spite of the frail material of which they are built, it does us good to look upon; such as it is a joy and blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks; such as it brings the light into the eyes to see from far, lifting their fair heights above the crowd of humble roofs. That there has been much that is extravagant, and fantastical, and in bad taste, we know too well; but in many of these abortive attempts, we are not slow to discover the germ of something better; at least the aspiring mind, dissatisfied with the present, and earnest for the future, ready for instruction, and grateful for it when bestowed.

It has been far enough from our purpose to give a dissertation on architecture. We would rather direct our readers to a brief analysis of the volume of Mr. Ruskin, although we are aware how dry and unsatisfactory is an abstract of a work in which the imagination plays a part so conspicuous. To exhibit the ideas of the author, it will fortunately be necessary to quote liberally from the book itself, and to use its phrases even where it would be difficult to acknowledge them.

The first of these guiding principles, which are dignified by the attractive but obscure name of "Lamps of Architecture," is the *Spirit of Sacrifice*. "Architecture," says Mr. Ruskin, "is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure." It is distinguished from building, because that has reference merely to the con-

venience and comfort of a structure, and its general fitness to the practical end for which it is designed. Architecture concerns those characteristics of an edifice which are above or beyond its common use. It may be arranged under five heads, according to the purposes to which buildings are devoted, — devotional, memorial, civil, military, and domestic.

With respect to all these kinds, but particularly to devotional and memorial architecture, the spirit of sacrifice, (to state the idea as strongly as possible,) offers such things "as are precious simply because they are precious, not because they are useful or necessary." "Of two marbles, for instance, equally beautiful and durable, it chooses the more costly, because it is so; and of two kinds of decoration equally effective, it would choose the more elaborate, because it was so, in order that it might, in the same compass, present more cost and more thought." This is the opposite of the feeling, which, with true commercial sagacity, seeks to produce the most at the cheapest rate; but it is the feeling which has prevailed whenever and wherever art has produced its noblest products, — a feeling similar to that which prompted David *not* to accept the threshing-floor and oxen of Araunah as a gift, but to buy it. "Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

This idea the author finds developed and illustrated in the ancient Jewish services as ordained by God: in the blue and purple and scarlet hangings; the brass and silver and gold of the tabernacle and the temple; and this, notwithstanding the danger that a sensuous people would be led by this external splendor — certainly were in imminent danger of being led — to idolatry.

"Yet against this mortal danger provision was not made in one way, (to man's thoughts the simplest, the most natural, the most effective,) by withdrawing from the worship of the Divine Being whatever could delight the sense, or shape the imagination, or limit the idea of Deity to place. This one way God refused, demanding for himself such honors, and accepting for himself such local dwelling, as had been paid and dedicated to idol gods by heathen worshippers; and for what reason? Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image his divine glory to the minds of his people? What! purple or scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea, under his condemnation? What! golden lamp and

cherub necessary for those who had seen the fires of heaven falling like a mantle on Mount Sinai, and its golden courts opened to receive their mortal lawgiver? What! silver clasp and fillet necessary, when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay — not so. There was but one reason, and that an eternal one; that as the covenant that He made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance, and of his remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that covenant might be marked and signified by use, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to his will; and that their gratitude to him, and continual remembrance of him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to him, not only of the firstlings of the herd and fold, not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithe of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labors; of wealth of wood, and weight of stone; of the strength of iron, and of the light of gold."

It was this spirit of ready and generous contribution, of patient and affectionate labor, which raised, in other days, structures whose costliness, however great, was but their smallest praise; the spirit which found its satisfaction in giving to an object of general love, and which received back the rich recompense of him who gives not grudgingly, but cheerfully. "Do not think the feeling a folly, or the act itself useless. Of what use was that dearly bought water of the well of Bethlehem, with which the King of Israel slaked the dust of Adullam? Yet was not this better than if he had drunk it? Of what use was that passionate act of Christian sacrifice, against which, first uttered by the false tongue, the very objection we would now conquer took a sullen tone forever?"*

Religion may not need the arts, but the arts need the exalting influence of religion; to its service, in order to flourish most, they must be devoted "by both architect and employer; by the one, in scrupulous, earnest, affectionate design; by the other, in expenditure at least more frank, less calculating, than that which he would admit in the indulgence of his own private feelings." The sacrifice of which the author speaks is by no means of money merely, but of mind, of long thought,

* Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? — John xii. 5.

of the fulness of intellectual strength; not the spirit which lets itself out for hire, but which, without recompense, finds its chief joy in the ideal perfection of its work; the spirit of Michael Angelo, when he undertook the building of St. Peter's for the honor of God, and with an express stipulation that he should receive no pay; which made Haydn (to draw an illustration from another art) inscribe on the paper when he sat down to compose his greatest works, *Soli Deo gloria;* which leads the workman on the cornice or the frieze, which not one eye in ten thousand will notice, to be as careful and conscientious as if every thing depended on him. This spirit evidently will secure the full power of the artist's mind upon the work. He will do his best; he will not work beneath his strength. This it is which is so beautiful to see in the structures which excite the most affectionate admiration. The closer the examination, the fresher, the more numerous, the more delicate, the more surprising the beauties which we detect. The wonderful exuberance of the carving; the immense multiplication of the figures, not always done well, but done with a good will, with pains-taking, with love; the delicate lines carried up to the very top of the spire, beyond the reach of any eye but his who would climb to see them, — all attest the care that nothing should be slighted; all show the faith and zeal of the times.

"Those fair fronts of variegated mosaic, charged with wild fancies and dark hosts of imagery, thicker and quainter than ever filled the depth of midsummer dream; those vaulted gates, trellised with close leaves; those window-labyrinths of twisted tracery and starry light; those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacles and diademed tower, are the only witnesses, perhaps, that remain to us of the faith and fear of nations. All else, for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away; all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they labored, and we see no evidence of their reward, victory, wealth, authority, happiness; — all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honor, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration." p. 24.

From the Lamp of Sacrifice we pass to *The Lamp of Truth.* This principle requires the avoidance of all archi-

tectural deceit. As moral truth lies at the foundation of every valuable character; as, too, we feel the injury, not only of open falsehood, which we may detect and crush, but still more perhaps of the habit of careless untruthfulness, through which we gradually become indifferent to the beauty and glory of truth itself; so in art, the true dignity of it advances and declines as this principle is remembered or forgotten. Conscientiousness must be a quality of the artist as truly as any intellectual or mechanical skill; and pretence, concealment, and deceit are to be as much avoided in building as in every thing else. Although this general rule will hold, there is, as a little reflection will show, considerable delicacy and difficulty in its application, the same appliances in different situations producing different effects. Nobody imagines the gilded picture-frame to be gold; but a gilded ornament in jewelry at once offends as an imposition. Whitewash upon the walls shows what it is; we understand its purposes; but if wood by the side of the whitened stone be whitewashed so as to deceive us, it becomes, to a certain extent, offensive. A painted wall may be perfectly proper, indeed, indispensable to neatness and propriety; but it may be a perpetual lie, forever mocking the eye, and as soon as detected, degrading the whole structure, taking away from what is real its beauty, by throwing suspicion upon it. A carved frame pleases us in proportion to the skill and beauty and difficulty of the work; but a frame with moulded ornaments, a mere mechanical work, cheapens and vilifies every similar thing we set eyes on, whose honest and substantial excellence we cannot at once detect. Diamonds themselves are cheapened by paste.

The evil of architectural deceptions is considered by the author under three heads. 1. "The suggestion of a mode of structure or support, other than the true one; as in the pendants of late Gothic roofs." 2. "The painting of surfaces to represent some other material than that of which they actually consist, (as in the marbling of wood,) or the deceptive representation of sculptured ornament upon them." 3. "The use of cast or machine-made ornaments of any kind. Now it may be broadly stated, that architecture will be noble exactly in the degree in which all these false expedients are avoided."

Omitting the first of these heads, as less easily illustrated,

let us look a moment at the second, — surface-deceits. The most reprehensible of these is the false representation of material, as of wood turned into marble or granite, and yet in a score of ways betraying the deception. Any such imitation of a precious or costly material may be tolerated, perhaps, in a cheap structure, where it is perfectly innocent of giving any higher impression than that of a tolerable or a vile imitation; but introduce it into architecture of a high rank, a structure of cost and beauty, and how it dishonors the whole! Especially is this painful in churches, where every thing ought to be true, above disguises, above falsehood. A plainly colored wall, whose mild tint will not dazzle the eye, is far to be preferred to the so-called fresco architectural paintings, which are forever puzzling us to detect what is true and what is false, or making us wonder at the singular freak of nature, which casts the shadows in the very face of the sun. We do hope that this detestable method of ornamenting, or rather of disfiguring, our churches has had its day. Arches, and columns, and vistas behind the pulpit are bad on every account. As mere architectural drawings, they are false and painful to every eye but the one in the proper point of vision; while to every just mind they appear generally as a glaring absurdity, and always as a perplexing and distracting deceit. But this may not be thought a matter of much consequence —

"Perhaps not to religion (though I cannot but believe that there are many to whom, as to myself, such things are serious obstacles to the repose of mind and temper which should precede devotional exercises); but to the general tone of our judgment and feeling — yes; for assuredly we shall regard with tolerance, if not with affection, whatever forms of material things we have been in the habit of associating with our worship, and be little prepared to detect or blame hypocrisy, meanness, and disguise in other kinds of decoration, when we suffer objects belonging to the most solemn of all services to be tricked out in a fashion so fictitious and unseemly." p. 41.

And afterwards, on the subject of false ornament, the author goes on to say with a pardonable vehemence: —

"Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth it has not; which pretends to have a

cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall rather; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud or chopped straw, if need be; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood." p. 45.

There is not time to indicate here, how far the general principle is applicable to structures, which, instead of being thoroughly what they seem, are only *veneerings* of stone, the mass of the wall being of some cheaper material; or which lift a bold front of stone, while the body of brick retreats and hides itself, as well as it can, from observation. Nor yet can another and broader application of the principle be more than noticed, — namely, that every order of architecture has its laws, and exhibits certain effects; and when, for any reason, it forsakes these, it becomes untrue to itself and begins to decline.

"So fell the great dynasty of the mediæval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws, — because its order, and consistency, and organization had been broken through, so that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation." "It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who *sealed* the destruction that they had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the light pillars would have started again from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth." pp. 55, 56.

The Lamp of Power. This principle of architectural expression is the result of whatever quality in a building enables it to seize firm hold of the imagination, or rather of whatever quality is not included within the province of beauty. It may be the simple magnitude of the building, or the massiveness of separate stones, or its towering height, or its shape so ordered that the eye can easily take in the whole. The development of this idea, however, we are compelled to pass with this brief allusion.

The Lamp of Beauty, too, the fourth in the mystic seven, is so generally recognized as one of the most prominent aims

of all architecture, that we might dismiss it with a word; and indeed this is almost necessary, unless we would discuss the topic to its utmost extent, for the subject is intimately connected with the whole consideration of beauty in the arts. It is treated in this volume under the heads of Beauty of Ornament, Beauty of Design, and Beauty of Color. Some of the remarks on the *place* of beauty are worthy of much attention. Nature pleases us by appealing at the same time to many of our senses, and by presenting to them at once a great variety of delightful objects. The architect can select from these but a single subject, and represent it in a severe and inflexible material.

"Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again, all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear, that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it. The music of it would not meanwhile have aided the business in hand, while its own delightfulness would thenceforward be in a measure destroyed. It is the same with every other form of definite thought. If you violently present its expression to the senses, at times when the mind is otherwise engaged, that expression will be ineffective at the time, and will have its sharpness and clearness destroyed for ever. Much more if you present it to the mind at times when it is painfully affected or disturbed, or if you associate the expression of pleasant thought with incongruous circumstances, you will affect that expression thenceforward with a painful color forever.

"Apply this to expressions of thought received by the eye. Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. 'The eye, it cannot choose but see.' Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now, if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you

have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more; you have killed or defiled it; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive.

"Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense, — not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked; are we in the habit of doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings in these days is on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign, nor shelf, nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless — utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye, and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things, which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more." pp. 97, 98.

The Lamp of Life. The principle next in order is that which requires in architecture the evidence of a measure of creative energy, a vivid expression of the intellectual life which has been concerned in its production. There is a deep truth in this, applicable to far other things than architecture, a truth which we can better feel than describe. In the discussion of it in the volume before us, one fact is so blended with another, and the whole so dependent on illustrations, that we can hardly find a passage brief enough for quotation, which will indicate the author's course of thought. We will take, however, as coming nearest to our wishes, the closing remarks on the cutting of ornaments.

"I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment — was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stonemason's toil this condition would exclude, I

hardly venture to consider, but the condition is absolute. There is a Gothic church, lately built near Rouen, vile enough, indeed, in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so, they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay: the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it — money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it. It is true that here and there a workman may be found who has it in him, but he does not rest contented in the inferior work — he struggles forward into an Academician; and from the mass of available handicraftsmen the power is gone — how recoverable I know not: this only I know, that all expense devoted to sculptural ornament, in the present condition of that power, comes literally under the head of sacrifice for the sacrifice's sake, or worse. I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us is the geometrical color-mosaic, and that much might result from our strenuously taking up this mode of design. But, at all events, one thing we have in our power — the doing without machine ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals, and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation — all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor — are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser — they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared, if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give

grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace and rolling of the wheel." pp. 144, 145.

The Lamp of Memory. Between the scenery of a newly discovered country and of a country old and long known, there is always this great difference, that the former, however grand, however vast, however beautiful, has associated with it no *human* interest. The mountains rise awful and solitary, the lakes expand like crystal mirrors, the virgin forests stretch from the rising to the setting sun; but they have witnessed none of the struggles of men, neither the birth nor the dissolution of empires; neither hero, nor sage, nor saint, nor martyr, has dignified or hallowed them by his footsteps. Nothing is so dear to us as close sympathy with our kind; desert places become populous, heaps of rubbish eloquent, when we know them to have been connected with great achievements, with human glory or suffering. The sympathy is more intense, the imagination more strongly impressed, the moral lessons more weighty, when there are visible and tangible memorials of the events. Thus there is ever a mutual and reciprocal influence between the historical truth and the visible monument. We look off from the pyramid with an interest increased a thousandfold, when we remember that perhaps from that very spot the eye of Plato was once, like ours, turned towards Memphis and old Thebes. Every pillar, every prostrate stone, of the Parthenon is eloquent of the glory, the refinement, the art of Greece. We have an idea of the life of the mediæval times, vivid beyond all former possibility, when we look upon the fortress-like palaces of Florence and Rome, — the dungeons where the Ugolinos perished with hunger, — the squares where the flames curled up around Savonarola the reformer, and Giordano Bruno the philosopher. Now this is one of the grandest results of architecture; nor can the architect rise to the full effect of his noble art unless he has this purpose of it fully in mind. A thousand years after he is dead, his work proclaims to every

passer-by, not *his* skill and toil alone, or chiefly, but the life of the generations which, like a mighty current, have swept by this firm landmark, and left upon it in imperishable outlines the memorials of their thoughts and feelings and deeds. "How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! How many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world; there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, poetry and architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality; it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles; and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians." It is this function of architecture, as a representative of *age*, that imparts to it its highest glory. "And this is a characteristic," says Mr. Ruskin, "to my mind so essential, that I think a building cannot be considered in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather, staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate."

"Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, 'See! this our fathers did for us.' For indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold; but in its age, . . . in its lasting witness against men; in its quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things; in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of

the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations. It is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light and color and preciousness of architecture ; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life." p. 155.

Of this series, the *Lamp of Obedience* is the last. Architecture, like the other arts, is no irregular or fantastic production, but, like them, must be obedient to the necessities of the times, and the spirit of the people, their polity, life, history, and religious faith, out of which it must grow ; it should not even be restless and anxious for the new, but eager for the beautiful, the grand, the fitting. So only can it be sure of a character, and rise to its grandest effects. There are, indeed, times when great changes are needed in art, and new schools are founded ; but these are the result of a natural growth and development, and not of a mechanical compulsion. There are times when the life of art is shown by its throwing off ancient limitations ; so there are in the life of an insect ; and these are times of great interest to both.

" But as that would be both an uncomfortable and foolish caterpillar which, instead of being contented with a caterpillar's life and feeding on caterpillar's food, was always striving to turn itself into a chrysalis ; and as that would be an unhappy chrysalis, which should lie awake at night and roll restlessly in its cocoon in efforts to turn itself prematurely into a moth, so will that art be unhappy and unprosperous which, instead of supporting itself on the food, and contenting itself with the customs, which have been enough for the support and guidance of other arts before it and like it, is struggling and fretting under the natural limitations of its existence, and striving to become something other than it is." p. 169.

Not to weary our readers, we will add but a single paragraph, the closing one of the book, as indicating the serious, slightly sombre, and almost severe tinge of the writer's mind.

"I could pursue this subject willingly, but I have some strange notions about it, which it is perhaps wiser not loosely to set down. I content myself with finally reasserting, what has been throughout the burden of the preceding pages, that whatever rank, or whatever importance, may be attributed or attached to their immediate subject, there is at least some value in the analogies with which its pursuit has presented us, and some instruction in the frequent reference of its commonest necessities to the mighty laws, in the sense and scope of which all men are builders, whom every hour sees laying the stubble or the stone.

"I have paused, not once nor twice, as I wrote, and often have checked the course of what might otherwise have been importunate persuasion, as the thought has crossed me, how soon all architecture may be vain, except that which is not made with hands. There is something ominous in the light which has enabled us to look back with disdain upon the ages among whose lovely vestiges we have been wandering. I could smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science, and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." p. 177.

We shall have answered our end, if we have gratified a few by the thoughts here suggested, and still more, if we direct any of our readers to a work abounding in close and exact illustration, which we have had no room so much as to refer to, as well as in passages of exquisite beauty and vivid eloquence, of which we have culled only a few of the most prominent.

ART. III. — *Dix Ans d'Études Historiques.* Par AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Membre de l'Institut. Quatrième Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris. 1842.

WHEN a child who has received a new toy, gives but one moment to the ecstasy of admiration, and straightway proceeds to pull the ingenious machine to pieces, the chances are that he will be made to smart for his diligence; yet the punishment, whatever may be said of its justice, is very sure to prove ineffectual. The angry parent ought to recognize in himself

the same natural impulse that he is striving to expel from the breast of his offspring. The disposition, the faculty, in us, that never meets an effect without searching for its cause, is common to all. Who will not bear witness to the satisfaction with which he learned how Pope filed down a score of rough verses into the needle-like point of an epigrammatic couplet; how Johnson used to forge a whole chain of ponderous and polished iambics at a single blast; and how the mind of Coleridge composed melodious rhymes whilst wandering amidst "the howling wilderness of sleep." Who that recalls the mood in which he first read Lockhart's Life of Scott, will hesitate to say, that not one of the wondrous fictions, the story of whose origin it unfolds, is read with a more absorbing attention? But our interest, which may well enough be pardoned for dwelling on the discovered mysteries of the Magician of the North, stoops much lower. After gazing with awe into the penetralia of genius, we are not unthankful for permission to explore the more common chambers of talent. Of all articles of *virtu* in the market, none find a readier sale than those autographic scraps which the writer would willingly have kept within his most private portfolio. It is deemed fortunate that the world has not lost the documentary evidence of the secret, once so carefully kept, that the wit which sparkles in buoyant globules all over The Rivals and The School for Scandal, instead of being the product of an instantaneous effervescence, was created by the patient elaboration of years. Curiosity descends even to the homely details of the epistolary art. We are delighted to find that Hume, the most indolent of mortals, seldom accepted an invitation to dinner without taking pains to transcribe, sometimes more than once, the note in which he signified his acceptance.

Certainly, then, it ought not to be thought matter unworthy of inquiry how histories are written; yet of all those who find curiosities in every other department of literature, how few consider that this, in some respects the most important and the most difficult of all, may equally well reward attention. If we reflect on the amount of labor required for the compilation even of the most unpretending history, and bear in mind that the maker of it has generally no fame to look forward to, and very little profit, we shall be convinced that hardly any

literary labor is so inadequately rewarded as this, and shall wonder how it is that the artist is supported in his work, and encouraged to persevere. The mere occurrence of events is never a sufficient reason why men should take to recording them. Even the genealogist can find little value in isolated facts. A collection of them may be used as canvas, on which the skill and taste of the painter may be displayed, or the lesson of the moralist and the philosopher may be illustrated. The former was the mode adopted by the ancients, who constructed histories as they wrote poems, expecting the same kind of fame as the reward of artistic excellence. In our modern times, political motives have had much influence in the production of books of this class. M. Augustin Thierry began to write with the belief that he, like most of those around him, was devoting his energies to politics. His early readers thought so too. We are told in this volume how both he and they came to be undeceived. In 1820, he began to publish, in the *Courrier Français*, a series of articles entitled *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France.* He wrote with enthusiastic ardor.

"Doubtless," he says, "I may have overestimated the practicability of bringing to view with the distinctness of scenic representation, the people as they existed at each epoch of our history; but this very illusion lent to my words the more warmth and interest."

The consequences were, that the populace cheered and the government persecuted.

"From the appearance of my second letter, I was treated by the journalists of the anti-liberal side as a public enemy. They accused me of aiming at the dismemberment of France, and of shaking the throne in robbing it of five centuries of its age. The censor mutilated many of my pages, and with his red ink quite cancelled the dissertation on the true epoch of the establishment of the monarchy."

A zealous political writer, we may readily believe, was not to be daunted by attacks like these, while encouraged by the approval of a hundred thousand readers; and M. Thierry tranquilly kept on his way. But, he tells us, an unexpected mortification succeeded.

"In proportion as I entered deeper into the discussion, the

political tinge faded off, disclosing the unattractive learning beneath. The interest of my articles was now limited to those alone who had a genuine fondness for scientific inquiry. Many letters, expressive of discontent, arrived one after another; and so bitterly did they speak of the *long articles, fit enough for the Journal des Savans*, that the persons who had direction of the *Courrier*, fearing a loss of subscribers, besought me to change my subject. I replied, that I had no desire to employ my pen on any but historical matters; and, in January, 1821, I ceased writing for the *Courrier Français*."

It was, then, not the enthusiasm which is inspired by political zeal that formed M. Thierry's chief support during his protracted and painful labors. We would not deny either the sincerity of his love of progress and hatred of absolutism, or the necessity of allowing such principles to have their influence on the historian as well as the citizen. No one can read our author's works without seeing in every chapter abundant evidence that he has faith in humanity, perhaps excessive faith. He is even more a republican than a Frenchman. He gives us clearly to understand, that wherever one race of men are oppressed by another, his heart and voice are on the side of the weaker. Still, liberalism is not the characteristic of M. Thierry's writings, — not that which entitles them to be treated as belonging to a class of their own. If his political sympathies have added much to the spirit of his works, they have not contributed the method.

That method he himself explains in the book before us. Some of our readers may here learn for the first time that the book itself is in existence, although it is now some fifteen years old. The History of the Norman Conquest, however, *is* known to American readers, and they cannot but be ready to hail with pleasure any thing that may throw light on its author's literary biography. *Dix Ans d'Études!* How much these words suggest! For years spent as M. Thierry spends them deserve to be called years of *study*. A writer on chronology, whose name is more familiarly known than his book, though that is by no means without merit, insists on the devotion of this very space of ten years as essential to the attainment of such a knowledge of history as every gentleman ought to possess. It would be amusing, and not uninstructive, to compare his course of study with that pursued by our

historian. The latter would prove on trial not the least laborious, yet the most attractive; and, if an inference may be drawn from M. Thierry's own shining example, the most fruitful of results.

From 1817 to 1827, M. Thierry's labors were divided between two objects, — the history of the English people, and the history of the French people. These terms are of moment. He was not engaged upon the history of the country, France; nor of the country, England; nor yet did he occupy himself with the acts of their rulers and great men, — their kings, generals, and statesmen. Thierry loves to take races as individual existences, and to view them psychologically. In these ten years, spent as they were in diligent and thoughtful investigation, his opinions, of course, underwent some change. At each step of his progress he was learning new facts, and at each step, too, his mind was increasing in vigor, and enabling him the better to grasp and estimate what he learned. But during the whole period, he was using his pen; and he has collected in this book such of these writings as are not embodied in his completed works. The book, accordingly, is made up of two sets of essays, more or less fragmentary. The pieces of each set, being arranged in chronological order, and presented to us (so we are given to understand) in the shape in which they came from the mind of the author, the whole collection may well "be of interest both to those who, having witnessed the final result of the author's labors, may be curious to know each point of the route which he has passed over, and to those who take pleasure in observing how the human mind proceeds in its individual developments." Yet it is not this part of the volume that we have read with most interest. We may undoubtedly see here how broad generalizations, struck out from the heated imagination of youth, have subsequently, in obedience to the dictates of experience and truth, been contracted to narrower limits and shorn of something of their glow. And we may even learn to accept with more confidence the final conclusions of a writer who has made so frank an exhibition of his early errors, and who has immediately, on recognizing that they were errors, so heroically abandoned them. After all, however, the Thierry of '27 is the Thierry of '17; and though an acute critical comparison of these fragments might

bring to view a more regular and clearly marked progression of mind than a cursory reading has made apparent to us, we can certainly point out assertions towards the close of the decennium quite as heterodox as any that precede them. What shall be said, for instance, to our author's declaration, in 1827, that "the word *Parliament* has done the history of England more harm than the thing itself has done the country good?"

The part which we value most is the Preface. In the compass of these fifty pages, we have an autobiographical sketch of remarkable vividness. The whole should be read, and in its own sinewy, untranslatable language. The scholar places himself before our view with his toils, his discouragements, his sufferings; and he communicates to us something of the untamable enthusiasm and resolute fixedness of purpose which, we are confident, even harder trials could not have subdued. Whether it be that there is a peculiar picturesqueness in this description, or that the circumstances themselves contain a suggestive power through their likeness to occurrences in the inner life of every man who has felt the hope (and who has not at some time been stirred by that dreamy and strangely exhilarating aspiration?) that he might have strength to leave behind him something "which the world should not willingly let die," we know not; but from some cause, the scene here presented is one which we cannot contemplate without an earnest sympathy. It teaches, at least, how unreasonable is that popular notion which would confine our interest to genius struggling after the grander walks of life. We have here no ambitious young soldier; no orator panting for an occasion; no politician, eager only for advancement; but one who, intent on none of these things, would win fame by picking history out of a parcel of monkish chronicles. We see him roaming restlessly through libraries, cramped by perpetually seeing around him evidences of what has been done, while tormented with doubt as to what he himself is to do. Suddenly a vision of order bursts on the chaos.

"One day, when reading attentively some chapters of Hume, I was struck with a thought which appeared to me a ray of light, and closing the book, I cried, 'All this dates from a Conquest;—there is a conquest at the bottom!' Instantly I conceived the

project of remaking the history of the English Revolutions by considering them from this new point of view."

Then had to come that trying reaction, when the mind, after an unnatural excitement, falls back upon itself, — a trying revulsion, because it is the test of the spirit's worth. It is not strange for any one to feel the intoxication of ambitious desire, nor do any man's faculties, when thus quickened, fail to shape out for him a plan which seems to insure success to him who shall be able to follow it. At the subsidence of this tumultuous agitation of mind, comes first a sensation of weakness, — a fear that too mighty a task has been attempted. This, however, can well enough be borne; time and rest, and that confidence in self, which is a part of the life of the soul, will cure it. Not here does the trial lie; but in the after conviction, which, although it begins with a fever and a quaking, is only confirmed by protracted thought, — in the sickening thought, that the plan itself, the darling scheme that appeared at once so brilliant and so sure, is a vain phantasm. The traveller did not falter when the mountainous way that stretched before him seemed lofty and difficult; but now the path itself is sunken, and leaves an abyss. At this point it is, that the weak spirit gives up in despair, and either preys morbidly on its own energies, or turns to the common business of the world, content to exist an undistinguished unit amidst a million others, and expecting to inscribe its name on no more enduring monument than a tombstone. Thierry approved himself a man of another stamp. Not discouraged because history was too stubborn to be bent into the shape which his imagination had conceived, he plunged the deeper into those mocking records, determined that they themselves should teach him the way to be original and great. He did not throw away his first plan, but kept it in reserve, subject to be modified, as far as need should require, and at some day, if his faithful researches should open an opportunity, to be put to use. The opportunity did eventually come; but meanwhile he gave a share of his attention to early *French* history also. He read with untiring diligence, turning away from no book or manuscript, however repulsive. Occasionally he met something which refreshed him like a fountain in a desert. Such an oasis was Ducange's Glossary, of which he speaks in enthusiastic terms, and

Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons. At last, in 1821, he entered definitively upon his great work. We quote his own account of this important era in his life.

"In a word, I resolved, if I may be pardoned the expression, to build my epopee, to write the History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, by mounting up to its first causes, in order subsequently to descend to its latest consequences; to paint this grand event in the truest colors, and under the greatest number of aspects; and, as the theatre for such diversified scenes, to take not England only, but all the countries far and near, which had felt the influence of Norman settlements, or the repercussion of the Norman victory. In this extended framework I meant to find room for all the important questions which had before successively occupied my mind; — the question, namely, of the origin of the modern aristocracies, that of the character of the primitive races, their moral differences, and their coëxistence on the same soil; and the question even of the historic method, considered with reference to that form and style which I had recently been attacking in my Letters on the History of France. What I had counselled I wished to put in practice; at my own peril, I wished to make trial of my theory. In short, I was ambitious to be the exemplar of an Art as well as of a Science; to be dramatic by means of materials which a sincere and scrupulous learning should supply. I set myself to work with a zeal proportionate to the difficulties of the enterprise."

What makes M. Thierry's example so valuable is, that with him, a fervid and imaginative temperament always impels to persevering labor. He informs us how he went from library to library; "from Sainte Geneviève to the Arsenal, from the Arsenal to the Institute;" in winter, disregarding the freezing atmosphere of some unwarmed ancient gallery, and in summer, patient under the mid-day sun. He describes this part of an author's life with equal poetry and graphic truth.

"The weeks and months, as they rolled rapidly by, saw me in the midst of these preparatory researches, where I was met by none of the thorny discouragements of composition; where the spirit, hovering over the materials which it is gathering, builds and rebuilds at its pleasure, and constructs with a breath the ideal model of the edifice which, sometime later, must be reared piece by piece, slowly and laboriously. . . . By dint of devouring long folio pages to extract a single phrase, and, in some cases, a single word, out of a thousand, my eyes acquired

a faculty which astonished me, and for which I cannot account; that of reading, as it were, by intuition, and of falling almost immediately on the passage that ought to have an interest for me. The vital force seemed to concentrate itself towards a single point. In the species of ecstasy which absorbed all my internal faculties, while my hand was turning over the leaves of the volume, or putting down notes, I had no consciousness of what passed around me. The table at which I was seated was crowded with books and relieved of them, the officials of the library and curious visitors came and went through the hall; I heard nothing, I saw nothing; — I saw only the apparitions called up in my soul by what I read. The recollection is still impressed on me; and since that era of early labor, it has never been my fortune to have so vivid a perception of the personages of my drama, of those men, so contrasted in race, manners, feature, and destiny, who successively presented themselves to my spirit, some chanting to the Celtic harp the never ending expectation of the return of Arthur, others guiding their barks through the tempest with as little care for themselves as the swan that sports on the lake; others, in the intoxication of victory, heaping up the spoil won from vanquished foes, measuring the land with a line in order to a regular partition, and counting over captive families by the head as so many cattle; others again, deprived by a single defeat of all that made life of any value, seeming either to submit with resigned patience to the sight of strangers seated as masters at their own firesides, or running in frantic desperation to the forest, to live there as wolves live, in rapine, slaughter, and freedom."

Then follows a beautiful picture of friendship, — of that refined communion of intellect as well as soul, the capability of enjoying which, more perhaps than any other attribute, is the distinction and the privilege of those whom the combined influences of nature and education have raised above the ordinary level of mankind. The next passage in his life is as full of interest and instruction as any thing that precedes.

"Thus passed the year 1821, whose most trifling incidents have a charm for me as I recall them, perhaps because this year answers, in the mysterious union which was then forming between the author and his work, to the first month, the sweetest month, of marriage. I entered, in 1822, on a period of toil harsher and less attractive; I began to *write*. Here it is, indeed, — in this realm where Fancy no longer bears rule, but, in its stead, calculating Thought, — in this intellectual process, by which we endeavor to make clear to the eyes of others objects

that we have seen very clearly ourselves, — it is here that weariness and chagrin meet the writer. The difficulty of finding an outward form for the ideal work generated in my mind was the greater because I rejected, with a deliberate purpose, the assistance which ordinarily the imitation of a model affords. I sought not to reproduce in my history either the manner of the philosophers of the last century, or that of the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, or even (whatever my admiration of them) that of the narrative writers of antiquity. I proposed to myself a sort of composite method, by which, if my strength should be adequate, I might unite to the epic movement of the Greek and Roman historians, at once the simplicity of coloring of the legendary style, and the severe reason of the moderns."

The History of the Conquest was finished and published in 1825. Some idea of the general conception to which the author has here given body and form, is furnished by the quotations we have been making. Perhaps no reader of the history stood in want of such explanation. Yet the mere title unquestionably suggests a quite inadequate notion of the nature of the work; and a person with no other understanding of it than this gives, might be excused for the surprise which he should manifest, on turning over the leaves, at observing in the margins dates denoting that this, which purports to be a history of the *Norman Conquest of England*, extends over a space of time measured in centuries. He would be tempted to exclaim, How is this? Does not every schoolboy know, that Duke William won the battle of Hastings, and changed his coronet into a crown, in the year of our Lord one thousand and sixty-six? True; but M. Thierry proceeds to tell us, what every schoolboy does not know, that when the bones of the great bastard had long been mouldering in the too narrow vault which his sons had purchased for the last resting-place of him who bore the title of Lord of England, Normandy, and Bretagne, the conquest begun by that crafty head and potent arm was still unfinished; that, for generations thereafter, the Celts, the Saxons, and the Northmen were not fused together, but coëxisted as separate and rival races; and that many subsequent political commotions, as to whose causes philosophers have been disputing with a waste of acuteness, are, in reality, to be referred to the continuing struggle of those ancient and forgotten, yet most mighty elements. The best description of the work is the summary one

which the author himself has given; — English history considered in the light of the conquest; and we have in this enough to account for its most striking peculiarities. Whatever may be thought of the plan in other respects, it has some obvious advantages. Before the author's strength has been wearied, or his imagination dulled, by toiling through details, he surveys the whole field, as Descartes surveyed the heavens, with the eye of genius. At once, a theory flashes on his mind. He seizes and retains it, and, after some necessary modifications, takes it with him through his subsequent labors. It is his guide, — a ready-drawn outline, that leaves him nothing further to do than to find materials for the filling up and the coloring. That part of his duty which ordinarily occasions the historian most embarrassment is the selection of incidents; unless, indeed, writing at first hand, he is contented to serve as a mechanical annalist, and to jot down notes for the benefit of a successor. The discriminating faculty needs tasking to its utmost. If we suppose all that is false and mistaken got rid of, how shall the *trivial* be discerned? That which he is anxiously seeking, not mere truth, but important truth, is whimsical and has a very Protean taste in costume. Now, it hides under rags; again, it is present, where one would still less expect it, amidst the pompous inanities of a court pageant. M. Thierry escapes all this perplexity. He carries with him from the start a test which informs him, with prompt and unerring fidelity, what must be taken and what passed by. Nothing is inserted doubtfully or at random; there is a reason for every sentence. The narrative is no patchwork of ill-fitting fragments. We who read are in danger neither of being jarred by conflicting statements, nor of having to plod through the morass of some tedious disquisition. Keeping before him an hypothesis, it is the author's care to take no fact which does not agree with and illustrate it. Hence the work is symmetrical, duly developed in every part, like a piece of statuary. In short, according to this method, the choice of materials is no longer left to the hesitating and unequal decision of judgment, but is given over to the determination of taste, — a faculty which acts instinctively and harmoniously.

But the inquiry meets us, — nor is it undeserving of consideration, — how far can this be called the true method of writing history?

It would be neither just nor expedient to require of the historian, that he should enter on each investigation with a perfectly unbiased mind. If history has a philosophy, it is a science. They, then, who devote themselves to it have a right to the privileges of other scientific laborers. Now, no discovery, or rather none of those grand generalizations that have shed a lustre on the path of science, was made by patiently examining every pebble which offered itself in that path. Bold conjecture, not less than careful experiment, is an essential part of that process which now, as heretofore, is most promising of great results. We are accustomed to talk of the historian's duty to set down facts accurately and faithfully; yet in truth, historians, in every case, at least, where they are not dealing with contemporary events, encounter no facts, but a host of statements in regard to which it is a question whether they be facts or not. At each step, a problem appears before even the most humble historian, and as he hurries onward in quest of the solution, he experiences all the exhilarating influence which accompanies the effort to solve any problem. No matter whether our writer be engaged on the annals of an empire or of a village; no matter whether the doubtful point relate to a sovereign's honor or to the longevity of a country squire; — there is a doubt, and he constructs a theory. The theory may have to give place, on subsequent development, to another, and that to a third; and perhaps, at the close of the investigation, as much uncertainty may exist as at first. Still, the inquirer has had enjoyment, keen and exquisite. In this pleasure we may recognize the secret source of that continuing and overflowing supply of this useful species of literary production on which we remarked at the outset. The fact is quite inexplicable on the common supposition, that writers of history are a race of dull, plodding creatures; than which, indeed, nothing is farther from the truth, for no class of men whatever includes more enthusiasts. But do we not find many a history lamentably unentertaining? Undoubtedly we do; and for the reason that the author so frequently does not know how to make us sharers of his own excitement. Instead of an account of the successive problems on which he has been engaged, he can give us but the string of dry answers which, in the nature of things, need not be much more amusing than the list of solutions at the end of a

child's game-book, severed from the charades and anagrams to which they belong. Sentence follows sentence, and we never suspect that the proposition in each is the result and reward of a most animated investigation. M. Thierry, instead of thus dividing his strength among an innumerable multitude of objects, seizes such of those objects as suit his purpose and fits them in places already provided in his scheme. Taking all the minute hypotheses which, in their single and unconnected state, are adequate to enliven the toil of the common historian, he makes them members of one grand hypothesis. His history differs from theirs in the same way that Caleb Williams differs from a bundle of magazine stories.

There is another and more important view to be taken of this subject. History — meaning by the term, all events collected — can afford us, on mere observation, no more distinct and comprehensive understanding than a savage has of the movement of the heavenly bodies, or of electrical and chemical phenomena. In complexity, indeed, and intricacy, and confused blending of fact with fact, a world of pure matter cannot be compared to one in which there are not only material agents at work, but appetites and passions, — spiritual forces indefinite, innumerable, and of endless diversity. So there is good reason why this universal life, this aggregate of millions of individual existences, should appear a chaos to any one who, raising himself out of the moving mass, pauses to contemplate its heavings. Yet, as in the grosser world there are uniformities which strike the rudest observer, so there are in the other or moral world, though far less marked, constant, and numerous. We are able to recognize, at least, that the confusion does not result from the absence of cause, but from the presence of a multitude of intermingling causes, which at times combine in the production of phenomena, at times meet in direct antagonism. But how are these countless agencies to be separated? And these compound effects, by what method may they be apportioned justly among their causes? The resolution of this double question will be the Philosophy of History.

The difficulty once clearly discerned, we are in a condition to appreciate the attempt which has been made towards its solution by the school of which, we suppose, M. Augustin Thierry may be considered a founder, as he is confessedly one

of its brightest ornaments. The process they adopt is something like this: In history, and even in the limited portion of the living universe that comes beneath our immediate observation, certain uniform sequences may be distinguished. One of these is expressed in the proverb, — like father, like son. This hereditary succession of physical and mental qualities is not invariable; yet the probability of resemblance, appreciable in any particular case, becomes much stronger and more manifest when we apply it to a *community;* and the fact that the doctrine receives additional confirmation the broader and more general we make it, is unquestionable proof that it is founded in nature — that it is, in the scientific sense, a law, or intimately connected with a law. Everybody perceives a national character, that descends from generation to generation, and undergoes little change at any one step. Now, say Thierry and his associates, this individualized aggregate, which has the attribute of possessing character, — this organic existence, Nation, (from *natus*, born, and implying descent from a common ancestry,) does not mean the collection of human beings that may chance to be spread over some given section of the earth's surface, — over this island, or that peninsula, or which we may find dwelling under a certain common government. No, they urge; the *races* of men are what the philosopher must look to.

For so much of the way the process is mainly inductive; but the other logical engine now comes into play. Towards the close of the eleventh century, there were in England, it cannot be questioned, at least three distinct races. From previous records we derive a tolerably clear conception of their several characters; and we know that the relations in which they stood, and the other circumstances of their situation, were such as would naturally make them tend to act in different ways. Here, then, we have certain forces; and if they are adequate to the production of the phenomena we afterwards meet, why not consider them the causes of those phenomena? To take an example: the controversy between Becket and Henry II., which shook England and all Christendom, is one of the most interesting, and perhaps most obscure, events in mediæval history. We see a man who was lifted from the dust by the mere pleasure of the powerful monarch whose wrath he now braves, stand his ground in the contest

like an equal, and this without having at any time the very hearty support of the Hierarch whose battle he is ostensibly fighting. The chronicles inform us, too, of concurrent insurrections throughout England; the very throne seemed to be rocking. That the danger was not unreal is put beyond doubt by the conduct of Henry himself, both in the submissions he made during Becket's life, and in the deeper abasement to which he descended after his death. Thierry discerns in all this the Saxons rising and making common cause with the stubborn priest, whose triumph they believed to have a connection with their own relief. The records of the times seem to give much countenance to the explanation, and our assent is quite independent of the fact, alleged by Thierry on perhaps insufficient grounds, that Becket was himself of Saxon origin.

But the same reign furnishes another remarkable opportunity for our author's application of his theory. Henry's continental subjects were no more homogeneous than his English ones; and far less tranquil were they under his rule. In Bretagne, and especially in the Provinces stretching towards the Mediterranean, the standard of revolt was continually rising. The insurgents had always in their camp one or another of the King's headstrong sons. These wars have usually been treated as mere family quarrels; yet so unnatural does it seem that children should wantonly take up arms against a father at once kind and sagacious, that chroniclers and minstrels have attributed their undutiful folly to the persuasions of a crafty and malignant tempter, Bertrand de Born, the famous Troubadour. Men, however, even bad and unscrupulous men, do not commonly act like devils from the mere love of mischief; and Bertrand must be supposed to have had some deeper motive. Though an accomplished courtier, he belonged to the subjugated Celtish stock. From such data, it is not strange that Thierry should infer that this person was actuated by a stern, reflecting patriotism, and that his efforts were accompanied and made important by the instinctive struggles of a people restless under a foreign yoke. Bertrand appears to him a man devoting all his wonderful powers, in the spirit of savage heroism, to one object, — and that the freedom of his country, to be effected by sowing dissension among its lords. The character of the Celts is

plausibly adduced as favoring the hypothesis, — a people brave enough in the field, but distinguished for a mental activity disposing them to prefer to attain an end by other means than animal force. To such a people, craft and dissimulation are not uncongenial. The scheme, too, of which Bertrand is supposed to have made himself the apostle, however visionary and impracticable, was one that might very well have attractions for a mind like his. To go from Frank to Norman, and from Norman to Frank, inspiring each by his artful eloquence with bitter hostility to the other; to infuse discord into the very households of the fierce and haughty oppressors; to arm sons against their father, brethren against each other; to be the master spirit directing this storm of passion and crime, calmly purposing that the elements of havoc, by exhausting themselves in mutual conflict, should leave the Gallic land a peaceful abode for the old Gallic race, — such a scheme, it is not difficult to believe, might readily suggest itself to a mind deficient in moral balance, but full of enthusiasm and conscious energy. It would seem that no fairer occasion could be found to exemplify the theory which reduces history to a conflict of races, and to prove its value.

Here, however, a minute examination does not confirm the speculations of our historian. The authorities he himself cites, and the sources of information thrown open by the diligence of the Benedictine historiographers, leave little room for doubting that the old view is the more correct; so far as the domestic broils which embittered the declining years of the first Plantagenet were not merely the enacting on a royal stage of those scenes of senseless and unnatural bickering which are too familiar in ordinary life to provoke either the notice or the reprobation they deserve, they are accounted for by the evident interest which the French king had in breaking the power of his overgrown vassal. The Troubadour was rather a tool than a governing spirit.

Yet if this part of M. Thierry's history fails to command our entire assent to its philosophy, it has other qualities which deserve unstinted praise. Let those who, in Lord Littleton, and even in Hume, have been unable to appreciate the romantic brilliancy of the reign of Henry II., read the narrative of our author, and enjoy the dramatic interest which he has thrown over it. The closing events of the old monarch's

life, the death-scene of his eldest son, Henry Fitz-Henry, as the chroniclers sometimes style him; the storming of the castle of Hautefort; the capture of Bertrand, and his appearance before the King, when, in sight of the axe and the block, and all the apparatus of death, the hardy Provençal, who had boasted that "he was master whenever he pleased of King Henry and his sons," is asked with a bitter taunt what plea he can offer for his life; the answer of eloquent simplicity and deep art, which turns that hour of hopeless extremity into one of triumph, — all these incidents, each so striking in itself, produce such an effect by their combination that, but for the references and citations in the margin, one can hardly be persuaded that they are historic realities. Nowhere, perhaps, could a better groundwork be found for a historical play. So rapidly do events crowd on each other that it would be possible, with little infringement of truth, to adhere to the strictest rule of the unities; while the characters, female and male, are so strongly marked and admirably contrasted, that they might be taken from history directly to the theatre. Yet he will be a rash man who shall attempt, though with the assistance of poetic diction and of all the machinery of the drama, to follow M. Thierry.

The consideration of these two instances, and especially of the second, shows very plainly why it is, that the theory of this school of French historians cannot be adopted *as a theory*, however it may be recommended by talent and laborious research. It is inadequate. There are other and independent forces, besides those it includes. The phenomena are far too complex to be so readily analyzed. And even if a nation's history were nothing more than the result of the action of the several races composing it, the investigation would still be attended with very great difficulties. The phenomenon, reduced to this simple form, is (as Michelet observes) of the chemical type; the elements mingled together produce, not a compound of distinguishable parts, but a new thing with attributes of its own. You cannot put a nation into a retort or a crucible. The objection may also be raised, that these very races, which we are told to keep our eyes upon, are not simple elements. This, it is true, might easily be answered, if it could be shown that the law of union alters at the point where races are combined to constitute peoples.

Mineralogy, it can be urged, is a science as well as chemistry. Without being able to analyze quartz, felspar, and mica, or knowing how much silicium, aluminum, &c., they contain, we may recognize that the three together constitute granite. So likewise, quartz, felspar, and hornblende in mechanical union make up syenite. These two rocks thus differ with respect to their third constituent. If, now, one whose knowledge goes no farther than this, should hear of a third rock, called syenitic granite, he would be guided at once to the inference that this is the descriptive name of quartz, felspar, and mica, the ingredients of granite, in combination with hornblende, the distinguishing ingredient of syenite; and he may have, besides, a tolerably accurate notion of the appearance and general character of this yet unseen formation. If we are sure that a certain nation is composed of the race A, and the race B, and the race C; that a second nation consists of A, B, and D; and finally, that a third consists of A, B, C, and D, — why should we not be able, from a knowledge of the two first nations, to draw correct inferences as to the character and history of the third? Because (if for no other reason) the analogy fails at the critical point; when races mingle, they mingle chemically.

This last truth does more than show an insuperable difficulty in the practical use of the theory; it goes a good way towards proving that, considered philosophically and in the abstract, the theory is vicious. In other words, it would seem that, if we are to make a science of history, we must resort to some other principle of analysis, and that this one, so far from being an assistance, leads us aside into fruitless labors.

But coming down from speculative dreams, which there is very little hope of our ever seeing realized, to the particular subject matter of M. Thierry's work, the general history of the English people, it is of consequence to know whether, without regard to the point of view from which he looks, he has seen the objects themselves correctly. What is the origin of that nation whose destiny it seems to be to fill the vacant places of the whole earth? How much does it owe of its energetic qualities to one of its two sources, and how much to the other? If we take the records, and trace its annual course from the eleventh century down, we shall find it difficult to see when it was, that the race which came over

with William lost the controlling influence which it plainly possessed immediately after the conquest. On the other hand, the Saxons cannot have disappeared. Impressed with both facts, one is tempted to think of the Anglo-Saxon people as a bulky carcase, into which the Norman elements entered as a quickening soul. Some would remove the wonder by telling us that, in our sense of the word, there was no conquest at all; and that William ascended the English throne simply as Edward's lawful successor, — a procedure much like that which takes place when, under the feudal system of inheritance, the lands of John Stiles fall at his death to his twentieth cousin, to the total exclusion of his brothers of the half-blood, which event, though not altogether accordant with our notions of fitness and right, we yet never think of calling a tyrannous usurpation. We cannot bring ourselves to any such belief. There may have been no complete conquest of the English people at Hastings; but that a conquest, properly so called, and overwhelming as a deluge, did at some time occur, we have irrefragable proof. Recognizing the conquest to the fullest extent, Thierry has not permitted himself to believe that the subjugated people can have yielded to their fate without many an impatient struggle. It is natural to expect that the hardy race of freebooters, whose standard of the war-horse had been a signal of terror to every shore on which it had been planted, would not sink at the first command into submissive slavery. Not one of us but must have looked for some displays of heroism by them; but we look in vain for one great and earnest effort made by them to redeem the name and the fortunes of their race.

Thierry feels and confesses a high admiration for Scott, who, for reach and penetrating acuteness of vision, is the standing shame of most historians. And an aggravation of the shame it might appear, that a romance writer should show a more ready appreciation of character, and should more vividly present before us real personages and events, than those whose business and profession it is to be faithful limners. Yet to this length of censure it is not right to go. No man is bound to equal Shakspeare, nor to equal Scott. It is possible, however, for the historian to take profitable lessons from both. This M. Thierry has done. But it is evident that he who follows a winged guide must needs have a strong and

discriminating head. Scott has little occasion even to *see* things as they are, much less to represent them to us as they are. When he encounters a chasm, romance lifts him over in impunity; while the historian, his follower, who cannot soar, must halt on the brink, or proceed at his peril. If Scott's picture is often as faithful a copy of the reality as any picture can be, it is because the true events and characters have more romantic interest than any that could be substituted for them. At the very time that he has seen, and enabled us to see, much that historians have been blind to, he has thrown a gorgeous veil over much that the historian ought both to perceive and exhibit. Truth and brilliant falsehood are mingled in the composition of all his romances, and in what the merit of them lies we shall find out when we begin to examine, whether those that are confessedly the greatest possess also the largest share of the former element. Take The Talisman; — what more fascinating and delightful narrative! But has it the qualities of history? In its scenes and incidents, it must be admitted to have little more claim to credibility than the adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, as detailed by that renowned, but not over-veracious story-teller Scheherazade. And as to the *characters*, would the Crusaders recognize the portrait of their leader, and the Saracens that of their terrible foe? Is this Richard, the Lion-heart — the chivalrous knight — the self-denying captain — the generous friend — the clement lord — the same that the chronicles (Thierry himself their interpreter) tell us of; the ferocious, the brutal, the most savage exemplar of a savage age, — a being whose hard and cruel nature is scarcely caricatured in the ballads which tell us that when the monster was hungry, the choice morsel for which he first shouted was a fat Saracen babe? The Betrothed was published along with the Talisman, whose shelter it much needed, said Constable; and readers and critics, even the author himself, have agreed with the shrewd publisher in the opinion of its inferiority. Yet according to our judgment, — and we know not that many, on consideration, will differ from us, — out of the whole list of the Waverly romances, none can be pointed out as a more truthful representation of the times of which it treats.

There is one of Scott's works which must have a particular attraction for the historian of the conquest; and we were not

surprised to find a spirited analysis of Ivanhoe constituting a portion of this volume. We have no need to go further for a very good illustration of the difference between romance and history. With M. Thierry, we can discern that Ivanhoe contains among its dramatis personæ one who may very well stand as a type of the Anglo-Saxon race; but his view and ours do not fall on the same individual. If we are right, this representative of the body and substantial groundwork of the English character is not the choleric, high-spirited Thane of Rotherwood, feeding on the memory of the days of Hengist and Horsa, — not Wilfred, winning the respect of the Normans by adapting himself to their customs, and excelling them at their own warlike arts — not Robin Hood, the gentle highwayman, who plundered the rich to feed the poor — nor yet Athelstane the Unready, (though he comes nearer,) who deemed an unstinted supply of venison-pasties, not too strongly flavored with garlic, almost a full satisfaction for captivity. None of these, but the swineherd Gurth is the true type of his race; and next to Gurth, we should turn to Fangs. Indeed, man and dog ought to be taken as parts of one whole. Here is the nature of a noted race well exemplified, — a nature with propensity enough to vice, and some of whose virtues even have quite a vicious aspect; yet a nature which is the foundation of all that is most valuable in the English character and in ours. We see the Saxon all before us, with a temper tough as his weather-beaten hide, bowing his shoulder obediently to the heaviest burden, never answering a blow till the smart is gone, yet clinging to property with unflinching tenacity, enduring hardship with a patience that is sullen, and in the most prosperous times giving little other expression of complacency than a surly growl. Not a particle does he possess of that spirit which has kept the races of the Celtic stock distinct and unsubdued for so many ages in the fastnesses of Wales, in the Irish bogs, and in the misty valleys of the Scottish highlands. The Celt, with many of the qualities of poetry and romance, resists all influences, and retains to the last some portion of his individuality, his independence, and, in the same degree, his original barbarism; the Saxon, quite destitute of the heroic virtues, has few claims on romance, yet so it is that he has won of history a notice such as all the Celts on earth cannot obtain.

It is a truth which we are too often disposed to forget, that the *passive* virtues are those which have most to do with national well-being. The value of these virtues being recognized, it is of little moment whether we attribute them to original organization, or to circumstances, or — which is probably most correct — to both influences. The epitome of English history, as we should state it, is very brief and simple. Our race now bears liberty well because it has been trained in endurance, and has profited by it. The people, the Anglo-Saxons, never could forget, while they were engaged in any contest with their sovereign, that there was another power in the state which they could not choose but regard with awe, — the baronial. As they crouched beneath the heavy hand of their immediate lord, the Norman noble, they learned to bear the additional measure of freedom allowed them from time to time by their king, without being betrayed into an insolence which is its own destruction. They took what was given them, never rejecting any thing because they could not get more. Yet whatever they received, they kept fast hold of; their stubborn tenacity surpassed, if possible, their patience. All this, perhaps, would not have brought that about which we see, had not Providence mercifully provided against their getting free from both their masters at once. When the feudal baron fell, unsmitten by any hand but his own, the sceptre was in no feeble grasp. History can scarcely show us another race of princes like the Tudors. During the reigns of the two Henrys and of Elizabeth, England made a vast advance in constitutional liberty; and that advance, though apparent enough to us, was so gradual, that at the time it was making, most keen-sighted statesmen did not observe it. The people strode on at a steady pace, never breaking into a run, nor even a leap.

Yet it by no means follows, that M. Thierry is to be blamed for constructing his history on an hypothesis, because we are not satisfied that his hypothesis is capable of philosophical verification. A vigorous thinker of our day, whose work is a guide to investigation in every science, well vindicates hypotheses in physics from the undiscriminating censure of those who are anxious to be accounted Baconians of the strictest sect. Such hypotheses are systems of classification, which connect together the separate facts we obtain, and in this way

are a very important assistance to the discovery of the law, or true natural method. Indeed, the hypothesis is not always useless, even after we know the law. For example, we are now very well assured that the earth is not the centre of the universe; yet astronomy does not disdain, for some of its purposes, to make use of the supposition. A similar justification may be extended to hypotheses in history. They serve as principles of association, to join together events upon whose real, philosophical relations we may vainly speculate forever, and which otherwise must be disconnected and comparatively useless. They render no mean service merely as helps to memory. In continued analogy to the case of a physical science, hypotheses are more useful in the history of obscure periods than of those which are recent and better known. They assist the mind across those dark mediæval wastes, and relieve it from the exhaustion on the one hand, which must be the consequence of attempting to obtain a more definite and exact notion, and from that state of blank inapprehension on the other, in which it passes with closed eyes over every thing, because it is able thoroughly to understand nothing. They are not unlike panoramas, which we do not expect to find as accurate as a minute geographical description, but which convey to us, better than the geography, a conception of the general aspect of nature, and especially of her grander features.

It is possible some admirers of Thierry may regard this as equivocal laudation. We do not so mean it; yet there is other and higher praise to which he is fairly entitled, — for, after all, whatever importance a historian may attach to his philosophical theories, that quality to which he will owe his most permanent fame is the effectiveness of his narrative. This may seem a humble phrase, yet it comprehends that graceful style, that vivid portraiture of men, that dramatic representation throwing audible voices into the printed page, that orderly arrangement, itself the gift either of genius or of the very highest art, that whole array of qualities, each of which gives the historian high distinction, and which, when united, insure him immortality.

We do not wish these remarks to be taken as an attempt towards a critical estimate of the History of the Conquest. We began this article merely with the view of giving some

extracts from an interesting volume little known on this side of the Atlantic, and of connecting them together by a few passing comments. Such, however, is the suggestive nature of the book that it is difficult to resist the temptation which it presents to a wider range of discourse. We do resist as well as we may, and, without pretending to assign M. Thierry's history its proper station as compared with other historical works, or even to decide between the rival claims of its own several excellencies, we would simply say that the author has been more successful in one of the two purposes with which he started than in the other. It was his aim, as we have seen, to make his work a tribute both to a science and to an art. Perhaps there was an incompatibility in the two services; at all events, it seems that the votary, though sincerely persuaded that he was all the time paying his chief homage to the severer and more spiritual goddess, yielded up his heart from the first to the fascinations of the beautiful occupant of the other, and, as he chooses to esteem it, lower shrine. That M. Thierry has given us a model in the historic art we see and know; that he has laid an unexceptionable foundation for the science of history we are constrained to doubt. We would not deny that there are facts which go far to countenance the view of those who refuse to look at history except in connection with ethnology. The case of the Jews, indeed, which is most referred to, is so unique that, instead of building a system on it, we should rather incline to the old-fashioned faith which regarded it as a standing miracle in fulfilment of prophecy. It is quite unnecessary to have recourse to this peculiar instance to establish the truth, that a race may preserve its characteristics for a considerable length of time. The Irish stand forth in proof; and it was the contemplation of this people, (who have a natural connection with a work on the conquests which have taken place in Britain,) that probably led M. Thierry to rely upon his hypothesis more than he would otherwise have done. We have no disposition to undervalue ethnological truths; not only are they intrinsically of importance, but the historian is especially bound to regard them. Yet we do object to making history merely the illustration of ethnology. Ethnological facts, undoubtedly, have sometimes a strong bearing upon history; and of these the historian must take note, as he does of any other important

facts. He will find it difficult to discern them, for, when they are thus influential, they stand out strongly marked and unmistakable; whenever they are not plainly visible, the historian may safely conclude that it is not worth his while to spend much time in searching for them. The task of such recondite investigation had better be left in the hands of the physiologists, to whom it belongs of right, and whose zeal, though recently kindled, and perhaps productive as yet of no very solid results, has brought to light facts sufficiently curious and remarkable to give them a fair claim to all the honor that may attend future discoveries.

In running over the outline which M. Thierry gives us of his ten years' labors, the necessity of selection has compelled us to pass over those portions that have not especial reference to English history, notwithstanding their intrinsic value. We cannot now leave the book, however, without recapitulating, aside from any purpose of criticism, a few additional facts in the author's life as here detailed. His history, immediately on its appearance, procured him a reputation surpassing his hope. But this joy, he plaintively adds, great though it was, had a full and a sad counterpoise. He had bought fame at the price of sight. His own description of the on-coming of his malady, and of the resistance made to it by scholarly enthusiasm, is so poetic that we cannot pass it by. The great task ended, and having become, as he tells us, incapable of reading, he thought at last of repose. Notwithstanding the employment of the most powerful remedies, his sight continued to decline, and as the last prescription of medicine, he was directed to travel. He went to Provence, where his old friend, M. Fauriel, whose researches had reference to the completion of a work on the early history of southern France, joined him.

"Compelled to idleness," he continues, "I followed my laborious companion from city to city, and watched him, not without envy, as he plunged into libraries and collections of old public records to examine every relic of the past. It was thus we occupied many months in traversing Provence and Languedoc. Myself not in a condition to read, — I do not say a manuscript, but the most beautiful inscription on stone, — I still endeavored to derive some benefit from these journeys by studying, on the monuments themselves, the history of the architecture of the middle

ages. I had just sufficient sight to guide my steps; but when I stood in presence of the edifices or ruins from whose inspection an epoch was to be recognized and a style determined, I know not what internal sense came to the aid of my eyes. Quickened and inspired by what I am willing to call the historic *passion*, I saw farther and more clearly. Not one of the principal lines, not a single characteristic trait, escaped me; and the readiness of my *coup d'œil*, so uncertain in ordinary circumstances, was a cause of surprise to my attendants. Such are the last perceptions that the sense of sight has given me. One year after, this remnant of joy, so limited and yet of which I had so exquisite an appreciation, was no more allowed me. Sight was all gone."

But his indomitable zeal was not daunted by the necessity of having recourse to the eyes and hands of others, and he engaged in fresh labors; — like a distinguished historian of our own country, whose resolute contest with a similar affliction has caused us to follow his subsequent course with a more earnest sympathy, and to feel a prouder joy in the triumphs which have crowned it. He undertook, in association with Mignet, a sort of compilation in mosaic-work of original chronicles relating to the history of France, from the fifth to the seventeenth century, on a plan of imposing comprehensiveness, but which, they both at length became convinced, it was necessary to abandon. Then he published, in a connected form and with thorough revision, his *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France.* Afterwards, he thought to join his brother, M. Amédée Thierry, in a great national work which should fully unfold and exhibit the origin of the French people. It seems characteristic of M. Thierry to bestow ready praise, untinctured with the least jealousy, upon all his fellow laborers; but of this brother he delights to speak in terms of the most loyal affection and pride. He warmly tells us what real pleasure the contemplation of this fraternal league afforded him, and how exhilarating and pure was the hope that, by means of it, "the names of both might be carved into the double base on which the edifice of their nation's history should permanently rest." Amédée Thierry accomplished his part in giving to the world the History of the Gauls; the other brother, whom we have been following, and who among us has almost exclusively appropriated the family surname, was met by an obstacle worse than blindness, and too strong

even for his courageous energy. He had encountered that other calamity, so appalling to most men, without dismay; he had "made friendship with darkness." But now, acute pain, attended by prostration of strength, declared the presence of a nervous malady of a serious nature. He was constrained to acknowledge himself vanquished, and this statement closes the account of these ten important years. "Since then," he adds, "I have found no more like them, and have only been able to glean here and there a few hours of labor among long days of suffering."

It is fitting that we should leave M. Thierry to tell us in his own words what lesson is to be drawn from his life. That he should use the tone of a man proudly conscious that he has a right to hold forth his example for imitation, cannot be thought unpardonable in one who has toiled so faithfully, and accomplished so much by his toil. While it is possible that the ardor of his temperament, stimulated by the applause of sympathetic friends, the truly national and Gallic cast of his mind, and, more than all, an earnest, continued, and unreserved devotion to a single aim, may have led him in some measure unduly to magnify his office, and to assign to it a relative importance which we, surveying objects with senses not obscured by so great an elevation, are able to perceive is excessive — still, far from us be any inclination to captious disparagement; rather let us frankly and cordially declare what an honor it is to any nation that it contains M. Thierry. We may profitably take his exhortation home to ourselves, well knowing that the example set by him and those like him must kindle emulation somewhere, and reckoning it a shame that, while the nations of the Old World are producing such men in what we call their decrepitude, America, in the very prime of its strength, should appear to be giving birth to a puny and degenerate offspring.

"If, as I take pleasure in believing, the interest of science is to be counted in the number of great national interests, I have given to my country all that the soldier gives it who leaves a limb on the field of battle. Whatever be the destiny of my works, this example, I trust, will not be lost. I would have it serve to combat that species of moral enfeeblement which is the disease of the new generation; — I would have it lead back into the right path of life some one of those enervated souls who, bewailing their

want of faith, and uncertain on what to lay hold, come seeking everywhere and find nowhere, an object of regard and service. What right have they to say, that, in a world like this, there is not air for all lungs, employment for all intellects? Is there not here calm and serious study? And does not this offer a refuge, a hope, a career to be run, to every one of us? With it, a man may endure bad days without feeling their burden; he is the maker of his own destiny, he uses life nobly. This I have done — this I still would do. Had I to recommence my way, I should choose that path which has led me where I am. Blind, and suffering without hope, almost without respite, I can render this testimony, which, coming from me, will not be suspected: — there is in the world something which is worth more than the pleasures of sense, more than fortune, more than health itself, — and this is, devotion to Science."

Art. IV. — *Christian Consolations. Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Second Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1851. 12mo. pp. 367.

We have read this volume with admiration of its fitness to its design, of the vigor of its style, and the resources of experience and learning it implies. But our regard has been still more strongly drawn to the decided stand taken in it throughout, as to the character of true religion and the importance of the Christian faith; and though we have no space for the large discussion of topics so momentous, we have thought that our readers might entertain a brief treatment of questions alike the most fundamental and the most vexed of our own as well as other days. Our last number, in one of its articles, treated of the relations of science and religion. Welcoming the suggestions therein made, as to the peace and positive harmony that should exist between these two, not as rivals, but as friends, we would continue the subject to such points of observation as the book under notice suggests.

Is religion the child of nature, or a descendant from the skies? born of the earth, or the immediate daughter of God?

discovered by the human mind, or revealed by divine inspiration? Through whatever variety of terms the statement may be made, this is the great inquiry. Our author is most earnest and constant in his position, that all true religion, and Christianity in particular, as the highest form of religion, though regarded by some in these times as a mere result of the progress of knowledge and the development of our own understanding, is supernaturally derived. On this ground, we are in perfect sympathy and full communion with him. We must express astonishment at the character of the speculations to which some have been led by holding to the opposite opinion. To these persons, nothing but the mud beneath and man upon it seem to be left; there is to them no personal God, no heavenly communication, no assured immortality. But it is instructive to notice that the same curious scene, which in past ages has often appeared on the stage of unbelief, is now acted over again, in the skepticism that actually prevails. Those who deny any thing miraculous or superhuman in Jesus Christ, are often by no means slow to greet the pretence of miracle when it comes with dubious signs and from weak vessels. It would seem as if the mind of man, from its very constitution, was made for something beyond nature, and must have food that grows on no earthly soil; and therefore, when it has rejected the mighty works of God and the "loaves" from the hand of Christ, it must try to nourish itself on the husks of superstition. The belief in something which is above or beyond nature, though expelled from its rightful dominion and denied in its legitimate proofs, is still loth to go; it has a secret handle in the soul to which it holds, and will, with a sort of holy revenge, haunt its formal and showily wise rejecter with apparitions and enormous fancies, deceptive shadows of the lost substance. In the judgment of many, this is the period for finally exploding all belief in miracles, and for reducing all the facts of history to simple and intelligible laws, casting out as false whatever falls not under the measure of these laws. But is it not the period also, to mention no other class of prodigies, of the Rochester knockings, now announced as speedily to become universal? And are not they, who are most deaf to the claims of the Great Teacher, most willing to lend their ear to this vulgar appeal? They will not believe that the son of

God healed the sick and raised the dead, but they will admit that spirits from the eternal world have been rapping on their tables! Truly, as one said, they who believe not what they ought, are prepared to believe all they ought not. The glorious doctrines and momentous precepts of the world's Redeemer cannot sanctify to their acceptance his marvellous deeds; while the shallow and trivial messages of these newcomers from the spirit-land raise no doubt that the celestial gates have been indeed opened. They are not even staggered by the fact that, if the personages supposed are veritably with them, some of them, at least, do not seem to have profited by their sojourn among the exalted privileges of that mysterious, transcendent state. We can personally testify that Dr. Channing, who appears to be a favorite spirit with these summoners of witnesses from beyond the grave, does not, to our thinking, converse and reason as well as he did on earth. It is certainly a marvel, even in this century of wonders, that events in the Christian history, buttressed with pillars of testimony of unparalleled strength, must be set aside or explained away into myth and hallucination, while credulity opens her hungry mouth for every sign of fresh portents, as though Thomas Browne's opinion still prevailed, that there are not miracles enough.

But with this craving for the wonderful on the one hand, there is certainly a tendency on the other towards exclusive trust in mere physical science, represented perhaps most conspicuously in the doctrines of the French philosopher, Auguste Comte. Positive knowledge, which proceeds only by the development of constant and well-ascertained laws, is the idol of his mind and of other minds like his, ignoring as wholly beyond human reach the Ordainer of these laws, and the purpose for which they were ordained. Even in such minds, there must sometimes be a reaction, and an assertion by the supernatural element of its rights. Meantime, as an argument from reason itself for the religion of Jesus, we must affirm that they violate *human* nature, at least, who attempt to limit it to the information derived from the senses and to the conclusions of the inductive faculty. A whole class of the soul's powers and manifestations are thus put under the ban; and as these are real powers and great manifestations, we see not why it is any more in the spirit of true philosophy to

deny and exclude them, than it would be to shut out, or overlook as insignificant, in the sum of the universe, a fish or a fixed star. We rejoice that some of our most distinguished men of science are not disposed to banish them from their domain, but to do them hospitable justice. We would maintain not only their legitimacy, but their independence and superiority. The truths of religion are not, or they are but very partially, the deductions of natural science. Some truths, essential to the soul's peace and salvation, lie wholly beyond the scope of unaided human wisdom, and, as all history proves, cannot, even by the masters of earthly knowledge, be drawn out of any hiding-places in the material world.

Nature, to use a Baconian phrase, must be noted as defective. She can tell us of the divine strength, and skill, and goodness. But we want to know, not only whether there is understanding with the Most High, but also whether he loves us as his children, cares for us with a particular providence, will forgive us our sins, and rescue us from the swift decays of mortality for an endless being. There are many such questions, which nature cannot answer, nor can our own minds respond with a confidence at all equal to the eagerness with which they are asked. God's inspiration through his Son gives the reply, and has thus for itself the twofold support of its own demonstration and of the natural want which it meets.

This light from heaven transfigures, indeed, the outward nature that could not be its source, making it no longer, as to the man of mere science, a skeleton of lines and laws, like Boscovich's arrangement of all creation as a series of mathematical points, but alive and breathing with the Maker's being and benignity. The ancients guessed and groped to find, within the material globe, the globe of spiritual truth, and *felt* after God, if haply they might find him; and modern writers have sometimes ridiculed the old sages and schoolmen for placing the benefit of science, not in any point of human comfort, but in contemplation. The antique scholar's scorn of the homely applications of wisdom was doubtless an error or exaggeration; but it was a more generous error, a nobler exaggeration, than to regard the whole, which they called order or beauty, as made to minister to sordid gain and sensual pleasure. The office of the wind as the messenger

of heaven is grander than the service it renders by merely filling the sails of our ships; and an eclipse, superstitiously interpreted as the frown of God upon wickedness, has a nobler language for the soul than when only made the basis of a calculation. And though the trophies of this age are not to be despised, but admitted; though we can pencil a diagram to measure the earth, and throw it into our scales to be weighed; though we can groove its rocks and hills for our roads; bend its vapor into our motive power; make of its lightning our pen; and, like a conjuror, draw a circle round its storms, and unseal for our curiosity the sepulchres of its ancient forms of animated being, where they have been interred through unimaginable cycles of duration; we need still more than all this, to know from God, through some direct messenger, that the earth itself is but the primary school of boundless instruction, and a stepping-stone for his faithful ones to a higher sphere.

Science herself is, we know, a religious teacher of important truth, and perhaps she may be an illustrator of all truth; but, beyond this world, the spiritual world alone can be the fountain of that knowledge of God which the soul needs for its sustenance and hope; while it is preposterous, or a sheer absurdity, to suppose the Almighty limited in his communications to the one channel of his outward works, and unable to choose secret or supernatural ways to his children's minds. Why not admit organs and faculties to receive him in these ways, to be as legitimate parts of our nature as are our senses and logical understanding? Have we not a capacity for moral and spiritual ideas, as well as for generalization from particulars? and does not every one, who ever had an *idea*, know that it is a very different thing from a generalization, however broad and exhausting, — that it is even the visitation of a spiritual power? And if such a being as Jesus Christ comes to live in the world, affirming that he is at the same time in the bosom of the Father, that he takes the things of God to give to men; even aside from this peculiar proof of his mission, shall any one presume to scorn the very proposition as incredible, because not lying on the plane of scientific observation? If Paul, with his lordly intellect, says he "knows" he is immortal, shall his declaration be denounced as a weakness and delusion, on the assumption that no human

perception can reach to such a fact? A man with a telescope may see a world which cannot be discovered by another man with the naked eye. The worldly, irreligious, purely scientific mind is the naked eye.

The faculties for science and those for religion are diverse, and the processes by which they operate are distinct. What mensuration or arithmetic, what acuteness of sense, precision of analysis, or embracing under one form multitudinous particulars, can compass or realize the things that are spiritual? For these, there must be other conditions in the sensibilities, meditations, and prayers of the soul. Science and religion can be in concord only when, occupying aright their respective provinces, they have a hold in proportion to their relative importance on the human soul. But physical science must be the servant, and, in some sense, the expounder, of religion, placing truths too vast for comprehension, or too dazzling for steady sight, in her secondary illumination, while she does her own work of richly furnishing with facts and rules the human mind.

We had intended to make some remarks on the Bible as the organ of spiritual truth. This book of books has been greatly wronged in being regarded as designed to convey literal or scientific, instead of religious truth. The account, for example, in Genesis, of the creation, is now a field of battle between the students of Scripture and the students of the world. This strife ought to cease, from the consideration, that no theoretic cosmogony is, in that book, *intended* to be built up in the understanding, but only a picture drawn to fill the dormant imagination and move the religious sensibilities of the soul. It is not to be supposed, that the author himself of that wonderful painting presumed that he was giving a literal narration how, or in what precise intervals of time, God made the world. Nevertheless, his sketch stands with unaltered lines and in unfading colors, and, fearless of a rival, holds, through all generations, its bright ideas of the creative work before the human soul. The reason is plain. A literal, is not the only legitimate, or the highest, account of such a thing as the creation of God. Nay, — there is, has been, or can be no such thing as a literal account. As we feel we do not violate the truth of the world when we speak of it phenomenally, or as its opera-

tions appear, but not as they mathematically are, and say the sun rises and sets, instead of saying the earth turns on its axis; so, may there not be a poetic as well as a physical way of describing the material universe, genius no less than fact having her story to tell, and inspiration, as well as observation, a discourse to deliver? How lawful this claim may be is manifest when we inquire whether, with all these marvellous advantages of the progress of science, the geologist has given us any better delineation of the creative energy and the original manner of its proceeding, than we find in that old, but never antiquated map, which holds fast its tracery on the page where it was printed more than three thousand years ago. Can any modern pencil portray the same subject for the same end, of quickening the religious sentiment, more successfully? As the eye of our fancy rests on this ancient masterpiece, the scene is alive, and the figures move; the elements sublimely stir themselves at the Maker's word; light and heat, air and moisture, run like servants on his errands, and range themselves in the proportions of his design; while in and over all, God is ever supreme with his spirit and law, his wisdom and love. In the Scripture point of view, of religious knowledge, what can any discoveries in natural science, any mineralogy or chemistry, any comparison of strata, dislodgment of fossil remains, or enumeration of æons, do more than repeat and confirm, without contradicting, the effect of such a narrative on the common heart?

The Old Testament has sometimes been characterized as one of those petrifactions of formerly living creatures which modern science unearths. But not thus. As a classic author finely says of the world, that it does not grow old, so this Testament, ancient like the world, is like it too in being ever fresh. The loose ranking with it of Koran and Veda, by some skeptical thinkers, is vain against the true scholar's testimony and the facts in the case. The wonderful book of God still lives, and keeps alive customs and languages that would otherwise have long since been dead. Its light, like the sunshine, flows from the fountain of light, and its gracious dew falls every day, as out of the windows of heaven. The whole Bible has an organic hold of us. While we criticize it, it lies far back at the root of our being, and is the "meat" upon which we have "grown so great." It is not maintained

by us, but has borne us; and any hostility to it is a quarrel with the benefactor of our infancy and childhood, and a suicidal war against the vitality of our existence. Upon its "sincere milk" our ancestry and the heart of the world have been nourished; nor can we tell from how great moral evil we have been saved, or how largely to whatever good is in us we have been nurtured by this vast, deep, original power. It is the spring of an endless current of poetry, eloquence, converse, commentary, and quotation. A book, — it is the mother of books, the begetter of huge folios, the nurse of literature, destined to survive all its outward progeny, and be coeval with the memory of the soul.

But we must tear ourselves from so great and inviting a theme. The relations of religion to science open a vista of thought into which we have been able only to glance. To the divine mind, the two may be identical. To the human mind, they can be generally discriminated, but not by any distinctions that cut through so as to part them entirely; for, though distinguishable, they are wedded, and should never be divorced. Speaking not categorically, but we think with substantial correctness, we should describe their diversity thus: — they differ in their sources. Science comes from the world of appearances and arrangements; religion from the world of spirits, shining through these, or with direct light, upon the soul. Science alone cannot build up her tower unto the heavens, and, attempting to do so, ends only in a confusion of tongues. All our knowledge is Babel without the inspiration of God. The truth of his being, character, and will escapes the survey of the senses, and foils every effort of the scientific intellect. The author of that truly interesting little work, entitled the "Stars and the Earth," fails, we think, in the endeavor to give us an understanding of the Divine omniscience. No calculations of space and time, no material pictures, can compass it. It can only be hinted at by the outward world. It is no mechanical estimate, or argumentative inference, but an *idea*, which the finger of God must write on the tables of the heart. For religion and science, differing in their sources, differ also in the faculties which they exercise, and in the processes by which they are apprehended, as they do in their aims and results; science unfolding the resources of this world, religion disclosing the

realities of another; science improving the outward lot of man, religion his inward character; while both agree, in their true estate, to give light and bear fruit for the joy and blessing of man.

If we may dwell for a moment on another distinction, we would say that science deals with effects, and from them builds her temple; religion goes to the cause and origin of all, and, in her highest form, bestows the ineffable delight of communion with the First Cause, the beginning and centre of the world. All are familiar with Paley's famous illustration, in his Natural Theology, of the watch, as an indubitable evidence of design. If there be a watch, it is clear there must be a watchmaker. But if we could see the watchmaker himself, and become acquainted with the motions of his mind, we should have a more satisfactory knowledge than by examining all the works of his hands. Religion, in her highest office, carries us beyond the *works* into fellowship with the *spirit* of God. In this vital fellowship, there is a persuasion and happiness, a motive to effort and a comfort in trial, which no study of nature, no investigations of human science, can afford. So those most profound in science are most ready to confess and declare. When religionists on the one hand shall be delivered from sectarian dogmas, and the whole school of science on the other from resting in second causes, the gospel of Christ will, with the providence of God, freely produce this experience, and vindicate it as the most blessed of facts.

We may seem to have been drawn away from our author by this train of general discourse. But we have been only as a fellow-traveller with him in his own frequented paths. We have been but measuring out some of the foundations of his work, and breathing the familiar spirit of his thought. We have the more willingly taken his labors as an opportunity for these reflections, because there is little need of an extended special criticism of this new edition of his book. He is no aspirant for public favor, whose fortunes might be in any manner determined by what we should say, but an accepted teacher, with an established position before the whole reading as well as the hearing community. As a valued contributor to our own pages, and a minister in many ways, far and wide, of the spirit of the gospel, his claim is amply acknowledged Not a word we could utter is needful to set forth the pure and

lofty character of his entire influence. The train of thought we have been pursuing is the best index we could make of the intellectual and moral stand he has taken, and the truest commentary we can offer on the doctrine and spirit of his last publication. In a time of bold skepticism, and in a quarter where unbelief dealt her fiercest blows, he has stood forth as a defender and expounder of the Bible. While a new naturalism has been introduced among us, and what is almost the worship of general laws has grown into a fashion, he has lifted up his voice earnestly in the cause of supernatural truth. We have to thank him for his fidelity to the gospel he was set to maintain, and for his large services in its pure promulgation. Though having no lack of decision and candor as a theologian, he has never ground in any sectarian mill, but has published his convictions for the good of the whole church, with the freedom and breadth of Christian faith. In so doing, he has shown his respect to that simplicity and godly sincerity, which, combined with a catholic love, alone can tend to unite believers of every name in one great communion.

The tone of this volume of "Christian Consolations" is one eminently of good-will and holy fellowship with all; and, while bearing throughout the stamp and color of an affectionate sentiment suited to its design, it equally shows the rare ability to carry deep into the soul the comforts of which it treats. Its style is one of signal clearness and vigor, and, being also rich and suggestive, is yet never mystical or obscure. Dealing with the highest religious feelings of which human nature is susceptible, it never fades into indefiniteness, or is lost in the clouds. A calm, poised, convincing energy of argument is the writer's characteristic. Every sentence is marked with the individual genuineness and originality of the meditation from which it springs. He works in no narrow space, upon the corners and angles of subjects; he spins no attenuated threads, but leaves the tokens of an easy strength and a broad, massive handling on all his themes. We have in him the peculiar pleasure always received from a quiet, harmonious exercise of the complex faculties of reason, memory, fancy, and religious faith. He rarely emits sudden flashes of inspiration, but is ever warming into a steady glow. He rises seldom with quick flights to Himmaleh summits, but walks on a high table-land with a sustained evenness and force, in which

he has few companions. His sermons are models in the plainness of their views and the power of their expositions. They are a breaking of the simple bread, and a pouring out of the water, of life. He has no ambition to get beyond the common truth, of which he is a herald, into any ingenuities of his own speculation; yet, through all that is trite in the principles he urges, come forth fresh applications and moving appeals; and we have felt continually, in going through his book, how the wholesome and sufficing spiritual nourishment he affords never "puffs up," but only "builds up" the soul.

Some may think his book should not be called one of "Consolations," it occupies so widely the field of Christian truth. But we think he has judged wisely in adapting so many topics to this one purpose. We wish it were more generally understood, that the consolation of the afflicted does not consist merely in soothing words, or in sympathy, however sincere, expressed in modulations of the voice; still less, in harrowing up the feelings by dwelling on the sad outward particulars of grief and woe; but in the unfolding of all God's inspiring and glorious truth to the spirit of man. For there is not a doctrine of his word, and not an attribute of his character, which, properly considered, is not consolatory. Nothing need be hid of the proportion of his revelation, but all displayed, to lead the sorrowing to the best resignation, to a clear cheerfulness and abiding peace. It is not merely smooth and quieting suggestions, as if we were hushing a child to sleep, or pleasing it with toys, that will give serenity and joy to the disappointed, the destitute, or the bereaved; but only a presenting of that divine reality on which they can depend, — that "substance of things hoped for, and evidence of things not seen," which informs the mind, quickens faith, stirs the conscience, gives a zest to grief itself, and stimulates the whole spiritual nature to that more distinct vision of a better world, from which the troubles of earth pass away unseen and forgotten.

But we must hasten to justify our remarks by some extracts, which, we hope, will lead our readers to the book from which they are derived. Take the following from the sermon on the need of the Father.

"We feel, it seems to me, peculiar need of a Father in heaven, in our communion with the fair and glorious scenes of

nature. Did you ever see a little child taken by his father to see some glittering pageant, which seemed to the child immensely vast and grand? And have you not marked how the child will at short intervals look away from the gay show to his father's face, as if to fortify himself by a glance of love? And, in these glances, does he not tacitly confess himself dazzled and bewildered by the sight, and able to look upon it only as supported by his father's eye? Not unlike emotions many of you must have felt, when you have stood by the ocean or on the mountain-top, or when you have considered the heavens, and beheld the stars, as 'at the commandment of the Holy One they stand in their order, and never faint in their watches.' You have felt bewildered and lost, lonely and desolate; you have been overwhelmed by a sense of vastness and immensity; and a silent, shuddering awe has come over you. These emotions are the child's yearning for the father's eye. You feel thus, because you cannot support the consciousness of solitude and desertion in the boundless universe. You cannot bear to find yourself mere atoms in the outward creation, filling a smaller place in the great sum of being than a single leaf in the forest or a drop in the ocean, unless there be revealed to your distinct consciousness One who numbers the hairs of your heads and the sands of your lives. Were I an atheist, I would cut myself off from every grand view of nature, would shun the mountain and the ocean, and shut my eyes against the crimsoned sunset and the gemmed vault of night; for all these things would tell me what a solitary being I was, and how unsheltered;—they would speak to me of a stupendous machinery beyond my control, of gigantic powers which I could not calculate, of material forces which my boasted intellect could neither comprehend nor modify." pp. 5–7.

With what brief but striking expression is our Lord's example of "Patience" portrayed!

"The Jew gives him over to the Gentile; the Gentile hands him back, scourged and buffeted, to the Jew; and the Jew again transfers him, lacerated and mangled, to the foreign executioner. But, beneath their jeers and taunts, tossed from one coarse hand to another in the crowd, grasping the mimic sceptre, with his temples torn by the thorns, he wears in his unmoved serenity a kingly aspect, which strikes admiration and awe into many rude hearts, and constrains the man of blood, who watches by the cross, to exclaim,—'Surely this was the Son of God.'" p. 22.

The sermon upon "Memory" strikingly shows how the unexaggerated statements of a thoughtful observer may thrill through the breast.

"I would first remark, that there is abundant reason to believe that memory never loses any thing, but that it retains, and may reproduce, when the right string is touched, every thought, impression, and event of our whole past lives. The well-ascertained phenomena of delirium, insanity, and other unusual forms of consciousness, furnish ample demonstration of this statement. In these conditions of mind, it has been found that the most minute and remote circumstances, complex trains of thought, series of words or musical notes, words even in an unknown tongue, have been recalled after an interval of years, and flooded the soul with its rememberings. In our usual state of mind, things do not indeed return to us uncalled, nor yet do they come at once when sought, but obey certain laws of suggestion or association, which retard the action of the memory, as the balance-wheel does the movements of a watch. But in the modes of consciousness now referred to, the balance-wheel is taken off, the usual laws of suggestion are suspended, the full flow of memory takes the place of the scanty jet of recollection, and the whole past rushes spontaneously upon the mind, foreshadowing the day when death will snap asunder the earth-spun threads of association, and pour the accumulated treasures of the past into the lap of the boundless future." pp. 76, 77.

"In seasons of sorrow, the past always utters its voices. At such times God brings every work into remembrance, and enters into judgment with our spirits. When the hand of Providence is heavy upon us, if the past has been stained with guilt, we need no inscription upon the wall to make our knees smite together and our souls tremble. The handwriting is upon the fleshly tablets of the heart, — 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.' There is nothing more true to universal experience than the self-reproaching communings of Joseph's brethren, when they felt themselves surrounded by imminent perils in a strange land. Their memory glided over the long period for which they had led self-complacent and generally dutiful lives, and rested on the one damning sin of former years; 'and they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us.' A vast amount of remorse mingles with human grief, and drugs to the utmost with gall and wormwood the cup of sorrow. When ill-gotten and ill-used wealth departs, the remembrance of numberless breaches of good faith and charity arms penury with a scourge of scorpions, which she never wields when she enters the dwellings of God's chosen ones. When the unfaithful and unloving are separated by death, with the sorrows of bereavement there

blend the embittering recollections of violated duty, variance, and discord." pp. 79, 80.

We must take a striking period from the sermon on the "Memory of Grief and Wrong."

"Take away, my friends, from our religious union all that has borne a sad aspect, — our mutual counsel and consolation in doubt or sorrow, our united prayers by the bedside, our last joint offices of piety over the dead, our intercessions for one another in the sanctuary, — there would be little left to unite us, little reason why we should worship and commune together, and we should fall asunder as isolated human units, each to feel out his own solitary way to the grave and to heaven." pp. 340, 341.

From the sermon on "The Communion of the Dead with the Living," we take the closing passage.

"To my mind there is hardly a text of Scripture, or form of speech, that rolls on with such a depth and fulness of meaning as those words, — 'Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.' Vast and bewildering is the philosophical speculation which tells us that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. But far more grand and unspeakably solemn is the thought, that our daily lives, our conduct in lowly and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in the retirement of our homes, are felt through the universe of ever-living souls, — that the laws of attraction and repulsion that reach through all orders of being, extend to our least words and deeds, — that in every worthy, generous, holy impulse, all heaven bears part, — that from the trail of our meanness and selfishness, our waywardness and levity, all heaven recoils. Let the august witnesses, the adoring multitude, in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to growing diligence in duty, and awaken in us increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us, and, found faithful unto death, may receive the crown of life." pp. 352, 353.

We make no apology for the space which, among our secular topics, we have given to the notice of this truly religious volume, and to subjects suggested by it. In a purely literary view, for the lovers of just thoughts in beautiful apparel, "apples of gold in pictures of silver," it would deserve all commendation. But literature is an expression of life. And life is a scene whose glad experience so much disaster clouds, that if there be any steady light of comfort not subject to eclipse,

any heavenly brightness for the benighted soul of man, when the sun and stars of earthly hope are no longer seen, the blessed beams should be sent in every direction and reflected from every page. Unspeakably grateful are the many springs which God has opened to quench the thirst for knowledge. But how often, in anguish of mind or conscience, in sickness, grief, and the shadow of death, is there a craving they all cannot satisfy, and when they seem but as vinegar and gall to parched lips. To every man must come the evil days, wherein is no mortal pleasure; when the structure of the material world, from starry heights of immense space to subterraneous phenomena measuring inconceivable time, — when the history of the past, its unburied cities, strange inscriptions, and wondrously preserved forms and hues of art, — will have no interest; and when the changes and revolutions of the present, too, will go by, like the earthquake men heeded not in the sore extremity of the battle. And when the tongues of this world thus lose their charm, and all its knowledge vanishes away in weakness and insufficiency, for nothing shall we render such thanks as for whatever suggestion has opened our ear to the voice of comfort and good cheer from above. The book that does this shall not fail of its honor.

The whole benefit, which our author intends, can be received only from the study of connected pages in serious or sorrowful hours. We have occasion to know of the blessing at such seasons he has wrought. May his work proceed long and far in the effectual discharge of its kindly errand! May it visit many an abode of anguish, be a welcome companion in chambers of sickness, and, in the mourner's solitude, where the world would be an intruder, enter as with an angel's presence! May the tears cease and dry up in many eyes that read it, and the groans no more be heard, or secret sighs heaved, from many bosoms that shall have pondered its lessons! If the death-bed is cheered by it, and the grave illumined by the rays it reflects from heaven, its author's desire will be fulfilled.

ART. V.—1. *Elements of Natural Philosophy; being an Experimental Introduction to the Study of the Physical Sciences.* By GOLDING BIRD, A.M., F.R.S. The Third Edition, revised and enlarged. London: John Churchill. 1848.

2. *Elements of Physics.* By C. F. PESCHEL, Principal of the Royal Military College at Dresden, &c. Translated from the German, with Notes. By E. WEST. London: Longmans. 1845–6. 3 vols.

3. *Lehrbuch der Physik und Meteorologie.* Von DR. JOH. MÜLLER. Als dritte umgearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage der Bearbeitung von Pouillet's Lehrbuch der Physik. In zwei Bänden. Mit gegen 1200 in den Text eingedruckten Holzschnitten. Braunschweig: Friedrich Vieweg und Sohn. 1848.

4. *Grundriss der Physik und Meteorologie.* Von DR. JOH. MÜLLER, Professor der Physik und Technologie an der Universität zu Freiburg im Breisgau. Zweite vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Braunschweig: Friedrich Vieweg und Sohn. 1850.

5. *Principles of Physics and Meteorology.* By J. MÜLLER. First American Edition, revised and illustrated; with 338 Engravings on Wood, and two Colored Plates. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1848. 8vo. pp. 635.

FEW persons, we presume, at the present day and in this country at least, are disposed to deny that scientific culture and, as one of its elements, instruction in physical science, should hold a place, and not an inconsiderable one, in every system of education. It would not, perhaps, be wise to insist that the amount and the kind of instruction in physical science should be the same for all minds, whatever their innate characteristics, and however different their destination. We believe, nevertheless, that, at an early age and until the mind begins to act for itself, less modification of the general scheme to suit individual peculiarities is demanded than many seem to suppose. And this we say, not because we desire to thwart genius, or reduce to a dead level the manifold inequalities of intellectual gifts, but because we believe that

the symmetry of the mind gives it its best strength, and that an unbalanced mind will make shipwreck of its treasures, however richly it be freighted.

We know there are those who, after they have divided the whole period allotted to an academical education equally between the many various branches which are promised to be taught, exclaim with earnestness, how insignificantly small, how utterly inadequate, is this crumb of time which falls to the lot of any science for its useful acquisition, or even for a proper appreciation of it! How much better would it be, that the student should devote himself exclusively and passionately to one, or, at most, to a very few, of these branches, rather than, in the vain hope of not losing one, to fail in the whole! They forget that the whole period of education at school or in college is not equally divided in this way; that many branches, as, for example, the ancient languages and the mathematics, are begun early and studied perseveringly, and are discontinued at a late day; and that these, if not exhausted, as indeed they cannot be, by the undivided absorption of a life in their pursuit, are at least mastered. Of other branches of knowledge, such as the chemical and physical sciences, philosophy, ethics, history, and the rest, all which are crowded into a very narrow period by the preference given to those first mentioned, the remark is strictly true, that this time, so short in itself, is almost annihilated by the divisions and subdivisions which are made of it. But our own experience and observation persuade us, that this time, broken into so many fragments, is not frittered away; that the student obtains a general view of the boundaries of human knowledge; makes the first rapid, preliminary survey; clears away some of the rubbish which intercepts his steps; wipes out from his eyes a part of the mist which dims his vision, and, in science at any rate, breaks the ground. However small a thing this may be, when contrasted with the lifelong acquirements of giants in their favorite walks of science or literature, it is still much when compared with blank ignorance. For, next to the acquisition of any branch of knowledge, the best thing and most to be desired is, to know that it exists, in what books it may be studied, how far its horizon stretches, and what place it occupies in the wide realm of related sciences. If the time

for all these studies is so small, instead of consenting so readily to elect a few and drop the rest, why not strive with energy to increase the period of education? Why not enlarge the course of college education by one or two years, and that of school education in the same proportion; and above all, why consider that the whole of education is accomplished when either is gone over?

To achieve such a radical reform as this, which would remedy some of the difficulties experienced by those who teach, it is necessary that a vigorous effort be made to withstand the strongest tendencies of the young, especially in this age and country, — an impatience of long and unfaltering toil for a postponed advantage; an intolerance of control; an eagerness to put on the harness of real life, and a boasting when it is put on, as though it were taken off, after the strife was over and the victory won. Strange is it, that now, when the boundaries of human knowledge are so much enlarged, circle outspreading and surrounding circle, like the ripples on the sea, — when science is constructed and extracted from the passing phenomena of nature, when it comes to us in such solemn accents from the bosom of the earth, when it speaks to us out of the heavens so beautifully and so accurately, — no more time should be thought necessary to ponder upon all these things than was given to the education of the young centuries ago, when books were so rare, and all that was then known of some which are now the richest sciences could be told in a single breath.

In the intellectual as in the material world, there is one kind of strength (the best strength of the mind) which time only can bestow. This strength comes not from brilliancy of parts or from indefatigable exertion; it is the gift and ornament of age and maturity. How many at the present day have bidden farewell to their places of education before that strength has come into their minds? And yet, that strength of mind is indispensable for the comprehension of abstract science, and for the successful study of other very important branches taught in our schools and colleges. Hence the complete failure of many, even brilliant in all their other studies, when they advance prematurely upon these unfamiliar fields. Hence the regret which, not seldom, falls from the lips of those who have left their days of pupil-

age far behind them, that their minds were not opened then to the truth and beauty and attractiveness of studies with which their full-grown intellects are in love, but which then were accounted dry, because they were not, and could not be, understood by them.

How any considerable extension of the period of education is to be effected, it is not easy to discern. When we see, every year, young men anticipating the customary termination of time studies, curtailing the period, short as it appears for the duties which belong to it, and hurrying to take leave of the retreats of the academy, that they may get the start by a few weeks or months of their companions; when we see them reconnoitring in their professional studies, beginning to teach others, embarking in trade, or putting out their hands for the gold of California, before they have yet earned or received their diplomas, how can we expect to restrain the impatience of even the most scholastic for an additional service of two years in the schools? How can we expect that the gentle persuasions of sound education, good learning, and profound science will be heard above the din of the world without, and the fever and passion of the world within? Difficult as it may be to accomplish a reform so much to be desired, who that takes pride in the character of our places of education, in the originality of our literature, in the accuracy and depth of our science, in the success and happiness of our young men, and in the honor of the whole country, is not ready to pray for this reform, to watch for it, and to labor for it?

Every day the struggle is growing more and more intense for the honors of life between those whom our colleges educate and those whom the world educates; between professional men and practical men, as they are called. There can be no doubt that the world educates men thoroughly in what it professes to teach. Colleges must do the same. They need not aim to be less scholastic, or to teach what the world teaches; but they should teach perfectly after their own idea. Otherwise, the world will educate the most useful members of society, and college men will fail of their share in the honors and emoluments of life. What man of science, however much he may glorify his profession, does not consider a thorough practical acquaintance with any art as both more useful and more dignified than a superficial

knowledge of the laws, principles, and theories of science. Patient instruction by the worst system is certainly better than careless instruction by the best system. Already there are springing up in various parts of the country practical schools of science, which profess to teach that which comes nearest to what the world teaches. We wish them all success; we doubt not, that if they are true to their idea, they will render an acceptable service to the cause of education. But let not those who frequent them be deceived. Let them not expect, after a few months of study and experiment, to go forth into the world and displace those whom experience and the arts have been teaching their lessons of science for years. If they are persevering as well as diligent, they will have their reward. But without both diligence and perseverance, they will know but in part the scientific truths which the artisan and the manufacturer have distilled from their daily pursuits.

The inquiry is always a serious and interesting one, in what way any province of human knowledge may be best opened to the mind of the student. The inquiry loses none of its interest or importance when it is made in reference to the more difficult subjects of instruction. In the difficulty, bewilderment, and frequent dismay which they occasion to the young, the physical sciences will take rank of all the other sciences, and perhaps also of all other branches of learning, excepting the pure mathematics. The reason is, that the physical sciences involve the application of mathematics, and sometimes of its most subtile and intricate departments. And who does not know that the application of any knowledge to the problems for which it is suited is harder than to acquire the knowledge; that it is verily the severest test of the question whether this knowledge exists in the mind in clear and distinct outlines. This application implies, not merely acquaintance with a truth, but familiarity with it, in its principle and its details. Moreover, the same rule holds good in mathematical as in moral reasoning. The soundness of our conclusion depends not merely on the exactness of our logic, but also on the correctness of the premises.

Whoever begins the study of physical science without some knowledge of geometry, and the algebraical and infinitesimal analysis, will find himself confronted at every step by

an imperious call for this sort of preparation. The physical student needs the helping hand of mathematics to expound to him the theory of the instruments which he uses; he needs them in his investigations into the physical laws of the universe, and he needs them none the less to express those laws after they have been discovered. If not only the sober planets, but the nomadic comets, tread so precisely in their prescribed orbits as to test the precision of pure geometry; if it be true not only in the heavens, but in all material nature, that God geometrizes in it and through it; if He, not merely by his providence, but by his geometry, rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm; if sounds rush through the air, if the tides ebb and flow, if the waves rise and sink and spread, if the finer essences of heat, light, and electricity radiate, interfere, and flash in harmony with the most profound mathematics; if even the trees, shrubs, and weeds bud and branch and blossom according to mathematical formulas which the Almighty has copied from the grander works of his own creation, — ought not the humblest student of the physical sciences to have a taste of that divine geometry which filled to overflowing the minds of the great seers and prophets of nature? We have no disposition to deny the intrinsic difficulties of the pure and mixed mathematics; we think, nevertheless, that a tendency exists to exaggerate these difficulties, and also to make of too much account what is considered a primitive bias for or against these studies. There is, certainly, this peculiarity in the case. It is not possible to use the language of mathematics without understanding the associated idea; it is not possible on this subject to darken counsel by words without knowledge. The consequence is, that those who do not understand a mathematical problem are themselves the first to know their own deficiency. But is it always so in other things? In other subjects, does not a want of clear conceptions sometimes exist where there is no lack of fluency? It may well be doubted, whether the mental labor which the mathematician expends on his most difficult problems differs either in quality or intensity from that which the statesman, the moralist, or the philosopher, incur when they master the deep questions relating to politics, ethics, or the human mind.

A foundation for physical knowledge being laid in a good mathematical education, another interesting inquiry is sug-

gested as to the best method of imparting instruction in the physical sciences; whether by lessons from a text-book, or by oral lectures, or by the two united. In our opinion, there are few, if any, branches of knowledge which can be taught to advantage exclusively by oral lectures. Certainly, the physical sciences are not of that number. At the same time, perhaps there is no subject in which such lectures are a more valuable auxiliary than in physics. Many of the physical sciences are in a state of rapid development. In some, we hardly know what a day may bring forth. Old lines of research are widened and lengthened, and new ones, intellectual Californias, are struck out and deepened with unexampled rapidity. The text-book, be it ever so complete when it is written, may grow obsolete before it has left the press. Lectures, therefore, are a valuable handmaid to the written and printed page. They are the fit vehicle for new discoveries, for the discussion and elucidation of questionable theories, for historical anecdote, for biographical sketches of the great interpreters of nature, and for experimental illustration. For these and other such purposes, lectures are not only useful; they are indispensable. But to fulfill these purposes, lectures must not be written. They must come from the present studies and reflections of the teacher, and give, as in a daguerreotype, a faithful image of the passing history of science. To this end, if written, they must be rewritten every year; but as this is not to be expected, they must not be written at all. Hence they will be loose and discursive, and require to be corrected in their details by the carefully prepared statements of the text-book. They may illustrate, therefore, the text-book, but they ought not to supersede its use. We would not lose sight of the magical effect which may sometimes be produced upon the young by the living voice of the lecturer. If there be any one whom nature has gifted with the eloquence of science, let him lose no opportunity to charm and instruct by it. For it may be the spirit which maketh alive, while the printed page is the letter which killeth. But let not even such a one deny or disparage the different merit of the select text-book.

Some degree of the embarrassment which the young experience in the study of mathematics originates, we are persuaded, in an organic defect of vision for solids of three

dimensions; a deficiency which has not been supplied by familiarity with the principles of perspective geometry. It is now well understood, that the eye possesses the power, only within very moderate limits, of measuring the distance of an object which it contemplates; and that it is often, on this account, at a loss in assigning the correct position to a line or surface, the several points of which are at unequal distances. When the dimension of a solid measured in a direction parallel to the visual ray is small compared with its distance, the parts of the body turned towards the eye are too nearly at the same distance with the opposite parts, and the visual rays passing from the borders of the body to one eye are too identical in their arrangement with those which enter and paint their picture on the other eye, to furnish any satisfactory data for deciding which of two possible positions the body occupies; so that the mind oscillates unquietly between the two, however intently the eye attempts to fasten one and expel the other from the imagination. This optical delusion is a matter of common experience, and admits of a philosophical explanation. This instability of vision, which sometimes is experienced in looking at a distant solid body, is still more likely to arise when we look at a picture of it in outline, unrelieved by shading. Who can doubt that we have here one source of the confusion worse confounded of the young student of geometry? He draws his diagram upon the blackboard, or he gazes upon it on the leaf of his text-book, and as he hopefully advances in his demonstration, his eyes swim, the figure jumps from one position to another, and soon his mind is confused, and he gives up in disgust. We believe that the failure of the young to master solid geometry originates as often in this organic peculiarity of vision, existing to excess, as in any deficiency purely intellectual. We believe that a geometrical eye is quite as indispensable to the success of the mathematician as a geometrical mind. The student who pores over perspective delineations, in order to decipher the construction or position of a new philosophical instrument, or of the mechanical arrangements of a novel experiment, encounters a difficulty similar to that which puzzles the young geometrician. Hence the importance of maps in relief for those who would understand the geological and topographical features of the earth; of model solids for

those who would not be defeated in their geometrical studies; hence the value of at least one glance at the various complicated instruments of research, either in their full working dimensions, or in miniature, for those who would not be wholly cast down in the study of astronomy and the physical sciences. Hence the necessity of furnishing the experimental illustration as nearly as is practicable at the same time that the instruction is given from the text-book; or, at least, of placing before the eye of the pupil the instrument delineated in his book, when he is called upon to study and describe it. It may be thought that too much assistance of this kind relieves the pupil from intellectual exertion, and defrauds him of the energy of mind which constant, strenuous exercise imparts. We, too, admit that there is, in general, a limit to the facilities for learning that should be granted to the young. But, in our opinion, all the relief that can be contrived is only sufficient to carry many a student over difficulties in the pure and mixed mathematics which would otherwise be insurmountable.

There is still another view which we would present of the advantage of instructions from the text-book, illustrated by oral lectures, over the exclusive adoption of either of these methods of teaching. Lectures are an excellent discipline to the teacher. They require him to concentrate his thoughts, to make up his mind on doubtful scientific questions, to inform himself thoroughly in the literature of science, to acquire a skill in manipulation that will qualify him for original investigations, and, finally, to look at the whole subject of physical science less in detail, and more as the harmonious working of a single creative mind. Now, who does not see that a part of these advantages are realized by the student who recites from a text-book? He is not a passive recipient merely. His mind is exercised not only on the subject of his studies, but on the best way of expressing with propriety what he has learned.

In urging, as we have, the preëminence which belongs to instructions from the text-book, we have assumed that these text-books were of the best kind; well arranged, accurate, clear, and frequently remodelled, so as to exhibit the passing phases of science. We may venture a doubt whether the text-books used at our schools and colleges always come fully

up to these high conditions. Many are so ambitious of authorship, that they must write a book at all hazards, however unprofitable it may turn out to themselves or to others. Moreover, a teacher, who begins to experience the imperfections of the best text-book which he can procure on any subject, naturally concludes that his only remedy is to make one for his own use. If he surpass his predecessors in the same field, it is well. If he fall short of the goal which they reached, he has done more harm than good. Let no teacher be too confident that he will escape faults into which others of much higher qualities of mind have fallen; or, if he should, that he will not commit mistakes of his own equally injurious. Let him reflect that he can, by his method of teaching, supply the defects of any text-book; and that, whenever he does so, the pupil is brought into contact with two minds instead of one. As things now go, the few who are best qualified to write find no pecuniary temptation to embark in the unprofitable enterprise. Particular institutions are pledged to the use of particular books. Each college, each sect, each publisher, is interested in his own series of text-books, and labors to increase their circulation. In the eagerness of such a competition, it is not certain that the best will acquire the ascendency. It may sometimes happen, that the one which is sustained by the strongest sect or the largest capital will prevail over another which teaches better science. Moreover, the American publisher prefers a foreign work, which costs nothing, or at most only the expense of a translation, to domestic authorship, however deserving, and however superior to that which is *borrowed* from abroad and never to be returned. We are far from wishing to curtail the literature of science. We do not desire to see all drinking from the same fountain, be it ever so copious and salubrious. We would look at this outward universe, and take care that others look at it also, from many points of view; and supply the deficiencies of one mind by the excellences of others. We would see the standard scientific works in every language translated into our own tongue, and made accessible to the American student. We would not confine any teacher or any institution to the exclusive use of any single series of books, however good. For the sake of the teacher as well as the pupil, we should prefer frequent changes in the text-

books ; so that, if no single student or class of students were able to compass all, or more indeed than a single one, a succession of classes might be the depository of the treasures of all ; and thus the whole neighborhood, the city, the state, the country, which are fed by this common stream of educated men, partake of a more liberal culture and drink from clearer and deeper fountains.

A good text-book should be comprehensive in its general plan and very exact in its details. It should be written in an accurate and clear style, and, what is equally important, it should be printed in a distinct type. Some of our reprints of foreign scientific works have greatly offended against this last requirement, and deserve severe censure for it. Such books ought not to be placed in the hands of the pupil ; for not only do they tend to ruin the eyes, but they oppress the imagination, and cast their own lurid light into the darkness which may hover over the subject itself. Equally contagious is the brightness of the pure white sheet and the clearness of a bold, generous type ; by its light even a difficult subject seems transparent. So rapid has been the growth of modern physical science, that no work, however voluminous, could contain the half that might be written. The author who assumes the task of making a text-book is required to use great discretion, and to exercise a happy judgment, in selecting what is most essential, not forgetting to interest while he aims to instruct. The writer cannot confine himself to the naked principles of physical science ; for at present these are not numerous. The literature of science does not consist chiefly in the great laws which have been discovered ; but in the history of discovery, in the instruments of research which have been contrived, in the facts which suggested, and the experiments which illustrate, general laws. We prefer, as a general rule, the synthetic method, which in point of time travels backward, planting first the great principles and generalizations of any science, building on them as a foundation, and deriving the scattered phenomena of nature as branches from the central trunk. There may be cases in which the analytical method may be called to the assistance of the former method. For, although less easy, it has the advantage of conducting the pupil through a process of thought not unlike that which warmed the

minds of the original discoverers; and thus associates with the principles of science its history and the laws of discovery. Finally, no pains should be spared by the author and teacher to hold before the mind of the student, and to keep there, the unity of nature, and the intimate connection of the physical sciences as they stand out before the mind of the Creator, however disjointed and fragmentary they sometimes appear to the imperfect reason of man.

While the recent scientific literature of France is adorned by the general treatises on physics of Pouillet, Lamé, Peclet, Pinault, Becquerel, and Despretz, the English language can only boast of the works in Natural Philosophy by McGauley, Olmsted, and Bird. Of course, we are not speaking of school-books, but of such works as might be appropriately used by advanced students in college. General physics, as treated by French writers, exclude the pure science of mechanics, as well as algebra and geometry, and only admit their application to physical problems. In this view of the subject, physical astronomy is a part of physics; but on account of its magnitude, it is not discussed in works on general physics, but either in a distinct work, or in connection with mechanics; of whose fundamental principles it often furnishes the most convenient and splendid illustrations. The English treatises enumerated above are constructed upon the old English model. Natural Philosophy, as limited by usage in this country and Great Britain, comprehends a part of what the French writers style *physics*, and, in addition, the science of mechanics. These books contain, therefore, the doctrine of forces, in its twofold relation to statics and dynamics, as well as the application of the general doctrine to the physical forces. To make room for mechanics, a part of what truly relates to physics is dropped out of English works on Natural Philosophy, and is adopted by the chemists in their books. In our opinion, the English division of the sciences is less philosophical than the French.

We do not expect that a work like that of Dr. Bird, condensed into a single octavo volume, should compete with the more comprehensive treatises in the French and German languages, which are expanded over two or three volumes. We may, notwithstanding, express our astonishment that the demands of scientific education in Great Britain and in this

country are no higher than what can easily be satisfied with such compendious and elementary productions. We are aware that the works on physics in foreign languages, especially in French, are extensively read by scientific men in this country, and, we presume, in Great Britain also. Still it would appear that the demand for these or similar treatises is too small to provoke original works, or even translations of the foreign ones, except in one or two instances.

This deficiency in one department of English scientific literature is partly explained by the fact, that the talent (and it certainly has been of a high order) which might have been exercised in this way has been preoccupied in writing monographs in science for such series of publications as the Cabinet Cyclopædia, the Library of Useful Knowledge, the Penny Magazine, and the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Of some of the papers contained in these valuable depositories of science, too much cannot be said in praise; they adorn the sciences which they are written to illustrate. The article on Light, in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, by Sir J. F. W. Herschel, is unsurpassed by any thing which has been written on the general subject in any language; and, if published separately in an accessible form, as it is in Quetelet's French translation of the original, it would be very useful to advanced students in that subject as a text-book. The same work contains a paper on Sound, written also by Herschel, in which the remarkable labors of Chladni, condensed into his *Traité d'Acoustique*, are introduced to the English reader, and the more recent labors of Savart and Wheatstone in the same field are infused into the popular science. The American reprint of this paper, in an abridged form, with some modifications in the statements and explanations, has supplied a convenient text-book, better adapted to the purposes of instruction than Higgins's Philosophy of Sound. The article on Physical Astronomy in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, by Herschel, and another, on the Figure of the Earth, by Airy, are not designed for elementary use. The articles on Electricity, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism, by Barlow, are less satisfactory than those on the same subjects by Roget, in the Library of Useful Knowledge. The latter publication contains also articles on the other branches of physics as well as astronomy; but most of them are too

popular to be recommended to our academies or colleges. In the Cabinet Cyclopædia, astronomy, mechanics, physics, and chemistry are treated in a liberal number of volumes. These treatises, in their present form, are, perhaps, better adapted to academical use than any thing else which can be found in the scientific literature of Great Britain. Still, they are far from being unexceptionable in their plan or execution. In general, they are of too popular a character, and moreover, being prepared by different authors, they want that unity of thought which should run through a general treatise on physics, and which is necessary to imprint upon the mind as well as the heart of the student the great fact, that, though man studies the universe in detached views, God created it and moves it as one grand whole.

Herschel's Astronomy, which makes one volume of this Cabinet, did not certainly satisfy the high expectations excited by his elegant discourse on the study of natural philosophy, which had charmed the world a few years before, from the same Cyclopædia. The literary style of Herschel, though often beautiful and eloquent, is highly involved, and forcibly reminds one of the German origin of the writer. This ornate, elaborate, and dignified diction, which appeared graceful and impressive in his stately discourse just mentioned, is singularly out of place in the treatise on astronomy, where the multiplicity of words, the length of the sentences, and the rhetorical flourishes, perplex the student and mislead him from the subject. The chief difficulty in the study of astronomy is to form a graphic conception in the mind of the physical fact. We doubt whether this conception is so strongly suggested by highly ornamental language, with which wholly different ideas are usually associated, as by the simple lines and the brief and severe definitions of geometry. Nevertheless, we have always regarded the chapter on perturbations as a triumphant effort to render into common language, and illustrate by familiar analogies, difficult points in the celestial mechanism, which, to be altogether understood, require the highest order of mathematical taste and attainment. This part of the book has been still more carefully labored in the recent edition, which has appeared under the new title of the Outlines of Astronomy; and, if studied in connection with Laplace's *Système du Monde* and Airy's tract on Gravi-

tation, written for the Penny Cyclopædia, but previously published in a small volume for the use of students in the elder Cambridge University, it will supply an intelligible commentary on the most embarrassing department of astronomy, such as is not to be found in any other language, and open an easy way to a general comprehension of dynamical questions, which a discouraged student would otherwise approach with dismay and abandon in despair.

The volumes of the Cabinet Cyclopædia on Electricity and Magnetism are partly historical, and partly didactic. A mutual infusion of one element into the other would be more suitable for a text-book than this bold demarcation. The first volume, by Lardner, is well arranged and well written; the second volume, begun by Lardner and finished by Walker, is a compost, in which some of the materials are good, but the whole is poorly digested. For those who desire to pursue experimentally the subject of electro-dynamics, Davis's Manual of Magnetism will be preferred to any other elementary work. Of the treatise on Optics in the Cabinet Cyclopædia, we can speak from a long experience. Justly distinguished as its author, Sir David Brewster, stands in this department of physical science, his strong bias in favor of the Newtonian or corpuscular theory of light disqualified him for writing a useful text-book on the subject. The obscurity which rests on all those portions which relate to double refraction and polarization originates in the false views of its illustrious author in regard to the mechanical character of luminous radiations. A large part of physical optics is a sealed book to most students. Much of the confusion is created by the improper terms which are used in describing the phenomena; terms which were selected at a time when the mechanical interpretation of the phenomena was erroneous. Who will not hail the appearance of a book in which the geometrical, as well as physical, laws of optics are explained on the undulatory hypothesis? Of course, we do not expect that elementary works should dip into the higher analysis by which the mysteries of optics are investigated and charmed out from their amazing labyrinths. We do not despair, however, of seeing a popular exposition of the doctrine of undulations, which shall bring the subject under the comprehension of all who are conversant with the elements of geometry, algebra,

and mechanics; and we have faith that some will be able to understand the intricate facts of physical optics from this point of view, who stumble over the explanations of Brewster and Biot, or of others who aspire to compound the two rival theories. English scientific literature, without any foreign loan, abounds in materials for such a work, graduated to any degree of abstruseness or simplicity. The admirable papers of Hamilton, M'Cullagh, and others, the celebrated tracts of Airy, all on the mathematical theory of light, the lectures and remarks by Lloyd and Powell on the wave theory of light, the lectures of Pereira on polarized light, the elementary optics of Brewster, Potter, and Wood, and, finally, the highly finished monograph of Herschel, to which we have already referred, contain the golden threads, already refined and elaborated, out of which a more beautiful and perfect fabric might be constructed. A work very recently finished in Paris by the Abbé Moigno, entitled, *Répertoire d'Optique Moderne*, gives a complete analysis of modern labors in relation to the phenomena of light, and, although not itself after the model of a treatise, would be very convenient and suggestive in the preparation of such a book.

We have mentioned the tenacity with which Brewster clung to the corpuscular theory of light, as an obstacle in the way when he wrote his treatise on optics. But the book is open to farther criticism. It lacks salient points, which the pupil may quickly discern and fix in his own mind. Sometimes, it dissipates in too great detail, and does not always hold the balance with a firm and equal hand between those discoveries and inventions to which time has given its sanction, and novelties which have only a passing, momentary interest. Great caution is necessary not to overrate the recent progress of science, as compared with its former advancement; since even the steps of a giant, if measured from a distance, would appear no larger than those of a dwarf or an insect. Without the precaution at which we have hinted, the time arrives which reveals palpably the injustice and partiality of an author, and the punishment, which is not long delayed, awaits him, that his book becomes prematurely obsolete. We ought not to leave this subject without remarking, that the American teacher has within his reach two other elementary treatises on optics, one by Professor Bartlett, of West Point, and the

other by Professor Jackson, of Union College, each of which is well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

Other works have appeared in England, within a few years, which are related more or less closely to physical science. Among these we will particularize Daniell's Chemical Philosophy, Carpenter's Mechanical Philosophy, and Moseley's Illustrations of Mechanics. Illustrations of other branches of Natural Philosophy, by the professors of King's College, have been long promised, but have not yet come.

It will appear from the rapid and partial glance we have cast at the scientific literature of Great Britain and this country, that there are in the English language the materials for a satisfactory text-book on general physics, and that very good works on special physical subjects and for particular uses already exist. Is it not time that the other want should be felt, or if felt, should be supplied? Is it not time that some one of the eminent explorers of physical science in Great Britain or this country, should do for the men of this generation what Young, Robinson, and Leslie did for the last, and produce a work on general physics which shall rival those of Peschel, Pouillet, Lamé, Peclet, Müller, or Regnault?

Let us see to what extent the want in question really exists. We know of no work, originally written in English, which embodies recent discoveries in physical science, and truly represents its present state, so well as Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy. The first edition of this book was published at London in 1839. Its success is indicated by the fact that it was soon out of print, and a second edition was demanded in 1843, and a third in 1847. It is certainly a reproach to the physical science of those nations which speak the English language, to be indebted for the only prompt effort to diffuse its latest teachings to the necessities of a professional lecturer in Guy's Hospital, who, because he could not find in his language any work fit to be recommended to his pupils, set himself to work to make one. In the preface to the first edition, Dr. Bird gives the following explanation of his attempt at authorship.

"The best apology that can be offered for presenting this volume to public notice, will be found in the reason which suggested its compilation, namely, — the absence of any system of physics sufficiently extended to include all those subjects with which men

of education, especially members of a liberal and important profession like that of medicine, ought, and are required to be familiar with, and at the same time not too diffuse to disgust or weary the student."

Dr. Bird has given to his subject its widest signification. The general physical and mechanical properties of bodies, the laws of equilibrium and motion, when applied to the three great divisions of matter into solid, liquid, and gaseous, — the mechanical powers, — acoustics, magnetism, electricity, (mechanical, chemical, animal, magneto- and thermo-,) the geometrical and physical properties of light, polarized and unpolarized, optical instruments, thermotics, including the statical and dynamical laws of heat as applied to combined and radiant caloric, and photography, — all these subjects are fitly introduced, but they are treated with extreme brevity. Meanwhile the author has had his eyes wide open on the current movements in physical science, and the later editions have reaped the fruits of his enlarged studies and of the scientific activity of the age. We are gratified by notices, however short, of the researches of Melloni and Forbes, on radiant heat; of Herschel, Moser, Hunt, and Brookes, on photography and kindred subjects; of Dr. Davy, Faraday, and Matteucci, on animal electricity; of Breschet, Becquerel, and Crosse, on atmospheric electricity; of Grove, Smee, Bunsen, Daniell, Ohm, and Faraday, on voltaic electricity. We are astonished to find that there is room in so small a book for even the bare recital of so many subjects. Where every thing is treated succinctly, great judgment and much time are needed in making a selection and winnowing the wheat from the chaff. Dr. Bird has no need to plead the peculiarity of his position as a shield against criticism, so long as his book continues to be the best epitome in the English language of this wide range of physical subjects. He excels in those departments of chemistry and physics which come into close contact with the medical profession. The chapters on electricity, especially on physiologic electricity, are of this description. Voltaic electricity is presented in a form surpassed only by the admirable treatment it has received in Daniell's Introduction to Chemical Philosophy.

But Dr. Bird touches with a timid and unsteady hand other subjects, with which his favorite studies have not made him

familiar. His elements are particularly defective in those parts which involve geometrical conceptions, or require an accurate mathematical analysis to be so entirely understood that they may afterwards be correctly presented in other language. This criticism bears with force upon those parts of the book which relate to optics. For example, in paragraph 600, Dr. Bird, in attempting to explain the magnifying power of convex lenses, and the diminishing power of concave lenses, confounds the *border rays*, coming from the same part of an object as the central rays, with those which come from the *borders* of the *object*. Again, in the second part of the next paragraph, we read, "thus, it is evident, that in viewing an object through a lens, the longer the focal distance, the lesser apparent angle is it seen under, and *cæteris paribus*, the smaller it appears; whilst the shorter the focal length, the greater the apparent visual angle of the object, and the larger it appears." This is the reverse of what is true in reference to concave lenses.

We may take this opportunity of saying, that the simple rule ordinarily given for finding the magnifying power of a microscopic lens, — namely, to divide the distance of distinct vision by the principal focus of the lens, — will lead to confusion if it is applied to lenses in general. For, if the focal length of the lens were greater than the distance of distinct vision, the quotient of the rule would be less than unity, and the lens would diminish instead of magnifying, which is never true of any convex lens held close to the eye. The true principle may be stated in a few words. The rays which proceed from an object to the eye must fall within certain limits of divergency, in order that the object may be seen distinctly by that eye. This divergency decides the distance at which the object must be placed to be clearly seen; and this distance, determining, as it does, the apparent visual angle, fixes the visible size of the object. Any contrivance by which the distance of distinct vision is increased, is for the purpose of diminishing the visible size of the object; and any other contrivance by which this distance is diminished, serves to increase the visible size of the object. Concave lenses always make the emerging rays more diverging than the incident rays. Hence the object must be placed farther off, that the diminished divergency of the original rays may compensate for the

diverging action of the glass. Such a lens always diminishes. Convex lenses always make the emergent rays less diverging than the incident rays. Hence the object must be brought nearer, that the increased divergency of the original rays may check the converging action of the glass. Such a lens always magnifies.

In paragraph 603, Dr. Bird says: —

"On referring to the diagram of the course of rays refracted by a convex lens, it will be seen that the rays passing nearest the axis of the lens will be refracted to a focus at a greater distance from the glass than those which pass nearer the circumference. On holding a screen of ground glass near the focus of the central rays, a picture of an object on the other side will be seen very vivid in its centre, but less distinctly defined at its edges; on gradually withdrawing the screen, the marginal portion of the picture will become vivid as the centre loses its distinctness. Hence it is obvious, that no object can be seen with perfect distinctness in every part, through a convex lens, at the same moment, in consequence of this *spherical aberration*, as it is termed."

Here the author makes no distinction between the aberration of oblique pencils, and the aberration of the oblique rays of the central pencil. Besides, neither the one nor the other of these two aberrations appears by referring to the diagram indicated by the author.

In paragraph 655, we find this statement:

"With regard to the comparative rapidity of propagation of the two sets of undulations, into which light incident on a doubly refracting crystal is resolved, Huyghens has demonstrated that the difference between the squares of the rapidity is equal to unity divided by the square of the sine of the angle formed by the ray with the axis. In calcareous spar, the ordinary ray therefore moves with a greater velocity than the extraordinary one."

Now, but a slight acquaintance with mathematics is wanted to perceive that, when the internal ray is parallel to the axis, and the angle spoken of in the rule is equal to zero, unity divided by the square of the sine of this angle becomes infinite, and the difference between the velocities of the two rays infinite also; whereas, in fact, the two rays, in the case supposed, travel in the same direction and with the same velocity.

We have another instance of Dr. Bird's inaccurate analysis in paragraph 689. "On this account," he says, "no colors

were seen when the selenite was viewed without the analyzing plate or calc-spar, as *both* rays then reached the eye together, and produced a white image." The true reason why the colors in question are not seen without the analyzer is, that they are *produced* by the analyzer. In paragraph 27, we read: "The utmost elevation attained by the fluid in this arrangement is one half of that which would have taken place in tubes having their diameters equal to the distance between the plates; and being always inversely as this distance." We do not understand the meaning of this statement. The law is this: the elevation attained by the fluid in this arrangement at any distance from the angle of the plates is equal to one half of that which would have taken place in a tube whose diameter was equal to the interval between the plates at that point.

In paragraph 71, the student is thus instructed: "A cannon-ball, of three pounds' weight, possessing a velocity of three hundred feet in a second, will possess as much momentum, and strike any opposing substance with as much force, as one of thirty pounds moving at the rate of thirty feet per second, for $300 \times 3 = 30 \times 30$." The truth of this statement depends on the definition that is given of force, and we have no desire to stir the not yet extinguished embers of the protracted controversy on this subject. We will only say, that if the force of the ball is measured by the depth to which it can penetrate into a timber or into a column of men, the first ball has ten times the force of the second.

In paragraph 130, it is said, "when the pulleys are connected each to a separate string, the ends of the latter being attached, not to a beam, as in the last case, but to the resistance to be overcome, some mechanical loss is sustained, and equilibrium is obtained when $P : R : : 1 : (2^n - 1)$; 2^n being the power of two, whose index is the number of movable pulleys." This rule makes this arrangement only about one half as efficient as it really is.

Speaking of the magnetic needle, in paragraph 265, our author says: "The greatest variations ever observed were by the Chevalier de Langle, between Greenland and Labrador, amounting to 45° W., and by Captain Cook, in 60° S. latitude and 92° 35′ longitude, when the variation amounted to 43° 6′ east of the geographic meridian." Now, Captain

Ross, on the 31st of August, 1818, in latitude 74° N., and longitude 80½° W., observed a variation of 114°. Capt. J. C. Ross, in his cruise of 1840 – 1, observed a variation in the southern hemisphere of 114° 21′; and Lieut. Moore, in 1845, another amounting to 52° 17′.

In paragraph 592, Dr. Bird has omitted the value of the radius of the sphere, without which the statement has no meaning. He says, in paragraph 695, "An alteration in their size is also of constant occurrence, the rings being largest in the most refrangible, or violet, light, and smallest in red light." It is quite obvious that the very contrary is true. The author may have copied the mistake from his authorities, as we notice it frequently occurring in other books by some strange fatality. Herschell states the law incorrectly in the marginal reference to the subject, though it stands right in the body of the paragraph.

In paragraph 745, Dr. Bird makes the erroneous statement that the middle glass, sometimes introduced into compound microscopes, to increase the field of view, *increases* also the magnifying power. In paragraph 852, the relations of alum and rock-salt covered with soot to the unequally refrangible rays of heat are interchanged. The crude notions which Dr. Bird has of the optical doctrine of interference are manifested in the last sentence of paragraph 865.

We have made a collection of more than fifty other errors in the book, of every degree of importance. We have only space to refer the reader to paragraph 59, where there are two numerical errors; to the formulæ for falling bodies given in paragraph 91; to the laws of the pendulum as they are stated in paragraphs 105 and 108; to the effect of temperature on sound as mentioned in paragraph 226; to the principle of vibrating cords as represented in paragraph 237, C.; and to the algebraical formulæ which express the position of the foci of concave mirrors for diverging and converging rays, as these formulæ run in paragraphs 573 and 574. For accidental errors, either of the author or the press, and for improper expressions, (the result of too great haste in the preparation of the book,) we may refer to paragraphs 37, 47, 79, 84, 89, and many others.

After all the praise which we have been willing to bestow upon Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy, it is clear that

it is overrun by errors of all kinds and dimensions; errors which have sprung from an ignorance of mechanical laws and mathematical analysis, or which have originated in a careless literary execution. To these errors of thought and expression, we must add errors of the press, which are very numerous. Errors of this class are more excusable, and would readily be pardoned in this case, were it not that nearly all of them, and some more serious blunders, have been repeated in three editions of the book. As very considerable additions have been made to the work in successive editions, it will be understood, of course, that we do not mean to assert that the mistakes which occur in the new matter were also made in previous editions which did not contain this matter.

We need not insist upon the importance of every kind of accuracy (even that of the typography) to the usefulness of a text-book designed for elementary instruction. The pupil leans upon his text-book till he has reached an advanced stage of proficiency. In scientific works, wherever they relate to matters of fact, all who do not observe and experiment for themselves must rely upon the text-book. Our own intuitions cannot decide upon the truth or falsehood of an asserted fact. Sometimes a wide range of scientific knowledge may put a single individual right, by the power it gives him of confronting one asserted fact with others with which it is inconsistent. This can only happen in cases where something like a law has been discovered, and the application is not always easy even then. Some persons may think, that the liability of a text-book to errors exercises the mind of the student, forces him to reflect, to compare passage with passage, and fact with fact; and so cultivates independence of thought. With mature minds, this may sometimes be the effect. But whenever the learner's knowledge of a subject is imperfect, he can succeed in persuading himself that the book is right even where it is wrong, by some false view to which he has contrived to accommodate his ideas. Sooner or later, he finds that the book was wrong, and that he did wrong in yielding up his convictions so readily to it. The reaction is likely to make him afterwards too prompt to suspect his guide, and to turn off every new difficulty with this suspicion, and thus give up the exertion which is needed to understand the subject. If, therefore, a book contain scores of mistakes of

all kinds, the pupil is disheartened, his vanity is wounded when he discovers that what he professed to understand was self-contradictory and absurd, and he may be tempted to abandon the study of the subject altogether.

In 1848, an American edition of Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy was published at Philadelphia, which is a faithful transcript of the revised and enlarged third London edition. As this reprint is more likely to be generally consulted in this country than the English editions of the work, it would have been extremely fortunate for our own pupils, if the errors in the original, which we have pointed out, had been corrected in the American republication. But this is not the case, so far as we have examined, except in a single instance, where the number of the paragraph, which is printed incorrectly in the original work, is set right in the home edition. In every other example, errors of the most serious and the most trivial character, errors of analysis, errors of general statement, errors of style, errors of the press, errors of ignorance, and errors of careless haste, all are scrupulously copied and reproduced and perpetuated, to the detriment of the American student, as they had already been repeated and transmitted in the successive London editions. As they have survived four editions and eleven years of scrutiny, or want of scrutiny, perhaps they will go on undisturbed to poison the minds of all those who come to the book for guidance and instruction. An intelligent proof-reader in a well-regulated printing-office, without any special scientific or literary acquirements, would have been a guaranty against some of these errors.

For example, in paragraph 713, we read "Another process is that of M. Fresnal [Fresnel] by allowing a ray of plane polarized light, A B, to suffer two reflections from the internal surfaces of a parallelopipedon of crown-glass, where [whose] acute angles, K L, are inclined at 54° 30′ and when [whose] obtuse ones M N are equal consequently to 126." A little farther on we have *heat* instead of *light*. All the errors, corrected by us in brackets, are faithfully retained in the various editions of the work. The same is true in other places, where we have *elliptic* instead of *ellipse*, *Bibot* for *Biot*, *cubic* for *cube*, 2500 instead of 250; and in many passages, where a letter or word has been accidentally

changed or omitted at first, and the error is preserved inviolate.

We cannot refrain from saying a word in praise of the substantial paper, the clear typography, and the distinct woodcuts of the English editions, as contrasted with the poor paper, blurred illustrations, and dirty type of the American reprint. We have some regard for the eyes as well as the intellects of young students. We fear much that the infirmity of vision, which has increased so alarmingly among young and old, is aggravated, if it is not occasioned, by poring over the dim and crowded pages of some of our recently published text-books.

Whoever is in need of an elementary treatise on general physical science, and does not find his want satisfied by Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy, must take refuge in the recent translations of one or two foreign works on physics. A translation of that portion of Despretz's Physics which relates to the mutual action of voltaic currents, was published in the second edition of Farrar's Electricity and Magnetism. An excellent treatise on the Elements of Physics (*Lehrbuch der Physik*) was published at Leipsic, in 1844, by C. F. Peschel, Principal of the Royal Military College at Dresden. A translation of the work into English, with notes, by E. West, appeared at London in 1845–6, in three volumes. A republication of this translation, made in proper style and corrected in a few particulars, would be a valuable text-book in American colleges. The translation of a foreign work, especially a German work, has this advantage, for those who speak the English language, over one written originally in their native tongue; it contains facts and describes instruments with which they are less familiar, either in their own language, or in French. Those parts of Peschel's work which discuss the subject of light, and of undulations in general, are full of merit. The book addresses the reader in popular, rather than in mathematical language; and if, on this account, it were less serviceable to one who desired to exhaust all the analytical intricacies of these subjects than such works as those of Lamé or Moigno, it is more freely accessible to the majority of those who frequent our halls of education. We have not had an opportunity of comparing the translation of Peschel with the original, and

therefore we dismiss it for the present with the remark, that the work itself is unsurpassed by any general treatise on physics that can be found in any language.

In 1844, Johann Müller, Professor of Physics and Technology in the University of Freiburg, in Breisgau, published a treatise under the following title: "*Pouillet's Lehrbuch der Physik und Meteorologie, für Deutsche Verhältnisse frei bearbeitet.*" Pouillet's *Eléménts de Physique* is well known and highly valued in this country, as well as in France. It has passed through five editions, but has never been directly translated into English. A translation into our own language of this standard work would be a valuable addition to the scientific equipment of those who cannot study it in the original. The aim of Müller, in translating Pouillet's work into German, was not unlike that of Dr. Bird in the preparation of his Elements. It was, as we learn from the preface to the first edition, to meet the wants of general readers and young students, rather than to teach men of science; to furnish a manual of the most useful portions of physics to such as are engaged in kindred branches of science or of the arts which are cognate to them, — as chemists, physicians, pharmaceutists, technologists, political economists, &c. To accomplish this purpose, it was sometimes necessary to depart from a bare translation of the original French, to modify the old, and add much that was new. It was a principal object to discard, whenever it was possible, all mathematical formulæ, and to illustrate and explain, when it would not answer to reject them; so that every thing in the book might be intelligible to such as possessed only the rudiments of mathematics. The portions of the work which treat of molecular action and of acoustics have been least altered from the original, and those which relate to the mechanical laws have suffered the greatest change. The French writers on physics only touch upon mechanics. To make his work fit for the purpose he had in view, Müller treats more at length of the parallelogram of forces, of the lever and balance, of the free fall of bodies, of the laws of the pendulum, of specific gravity, the aerometer, and the expansion of gases by heat. The steam-engine is illustrated, and the laws of magnetism are enriched by an elementary statement of the researches of Gauss, — researches

which are not noticed at all in the original work. The chapters which discuss galvanism Müller claims as almost entirely his own; particularly the part which relates to the chemical influence of the circuit. Important changes have been introduced into the chapters which treat of electrical induction; also into those which develop the laws of optics, especially physical optics, as diffraction, polarization, and double refraction, in which the reader will find little in common with Pouillet. "I have sought here," says Müller, "to unfold in the most elementary and intuitive manner the elements of the wave theory." In regard to that part of Pouillet's treatise which relates to meteorology, Müller speaks thus: "Pouillet's meteorology, in the opinion of all intelligent men, corresponds so little to the latest point of view of German science, that a complete change was necessary in it. Such a change, for which I have made use of the resources and particularly the lectures on meteorology of Kämtz,* is in many respects a very difficult task. I can only hope that my attempt may not have utterly failed."

This work of Müller met with so welcome a reception that a second edition was demanded immediately after the completion of the first. Inferring from this great success that the plan of the work, in spite of many faults of detail, appeased an urgent want in the community to which it was addressed, Müller proposes to adhere to it still more rigidly in the second edition. Universal intelligibleness, he says, is the point at which I aim. To this end, the arrangement of the whole work is so altered that the subjects follow each other in a natural order, and the injudicious separation of the laws of heat into two parts is avoided. The laws of sound and light follow the mechanical parts. But it is not in arrangement only that the second edition is an improvement upon the first. All over the work, additions as well as improvements are found, and a radical change is made in the portions given to acoustics. In consideration of all these alterations, begun in the first edition, and continued and multiplied in the second, so as to leave in the latter little which belongs to the French work, Müller felt himself justified in altering the title of the new edition so as to read, "*Lehrbuch der Physik und Me-*

* Erroneously spelt Kaemptz in No. 148 of this Review.

teorologie, von Dr. J. Müller, &c. Als zweite umgearbeitete und vermehrte Auflage der Bearbeitung von Pouillet's Lehrbuch der Physik." In 1847, the third and last edition of Müller's book was published. The most important discovery, in the opinion of the author, which had intervened between the publication of this and the previous edition, was Faraday's discovery of diamagnetism, and of the change in the plane of polarization which is effected by magnetic and voltaic currents in a ray of polarized light which is passing through a diamagnetic substance. This pregnant experiment of Faraday establishes, as Müller thinks, an important relation between light and electricity. In our opinion, the relation is not different in character from that which Brewster and Fresnel had long ago found to exist between light on the one hand and mechanical and calorific disturbance of the molecular arrangement on the other. In this last edition, the laws of heat have been enriched by the fruits of Regnault's labors, and the laws of light by the prismatic analysis of the colors of interference. In other respects, the third edition is the same as the second. For the benefit of those who had purchased the earlier editions, Müller has published his additions and improvements in two supplements, which are sold separately from the whole work.

The peculiarities to which we have adverted in Müller's book mark it as one exceedingly well adapted to general students. What they require is a sweeping view of the whole subject of physics, such as suits the demands made upon every man of liberal education, and can be compassed without extensive mathematical attainments. On this account, we are persuaded that a translation of Müller's work by any competent person, who had the heart to undertake it, would be at once installed as a text-book in our colleges, and would meet the approbation of teachers and professors of physical science generally. Müller has also published, under the title of "*Grundriss der Physik und Meteorologie*," two editions of a still more elementary work on physics than the one we have just noticed. This new work is mainly identical with the *Lehrbuch*, after the latter has been reduced to about half the number of pages and illustrations contained in its original form. Wherever the course of physical instruction is very limited as to time and completeness, this miniature copy of

Müller's Physics will be preferred to the larger work. This abridgment, in which the reader will recognize very little that belongs to Pouillet's treatise, (which was the stock on which these various publications were engrafted,) was translated and printed in English in 1847, under the title of "Principles of Physics and Meteorology." The translator, whose initials correspond with the name of one of the translators of Humboldt's Cosmos, speaks thus of his task: "Of the manner in which the translator has executed his task, it behooves him to say nothing; he has attempted nothing more than a plain and nearly literal version of the original." This translation was republished at Philadelphia in 1848, and we give the following extract from the publishers' preface.

"In preparing it, the American publishers have availed themselves of the services of a competent editor, who has made various alterations and additions. . . . . Articles have also been added on the electro-magnetic telegraph, electrotype, steam-engine, &c., with the necessary illustrations, while various errors of importance, which had escaped the London editor, have been corrected. The publishers hope that the care exercised in the revision of the work, and the accuracy of the text, which it has been their aim to secure, will be deemed of sufficient importance to enhance the value of a work which has already received deservedly high commendation."

We have had an opportunity of examining both editions of this translation, and have made a laborious comparison of the American edition with the original German. We selected the American edition for this purpose, as being the one in which our own teachers and students were most interested. We regret to say, as we must, after a close examination, that the translation is neither an intelligent nor a careful one, that it is often inelegant and awkward, that it contains some extraordinary words, and frequently perverts the sense of the original. There are numerous other mistakes, which are the fault either of the translator or the printer; if they are chargeable to the latter, the typographical accuracy of the book is of a low order. We have made a collection of one hundred and fifty mistakes, of every description and degree, in the American edition, and, with only two or three exceptions, they have all been copied from the English edition. The errors in the translation are such as no one, acquainted with the

subject of the book, could ever have made ; and the accidental errors, as we are willing to regard them, in the English edition of the translation, are mostly such as an American editor, with a little reflection and a very little science, might have detected and corrected. The American publishers assure the reader that various errors of importance, which had escaped the London editor, have been corrected. We can assure the reader that one hundred and fifty errors, none wholly unimportant, and many of considerable magnitude, have escaped the scrutiny of the competent American editor, and disfigure the reprint as they had already disfigured the London edition, of which the reprint is little better than a blind copy. We are aware that several wholesale additions and alterations have been made; but no thought has been exercised in the details of the work, and the attempt of the editor to reduce the centigrade thermometrical degrees, which were retained by the London editor, to Fahrenheit's scale, has been carried out so clumsily and imperfectly as to be quite untrustworthy.

We propose to give a few specimens of the various errors to which we have referred, as illustrative of the genus to which they belong. We will first notice some of the errors of translation; and in all our references we shall use the pages of the American edition. We must add that we have compared the translation, not with the first German edition from which it was made, but with the second German edition. It is possible that some of the errors to which we shall allude are chargeable on the original work, and have been corrected in the second edition. We do not believe, however, from the character of the errors, that the translator will be able frequently to offer this plea or defence.

On page 111, *Oberflache* is translated *upper surface*, though the word means *surface* simply, and the context shows that in this passage it was really the *under surface* which was spoken of by the author.

On page 176, *Die wir gleich näher betrachten werden* (which we shall consider presently) is rendered, *which we proceed to consider more attentively.* It is surprising the translator was not struck by the fact that the author, after so fair a promise, did *not* proceed to consider the subject.

On page 197, we read, "The laws of the passage of gases

through openings in thin walls, and through conducting pipes, are analagous to those bodies of liquid with which we have become acquainted;" *sind denjenigen ganz entsprechend, welche wir schon bei tropfbar flüssigen körpern kennen gelernt haben.*

On page 388, *kugel* is translated *body*, instead of *sphere*, although the whole point of the sentence depends on this word. On the next page, *dünner* is translated so as to refer to *density* instead of *bulk;* although this translation destroys the meaning of the sentence. Moreover, *dichter*, which means *more dense*, and is so rendered by the translator, occurs twice in the paragraph in which the mistake is made.

On page 411, we are thus directed: "and to effect this, it is only necessary to hold one pole in one hand, (*in der hand*, in the hand,) while we touch with the other *hand* (*mit der andern*, with the other pole) the plate or the ball of the electromotor."

On the bottom of page 528, we begin to read, "the temperature of the vessel falls, however, simultaneously, as all the heat which had been combined is given off at once by the energetic formation of steam." Then it is surprising that the temperature should fall, if so much heat is given off. The original is, *Gleichzeitig aber sinkt die Temperatur des Gefässes, weil er alle die Wärme liefern muss, welche auf einmal bei der heftigen Dampfbildung gebunden wird;* that is — "but at the same time the temperature of the vessel falls, because it must supply all the heat which is made latent at once in the energetic formation of the steam."

On page 600, we read, "they (the rain-drops) increase in size, however, as they fall, owing to the vapor of the strata of air becoming condensed, on which account they fall." *Sie werden aber während des Fallens grösser, weil sie wegenihrer geringeren Temperatur die Wasserdämpfe der Luftschichten verdichten, durch welche sie herabfallen.* "But they become larger as they descend, because, on account of their lower temperature, they condense the water-vapor of the strata of air through which they fall." In the next paragraph, *jederzeit* (at any time) is translated *every time*, so as to make nonsense.

On page 609, *namentlich, wenn die Tropfen in einer nur etwas bedeutenden Entfernung vom Auge sich befinden,* is

rendered, "especially when the drops occur at *only a slight*, (at a considerable,) distance from the eye." On page 238, *bei den Durtonarten*, (in the major key,) is rendered "*through the gamuts;*" and below, *bei den Molltonarten*, (in the minor key,) is translated, "*in the soft-toned gamuts.*" On page 392, *die eine Belegung* is translated, "*the one coated surface;*" and not, as it should be, "one of the coated surfaces." On page 533, we read, "The cold water, which enters the condensing tube, flows forth from the other end heated." It should be, "The water which enters the lower end of the condensing tube cold, flows forth from the upper end heated." *Das Kühlwasser, welches am untern Ende des Kühlrohrs kalt zufliesst, fliesst am obern Ende des Kühlrohrs erwärmt wieder ab.*

On page 180, *wenn wir in diesen Werth von c′ den eben abgeleiteten Werth von g′ setzen*, (if we introduce into this value of c′ the value of g′ just obtained,) is translated, "if we add the value of g′ to this value of c′." On page 239, *Temperatur*, which the context shows must mean, in this case, *musical temperament*, is translated, *temperature*. On page 354, *Folgepunkte*, which in magnets means *consecutive points*, is translated *successive stoppages*. On page 398, *Blitzröhren*, which in electricity means *lightning tubes*, is translated *lightning conductors*. On page 556, *Ekliptic*, which means *ecliptic* in English, is translated *elliptic*. On the next page, *Gestirne*, which means *stars*, is translated *planets*. On page 570, and throughout, *isotheren*, which means *isotheral*, is confounded with *isothermische*, which occurs a few pages before, and is rendered by the same word, *isothermal;* that is, the lines of equal *summer* heat are confounded with the lines of equal temperature. On page 581, *indem* (because) is translated *although;* and on page 594, *oder* (or) is translated *otherwise;* and the sense is ruined in both cases.

Let us see now some of the more trivial errors, which, whether originally caused by the carelessness of the translator or the printer, are copied by the American editor. A competent editor would have detected and corrected them on the most hasty perusal. At the top of page 573, we read, "These differences are owing to the more easy absorption and radiation of heat, which becomes heated and again cooled more rapidly than the sea, which, *by the continent*, is every-

where of a uniform nature." The words in italics are out of place, and should follow the word *heat.*

On page 39, we have *by,* where we should have *and.* On page 55, *mit Worten* (in words) reads *inwards.* On page 61, we have *quantity* instead of *gravity.* On page 109, we have *minor* for *inner;* on page 132, we have *friction* for *piston;* on page 137, *close* for *strong;* on page 150, *on equal terms,* for *in equal times* (in gleichen Zeiten); on page 153, *m* for *n*; on page 170, *rebound* for *does not rebound;* on page 173, *check* for *clock;* on page 234, *end* and *middle* change places; on page 241, we have *sure note,* instead of *pure note;* on page 262, *focus* for *centre;* on page 268, *vertical* for *imaginary;* on page 430, *polatine* for *positive;* on page 481, *Mobile* for *Nobili*; on page 507, *pass* for *press* (drücken); on page 545, *transparent* for *nontransparent;* on page 578, *thermometer* for *barometer,* twice; on page 581, *land wind* for *sea wind;* on page 596, *they* for *it;* on page 601, *decreases* for *increases;* on page 607, *transitive state* for *transition state.* On pages 161, 189, 225, 236, 544, 588, &c., words are omitted so as to obscure the sense, though the omissions can be readily detected if the passages are read with attention.

We have alluded to the occasional want of elegance and literary exactness in the translation. This defect is of less importance in a scientific work than a misstatement of facts and laws; therefore we shall illustrate it with great brevity. On page 121, we read, "In order that two different columns of fluid should be equipoised, it is *necessary* that their height *must be* inversely as their densities." Again, on page 244, "Such a system forms a whole, which, if a point be made to vibrate, will be like a single solid body *divided* into separate vibrating parts, divided by nodes of oscillation." On page 96, *oben* is translated *superiorly.* We also encounter such unusual words as *doubtlessly* and *closure.* Perhaps the latter word could not be avoided without changing the form of the sentence.

The decimal system of weights and measures and the centigrade thermometer are used exclusively by Müller. We should rejoice to see the metrical system (with the exception of the centigrade thermometer, which is not a natural part of the system) introduced into English and American science,

that the metre might go round the earth in use, as it does by its multiplied extension. It is time that a delivery should come to all men from the uncertainty, complexity, and instability of *long measure* and *short measure*, of *Troy weight*, *avoirdupois weight*, and *apothecaries' weight*; of *dry measure*, *beer measure*, and *wine measure*. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English standard of length was an old poker, which, being once broken, was joined together carelessly, and still continued in use. Certainly some improvement has taken place upon this state of things; but the weights and measures used in Great Britain and this country, in simplicity, symmetry, and consistency, are not to be compared with those of the decimal system. The metre has but one value over the whole world; the foot means a different thing in every different petty principality of Europe, and is almost as various as if each individual should use his own foot as the standard of length. We think that the English translator has acted wisely in retaining the metrical standards used by Müller, giving only a short table of the values of the principal ones in English measures, a table which the American editor has materially enlarged. We think, however, that it would have been better if the centigrade degrees had been reduced to Fahrenheit's scale, as the latter possesses advantages over all others, though itself confessedly imperfect. In one instance, the translator has forgot himself and reduced the temperature to Fahrenheit's scale.

"For a temperature of 68°, [20° in the original,] for instance, the maximum of the force of tension of steam is 17.3 millimetres, and the corresponding density of the steam, 0.00001718; in a vacuum of one cubic metre, at a temperature of at most 68° [20° in the original,] 17.18 grms. of water may be contained in the form of vapor."

In the first place, there is a grave error in the translation, which a thoughtful reader would have paused to correct. The latter part of it should be, "in a vacuum of one cubic metre, at a temperature of 68°, 17.18 grms. of water at most may be contained in the form of vapor." Our American editor allows this mistake to pass; he also overlooks the fact that the temperature in this passage was expressed in Fahrenheit's scale, (a fact, which the table on page 504, enlarged somewhat by himself, would have taught him, if he had consulted it); and so, to make matters sure, he reduces the

Fahrenheit degrees again to Fahrenheit; makes another original blunder by writing, in the place where the temperature is last mentioned, 78° for 68°, and reducing it as such, when it should not have been reduced at all; so that the whole passage reads thus:

"For a temperature of 68° (154° F.) for instance, the maximum of the force of tension of steam is 17.3 millimetres, (.633 in.) and the corresponding density of the steam, 0.00001718; in a vacuum of one cubic metre (27.0.3 cubic feet,) therefore, at a temperature of at most 78° (172° F.) 17.18 grms. (264.93 grs.) of water may be contained in the form of vapor." pp. 591–2.

The explanation of the American editor's original blunder is not to his credit. On the same page of the English edition, in two other passages, 78° is written erroneously for 68°. The American editor copies both these mistakes, makes two other mistakes in reducing each number to Fahrenheit, and then volunteers an additional change of 78° for 68°, where it stands right in the English edition. By such a tissue of blunders, the confiding student is misled, and the time of even an accomplished scientific man is wasted in discovering and avoiding the error.

A paragraph on page 537 contains three mistranslations, which the American editor has copied, and to which he has added one error of omission and seven of commission. Some of the positive errors were occasioned by reducing the centigrade degrees to Fahrenheit's, and not making any account of the mistranslations. Others are the result of another sort of carelessness, — that is, of reducing part of the paragraph to Fahrenheit's scale, and not other parts numerically associated with the former.

"If we assume that a platinum ball weighing 200 grms. (3088 grs.) warmed to 212°, has been immersed in a mass of water of 105 grms. (1621 grs.) at 59°, and has raised its temperature, by its own cooling, to 68°, that is, has heated the water 9°, it is clear, that the 200 grms. (3088 grs.) of platinum must be cooled down *to* 176°, in order to heat 105 grms. (1621 grs.) of water 9°. The same amount of heat that has been yielded by the platinum ball would, therefore, also have sufficed to raise the temperature of 525 grms. (8108 grs.) of water (1.8°.) If the platinum ball had only weighed one grm. (15.444 grs.) the amount of heat given off by it, *at* a depression of temperature of 176°, would be able to warm only $\frac{525}{200}$, ($\frac{8108}{3088}$ grs.) or 2.625 grms.

(grs.) of water, (1.8°,) or 1 grm. (15.444 grs.) of water 2.625°. Hence, it follows, that the same amount of heat that raises the temperature of 1 grm. (15.444. grs.) of platinum 176°, can only raise an equal mass of water 2.625°; platinum thus requires only $\frac{2,625}{80}$, that is, 0.0328 times less heat that an equal *quantity* of water, to experience an equal variation of temperature; the specific heat of platinum is consequently, 0.0328."

This statement, so absurdly and variously inconsistent with itself, should be thus: —

"If we assume that a platinum ball weighing 200 grms. (3088 grs.) warmed to 212°, has been immersed in a mass of water of 105 grms. (1621 grs.) at 59°, and has raised its temperature, by its own cooling, to 68°, that is, has heated the water 9°, it is clear that the 200 grms. (3088 grs.) of platinum must be cooled down by (*um*) 144°, in order to heat 105 grms. (1621 grs.) of water 9°. The same amount of heat that has been yielded by the platinum ball would, therefore, also have sufficed to raise the temperature of 525 grms. (8108 grs.) of water 1.8°. If the platinum ball had only weighed 1 grm. (15.444 grs.) the amount of heat given off by it, by (*bei*) a depression of temperature of 144°, would be able to warm only $\frac{525}{200}$ ($\frac{8108}{3088}$) or 2.625 grms. (40.54 grs.) of water 1.8°, or 1 grm. (15.444 grs.) of water 4.725°. Hence it follows, that the same amount of heat that raises the temperature of 1 grm. (15.444. grs.) of platinum 144°, can only raise an equal mass of water 4.725°; platinum thus requires only $\frac{4725}{144}$, that is, 0.0328 times less heat than an equal mass (*Wassermasse*) of water, to experience an equal variation of temperature;" &c.

These are not the only dilemmas into which the American editor has fallen in his ambition to improve upon the English edition. On page 496, —10° of the centigrade scale is put down as —18° of Fahrenheit, instead of +14°. In the second paragraph, which treats of latent heat, (also on page 496,) the degrees are reduced to Fahrenheit; in paragraphs fourth, fifth, and sixth, they are not; and yet they are intimately related. The subject closes up with a mistranslation. "Pulverized Glauber's salts, over which muriatic acid has been poured, give a fall of temperature of (from) +50 to —1.4 F." On page 532 we read, —

"We have already stated, that, for the unit of heat, that quantity of heat is assumed which is requisite to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water 1°; to raise the temperature of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of water to the same amount, 5.5 are therefore necessary, and

550 such units of heat to raise the temperature of this mass 212°."

Here the American editor was in straits. If he did not reduce the degrees of the thermometer to Fahrenheit, there would be a want of sequence between this paragraph and the preceding; if he did, there was a glaring inconsistency between this paragraph and the statement on page 496, to which he refers in it. He concludes to reduce, reduces incorrectly, and forgets that he has reduced at all. The last portion of the passage, reduced to Fahrenheit, should stand thus: "to raise the temperature of $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of water to the same amount, 5.5 are therefore necessary, and 990 such units of heat to raise the temperature of this mass 180°."

After this, we can hardly be surprised that Müller's remarks on the pressure and motions and clearness of the air in Europe, in which he makes use of the expressions, "in our districts," and "in our latitudes," should be allowed to stand unmodified, as if they were just as applicable to the eastern shores of this continent as to the western shores of Europe. And here again, page 580, the meaning of the author is weakened by a bad translation. "This is, however, only, as we have before remarked, an average rule; for the sky is often cloudy with a northeast wind, and clear with one coming from the southwest; the statement is in so far true as that the barometer stands high or low according to which of these two winds prevails, the remark in the latter case being nearly true on the average." *Sie ist jedoch in derselben Ausdehnung wahr wie die, dass bei Nordostwind das Barometer hoch, bei Südwestwind dagegen tief steht: dies ist auch nicht immer, sondern nur im Durchschnitte wahr.* "It is true to the same extent as this, that the barometer stands high in a northeast wind, and, on the contrary, low in a southwest wind; but this also is not always true, but only on the average."

The English edition of the translation of Müller's work appears comely in its white dress and clear typographical expression; the beautiful and abundant wood-cuts, (of which there are more than five hundred,) by which it is illustrated are an ornament to it. The American edition, also, is refreshing to the eye to behold in these days of dusky paper and small type. Both editions of the translation have closely imitated

the style of the German illustrations, which are very excellent, especially in the parts which refer to the wave theory of light. The white lines upon the dark ground, suggesting to the student his chalk and blackboard, are a gratifying novelty in the garniture of a text-book. The eye is also captivated by two colored plates, on the colors of diffraction and polarization, which are only surpassed by the exquisite plates on the same subjects in Pouillet's Physics. It is certainly to be regretted, that the two editions of the translation which we are considering, though so pleasant to the sight, should turn to bitterness when tasted. It is to be regretted, that the publishers at home and abroad could not afford to pay as liberally for the literary, scientific, and typographical accuracy of their publication, as for the outside show with which it should parade before the public. We have no doubt that the translator, badly as the work is done, fulfilled his contract with the publishers, by expending all the time and labor upon it for which he was paid. If the English publishers did not reward the author for his work, generosity would dictate that they should not injure his reputation by a false translation of his ideas. If the American publishers saved the expense of the translation, the translator might fairly claim, that, if his errors were not corrected, they should not, at least, be aggravated by the American editor; and the public might expect to enjoy the luxury of being mistaught without paying an exorbitant price for it.

A necessity is laid upon men, which will compel them to use both of the works at which we have taken exceptions, (Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy, and the translation of Müller's Principles of Physics and Meteorology,) until better books are written, or good books are better translated. How low must be the standard of scientific scholarship in Great Britain and in this country, if those who use these text-books of science are satisfied, or, though not satisfied, if they are unable to dispense with them! How long shall it be true, that the best English works on general physics, as developed at the present day, are translations from foreign treatises; and that these translations are so inaccurate that they cannot with safety be put into the hands of the pupil? How long shall it be true, that books which profess to teach the exact sciences are overrun with blunders which would disfranchise any literary production?

ART. VI. — *Propositions concerning Protection and Free Trade.* By WILLARD PHILLIPS. Boston: Little & Brown. 1850. 12mo. pp. 233.

QUESTIONS of science, especially in the moral sciences, when their determination seems likely to affect the material interests of rival classes in the state, are not likely to be dispassionately weighed, or fairly answered. In vain are the eager disputants reminded of the fundamental distinction between a science and an art, — that the former relates exclusively to the formal evolution, whether by inductive or deductive logic, of abstract principles, while the latter alone is concerned with the application of these principles to the practical business of life. The application of the principle seems easy and obvious; it is taken for granted that it can be applied but in one way, and that without limitations or exceptions. The consequences of such application are found to be offensive, or perhaps injurious; and those who are harmed by it are then tempted to quarrel, not merely with the faulty reduction of the theory to practice, but with the theory itself, — with the fundamental principle, it may be, of a well approved and almost universally recognized science. Thus, mutual jealousy and dislike are needlessly fostered between speculative and practical men, as they are called; the former are led to despise the short-sightedness of those who rely only upon the familiar lessons of daily experience, while the latter regard with contemptuous pity the abstract theorems concocted by a dreamy professor in his closet. Both are right, when they confine themselves within the proper limits of their respective vocations; both are wrong, when, consciously or unconsciously, they transcend those limits. The lessons of experience are adequate to modify the rules of art, but they cannot shake the principles of science; for science is but a larger generalization of experience, or else a deduction from those primary principles on which the validity of all experience depends. It is a safer course, to say the least, to call in question the applicability of the principle to the particular case, than boldly to deny the principle itself in all its generality, or to affirm that the science, of which it forms a part, has no

secure foundation. It may turn out, on farther examination, that the supposed exception tends only to confirm the rule.

These remarks are particularly applicable when we come to treat of the science of political economy and the art of legislation, with a view to the promotion of great national interests and the growth of national opulence. They are particularly applicable here in America, where our situation, in reference to the main elements of national prosperity, is wholly peculiar. We are separated by a wide waste of ocean from all the other great commercial and manufacturing nations of the earth. Our population, though it has become absolutely large, is small when compared with the vast extent of territory that it occupies. We have the elements of agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial wealth in great abundance; but many of them are yet undeveloped, and the question, in what order they are to be brought out, whether they are to grow simultaneously or successively, is a serious and difficult one. Besides, the science of political economy to us is one of foreign origin, as it has been but little cultivated by native thinkers. Principles which, if not immediately deduced from the experience of England and France, have been chiefly considered in their application to the people of those two countries, need to be defined and limited anew before they are brought across the broad Atlantic. It behooves us to study European systems of political economy with diligence and caution before we make much use of them under circumstances so dissimilar from those which first suggested them. But it also behooves us not to reject the whole science in a pet, because we have discovered that some of its dogmas are not suited to our position, and do not meet our wants.

The author of these Propositions concerning Protection and Free Trade is an able and earnest advocate of a protective policy, as best suited to the condition and interests of the United States. In this respect, we very heartily agree with him; we accept many of his arguments, and think that he has very clearly exposed the fallacies and unsound reasoning of those who have maintained that the principles of free trade ought to govern the present course of American legislation. But we do not believe that the science of political economy is responsible for their blunders, their imperfect observation, and their want of skill in reducing scientific principles to practice

under peculiar circumstances. Certainly, it is not politic to maintain, that the American protectionists must begin by attempting to overturn the whole edifice erected by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Senior, McCulloch, and Mill, and proving that these writers are wholly undeserving of credit. Whatever errors Adam Smith may have committed, he must be regarded as the founder of a science, which, for the last half century, in every civilized country on earth, has more directly affected and controlled the material interests and daily pursuits of men than any discovery or pure speculation that has been made since the revival of letters; and which is even now exerting an influence that can hardly be measured upon the legislation and economical polity of all nations that are not sunk in barbarism. This assertion may seem to be unwarrantably sweeping; but it is supported by the high authority of Sir James Mackintosh, who, when speaking of Adam Smith's great work on the Wealth of Nations, remarked that it is "perhaps the only book which produced an immediate, general, and irrevocable change in some of the most important parts of the legislation of all civilized states." In a few years after its publication, he went on to say, "it began to alter laws and treaties, and has made its way throughout the convulsions of revolution and conquest, to a due ascendant over the minds of men, with far less than the average of those obstructions of prejudice and clamor which ordinarily choke the channels through which truth flows into practice."

Twenty years have elapsed since Mackintosh pronounced this opinion; and during these twenty years, the influence of Adam Smith's science of political economy has been even more conspicuous and direct than it was during the period of which he spoke. It has shaped the polity of nations; its principles are embodied on almost every page of commercial law; it has guided the most important applications of national industry; it has done more than all other causes united to put a stop to the practice of international war. Though its doctrines have been somewhat modified, and large additions have been made to it, it is still, in the main, what we have called it, Adam Smith's science. His successors have built mainly upon the foundations which he laid, and the structure has risen in general conformity with the plan which he sketched out. Among all the moral sciences, there is no other which

bears the name of its founder so distinctly engraven upon its front, or which retains so large a proportion of the doctrines that he first promulgated.

It is a misfortune, then, for any proposed measure or act of public policy, that it can be supported only in opposition to the doctrines of Adam Smith, and by discrediting his authority and that of the science which he established. We certainly do not believe that such a course is necessary before we can offer a satisfactory defence of what is properly called the American policy, of offering adequate protection to domestic manufactures by duties which shall restrict the importation of foreign goods. Yet Mr. Phillips has adopted this course, and, as it seems to us, with needless asperity of language. He has thereby, we think, only weakened the cause which he is endeavoring to support, and created a prejudice which lessens the effect of his own arguments. He has done so much, by his previous writings, to illustrate and defend the principles of economical science, that we cannot now suspect him of a wish to overturn the whole edifice for the mere purpose of establishing his favorite policy upon its ruins. Yet his language, if strictly construed, seems more than once to indicate such an intention. It is but fair, however, to quote from the Preface to the work now before us the explanation which he offers of the results of his studies, and the consequent effect upon his feelings.

"I should be happy to believe that there is little at stake, and that the doctrines of free trade do not tend directly to the distress, decay, and political subordination and degradation of this country, and the too great entanglement of its industry and interests with those of other nations. But it has not happened to me in thus devoting my attention more particularly to these inquiries, as it did some thirty years ago. Being then imbued with that economical creed which is taught in our public seminaries, I had occasion to attempt its vindication, against the aggressions then supposed to be made on commerce by the useful arts, through protective legislation; and I had the good fortune or misfortune, on investigating the subject anew, to convert myself to the opinions I had undertaken to combat. I came out with the thorough conviction that the science, which seemed so luminous to those at the feet of the Gamaliels, consisted very much of groundless postulates and sophistry. I could not divest myself wholly of a feeling of resentment at having been imposed upon. It is possible that this senti-

ment may sometimes tinge my phraseology. If it does so, I will rely upon your accepting the cause as my apology, if you are not on the side of free trade; if you are upon that side, you will take it in good part, without any apology; for no persons are less sparing than the advocates of that doctrine, in applying uncomplimentary epithets to such as cannot say 'Shibboleth.'" pp. 4, 5.

Reactions sometimes go too far. A change of opinion, if radical and sweeping, is likely to be defended with some degree of personal feeling intermingled with the desire to serve the interests of science and the cause of truth. In no other way can we account for the warmth of feeling and severity of expression which characterize such passages as the following.

"I more especially and hopefully address these propositions, not only to those who have not examined the subject, but also to persons* who, having wandered into the mysticisms of free trade, in their incipient cogitations upon social phenomena and social destiny, have too easily acquiesced in *the enormous sophisms and inconsistencies of Adam Smith and his echoes*, and are free from pride of opinion, *esprit du corps*, or other bias, to hinder them from revising their opinions candidly." pp. 110, 111.

"If you doubt whether I am giving a genuine specimen of the logical deductions of the economical science of Adam Smith, and Mr. Walker, and the agents of foreign manufacturers in our seaports, it is because you have not read the secretary's report, and the treatises of free-trade economists, and the profound articles on this subject in the free-trade periodicals; and I accordingly have the honor of initiating you into that transcendent science." p. 180.

"This signal commonplace of free trade [that capital withdrawn from one employment will be turned to account in some other] is *characterized no less by cool contumely to misfortune, than outrage to the common sense of mankind.* You meet with it in all the free-trade essays, great and small, from Adam Smith downward." p. 107.

"I speak of the theory [of free trade] as being, at the outset, a dreamy hallucination, made up of fallacious, sophistical assumptions, the reproduction and reiteration of which, at this time of day, after so many unanswered and unanswerable expositions and experimental demonstrations of its utterly false and shammy character, call to mind the profound Mr. Jenkinson's learned discourse on Sanconiathon, Berosius, and cosmogony, to which one

* Pars quorum fui.

might fairly give the reply of the Rev. Mr. Primrose, 'I beg pardon, sir, for interrupting so much learning, but I think I have heard all this before;' and request the teacher of these mysteries of his 'science,' to spare himself and us the repetition of those general, abstract, indefinite, mystical, transcendental theorems, and set about giving us some reason, practical or theoretical, for assenting to some one, at least, of those eleven fundamental propositions, to all of which he presumes our assent." pp. 108, 109.

"By my troth, these are very bitter words;" and we do not think they aid the argument much. The writer's indignation so far blinds his vision that he sometimes, quite unconsciously, misrepresents the very doctrine which he so vehemently censures. If he had read a little further, or more carefully, he would have found Adam Smith warmly eulogizing the very measure which he is here sharply scolded for opposing. For example: —

"The Irish are suffering the evils of deficiency of employment, and of the consequent partial distribution of food and other products, so that many can obtain only enough to protract the agonies of death. 'Let alone,' say the professors of the free-trade school, 'the evil remedies itself;' that is, the people die.

"In Cromwell's time, the Dutch had got the start of the English in the carrying trade, and carried for them as well as for others. '*Let alone*,' *say Adam Smith, etc.*, down to Mr. Treasurer Walker, who would have said, 'the evil will cure itself.' But Cromwell and his Rump Parliament thought it safer to cure it themselves, and so passed the Navigation Act; by the operation of which they drove the Dutch out of, not only the carrying for themselves, but also that for other nations." p. 48.

We had supposed even the most careless reader of the Wealth of Nations must remember that, from his general argument against restraints upon importation, Smith excepts "two cases, in which it will be generally advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic, industry."

"The first is, when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. *The act of navigation, therefore, very properly endeavors to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country,* in some cases by

absolute prohibitions, and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries."

After giving a general account of the provisions of the act, and the reason, (jealousy of the Dutch, who were then the great carriers of Europe,) why it was passed, Adam Smith goes on to say: —

"When the act of navigation was made, though England and Holland were not actually at war, the most violent animosity existed between the two nations. It had begun during the government of the Long Parliament, which first framed this act, and it broke out soon after in the Dutch wars during that of the Protector and of Charles II. It is not impossible, therefore, that some of the regulations of this famous act may have proceeded from national animosity. *They are as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom.* National animosity at that particular time aimed at the very same object which the most deliberate wisdom would have recommended, — the diminution of the naval power of Holland, the only power which could endanger the security of England."

And he subsequently observes, "As defence is of much more importance than opulence, *the act of navigation is, perhaps, the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.*" *

It is evident, then, however obnoxious Adam Smith may be to the censure of Mr. Phillips in other respects, that in regard to the policy of the navigation act, the two entertain precisely the same opinions. In this particular, Mr. Phillips is only buffeting the comrade who is helping him to trim the sails of the ship, having the same harbor in view. And we may remark in passing, that "the second case," in which Adam Smith admits that "it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry," is one which, when properly considered, and carried out to the full extent of the principle involved in it, will cover a great part of the ground for which our author here manfully contends, fancying all the while that he is fighting against the great founder of political economy as a science, and destroying the *prestige* which, for nearly a century, has surrounded his name. Such a battle in the dark, when the foot-lights are again turned towards the stage, is apt only to excite the merriment of the spectators.

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* *Wealth of Nations*, McCulloch's edition. 1846. pp. 203, 204.

Among all the peculiar doctrines maintained by Adam Smith and his disciples, that which most kindles the ire of our author is the *laissez-faire,* or "let-alone" principle; and construing it, as he seems to do, into a censure of "whatever laws you pass, or neglect to pass, either economical, civil, or criminal," and thereby into a deprecation of all activity on the part of the government, and almost into a denial of the blessings of any social union among men, we do not wonder at the fierceness of his indignation. He may well say,—

"It is the pickpocket, the cheat, the impostor, the man of false pretences, who says universally, *Laissez-nous faire*, Leave us alone. The millions of the industrious invoke the laws and all the social influences to help them, or rather to enable them to help each other." p. 8.

"The *let-us-alone* doctrine is for the marauder, the bee that plunders another's hive, not for the one that collects its stores in the fields." p. 11.

"A nation ought to act as a sensible individual would, if he were a nation. This shallow truism is all the truth that can be extracted from this grand fundamental proposition of Adam Smith. I think, then, we may safely say that the let-alone doctrine is based upon a miserable fallacy." p. 24.

Apart from any measure of respect which even the uninitiated in economical science may believe to be due to the name of Adam Smith as a thinker and a moralist, we think that few intelligent students of his work will admit that the let-alone principle, as set forth and advocated by him, amounts either to the monstrous disorganizing and anarchical maxim, or to the shallow truism, into which it is here resolved. We believe, and shall endeavor at some length to show, that it contains a pregnant and highly valuable truth, most applicable to the circumstances and exigencies of our own times, and one which is perfectly consistent with what we consider to be both the English and American doctrine, that infant manufactures, in any country, ought to be nursed and protected against foreign competition, until they are able to compete with those of other lands upon equal terms. It is most unfortunate that our author's lucid, cogent, and comprehensive argument in behalf of this doctrine should be needlessly deformed and weakened by these idle thrusts against the authority of political economy as a science, and against

the reputation of its illustrious founder. We would gladly sit at his feet, or follow in his track, while he draws forth, in a style of almost unrivalled vigor and terseness, the numerous considerations in favor of the universal adoption of this doctrine here in America. But this may not be till we have attempted, however imperfectly, to vindicate American protectionists from the reproach of flying in the face of all economical science, and of wholly repudiating the authority of some of the master thinkers both of the last century and of our own times. We must therefore crave the indulgence of our readers for going somewhat far back, and endeavoring, however imperfectly, in what space remains to us, to prove that there is such a science as political economy; that it rests upon a sure basis, and consists of many well ascertained and well defined general laws and principles; that among these is what is usually termed the *laissez-faire*, or let-alone, principle; and that the assertion of this principle, and of all the others with which it is usually classed, is quite consistent with an energetic support of the policy of granting adequate protection to infant manufactures. As the field thus marked out may be too extensive to be traversed within our present limits of time, the subject may be taken up again on a future occasion.

The most obvious, though certainly not the most important, difference between a civilized community and a nation of savages, consists in the vastly greater abundance possessed by the former of all the means of comfort and enjoyment. These means, including the necessaries, conveniences, and luxuries of life, are chiefly material objects, — such as manufactured goods, articles of food and clothing, the useful and the precious metals, and ornaments or things designed to gratify the taste and the senses. Some, however, are immaterial, and yet are just as much objects of desire, just as much objects of barter and sale, as cloth and bread. The legal knowledge and acumen of a lawyer, for instance, the medical skill of a physician, the vocal powers of a remarkable singer, the mimetic talent of an actor, the practised hand of an ingenious and thoroughly trained artisan, — all command a prize in the market quite as readily as any goods in a shop. When an occasion arises, we buy the services of a lawyer, just as we buy a ticket to a concert, or an instru-

ment of music for a drawing-room. Now, the aggregate of all these things, whether material or immaterial, which contribute to comfort and enjoyment, and which are objects of frequent barter and sale, is what we usually call wealth; and individuals or nations are denominated rich or poor according to the abundance or scarcity of these articles which they possess, or have at their immediate disposal.

Two questions may be asked as to the production of these articles of wealth: — (1.) By what mechanical processes are they manufactured or obtained? To answer this query is the business of a man of physical science, a chemist, a mechanic, a farmer, or the like; as political economists, we have nothing to do with it. But, (2.) we may ask, On what principles do men readily exchange these articles for each other, and what motives, what general laws, regulate their production, distribution, and consumption? Political economy undertakes to answer this question, and is therefore properly considered as one of the *moral* sciences. It depends, quite as closely as politics and ethics, upon the principles of the human mind. It is quite as possible to reduce to general laws the habits and dispositions of men, so far as they are manifested in their efforts for the acquisition of wealth, as it is to develop from observation and consciousness the laws of our moral condition. The study of ethics and of intellectual philosophy, strictly so called, does not exhaust the study of human nature. We have yet to learn what are the principles of human conduct in reference to the outward means of supporting man's life and satisfying all his wants and desires. Political economy is founded on observation of the manner in which the independent members of any society act towards each other in the attempt to create or acquire these means. It begins with the supposition, that man is disposed to accumulate beyond what is necessary for the immediate gratification of his wants, and that this disposition, in the great majority of cases, is in fact unbounded; that man's inclination to labor is mainly controlled by this desire; that he is constantly competing with his fellows in this undertaking; that he is sagacious enough to see what branches of industry are most profitable, and eager enough to enter them, so that competition constantly tends to bring wages and profits to a level. The science, then, is more closely allied with the philosophy

of the human mind than with natural history or the physical science of the outward world. It has been called *Catallactics*, or the 'Science of Exchanges;' and, agreeably to this notion, man himself has been defined to be 'an animal that makes exchanges;' "as no other, even of those animals which, in other points, make the nearest approach to rationality, has, to all appearance, the least notion of bartering or in any way exchanging one object for another."

With regard to the articles that constitute wealth, it is to be remarked, that far the larger portion of them are perishable, or quickly consumable. Some of them, like the immaterial products, are consumed at the instant that they are produced; others, like articles of food, last a little longer, but perish if not quickly used. The fashion and the fabric of manufactured goods soon decay, the former being even more short-lived than the latter; tools and machinery wear out; houses and other buildings need constant repairs, and, at stated intervals, must be wholly renewed. Hardly any thing but the solid land itself, the great God-given, food-producing machine, is permanent; and the *exchangeable value* even of the land, (the only quality of it which we have to consider in this science,) quickly diminishes, and almost wholly disappears, if it be not "kept in heart" by the constant application of labor and capital, or maintained in value by the continued prosperity of the community who live upon it. Some land in State Street is now worth $40 a square foot; but if the other items which constitute the wealth of Boston, the ships in her harbor and the goods in her shops, were not perpetually renewed, that land would deteriorate in price with fearful rapidity; and when the city should be reduced to the population and business of a small and decaying village, that land would not be worth $40 an acre.

Wealth, then — and we may crave attention to the proposition, for it is an all-important one — wealth must be perpetually renewed, or it quickly diminishes and disappears. The stock of national wealth is like the flesh, blood, and bones of a man's body, which are in a state of constant flux and renovation; physiologists tell us, that our bodies are entirely renewed about once in seven years. But the riches of an opulent community are not so long-lived even as this. Let labor universally cease in that community; let every

man, woman, and child in it rest with folded arms, or do nothing but eat, drink, and be merry, and those riches would melt and waste like snow under a July sun. National wealth, then, may be more fitly compared to a given portion, a section, of the waters of a running stream, bounded by a few rods in length of the opposite banks. The water is always changing, yet in one sense is always the same, so long as the supply from above is maintained; but if the springs in the upper country should be suddenly dried up, the efflux below would drain the channel in an hour.

And herein is one striking exemplification, among a thousand others, of the inordinate folly and ignorance of those who cry out against the institution of property, and call for an equal distribution of all the wealth of a community among all its members. "Riches have wings" in a far more immediate and practical sense than these people are at all aware of. They always talk as if the national wealth was a fixed and imperishable quantity, like the land, the sunlight, and the air, — but as if, unlike these, it was monopolized by a few, though sufficient for the wants of all. Their blunder is quite as great as would be that of a raw countryman, who, after walking the whole length of Quincy Market on the Mondays of two successive weeks, and observing that the stalls presented almost precisely the same array of meats and vegetables, in the same order, should conclude that there had been no change, and that, as here was a permanent stock of food enough for all, while some families in the city were suffering from hunger, a general and equal distribution of this stock, without compensation to the owners, should be ordered, under the idea that it would make any future want of provision impossible. The possibility that this great store might all be consumed in one day, and that the dealers, deterred by this spoliation, might not supply the market at all on the next day, would never occur to him.

This great and pregnant truth, that the whole stock of national wealth is in a constant and rapid process of consumption and reproduction, is quite generally lost sight of, because we see that the fortunes of individuals, the aggregate of which constitutes the national stock, are comparatively permanent, and, *as it seems*, do not need to be perpetually renewed. If once raised considerably above a mere compe-

tency, and then 'invested,' as the phrase goes, with ordinary care and judgment, a man's property will continue apparently without change, all the while yielding its regular income or increase. If its owner be not a spendthrift, an inebriate, or a simpleton, it will supply his wants and gratify his tastes, and still grow by a steady and sure process of accumulation, the savings of income being added to the capital, without ever encroaching upon his leisure, or requiring him to superintend a change of its form. How can this fact be reconciled with the principles that have just been stated respecting the nature of all wealth? The answer to this question, the solution of this problem, brings us at once to the heart of our subject.

It is the property, the ownership, that is unchanged, and thus the fortunes of individuals remain intact; the articles which are the subjects of that property, which are owned, are constantly changing, are used up and then renewed, without the owner's coöperation, and even without his knowledge. Barring casualties, unlucky investments, and the like, which, being few and infrequent, may be left out of the account, no man's property is consumed without being replaced by the very act of consumption, unless he himself, consciously and wilfully, consumes or expends it *unproductively*, that is, upon the gratification of his own tastes and appetites, without looking for a return or replacement. To invest one's savings is to *lend* them; not having time, inclination, or perhaps ability, to use them reproductively to advantage, — that is, to superintend the constant changes of form which they *must* undergo, or quickly perish, — we lend them to others, who *can* and will direct their transformations, on condition of receiving a small portion of the profits of these changes. For it is also the nature of wealth, when well managed, to *grow*, or increase, by each change of form. *Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*

To make this clearer, we will analyze a single instance, — the simplest one that can be found. If the earnings of an ordinary laborer for a year amount to $300, he may expend them all upon food, clothing, and amusement; in this case, he spends them all unproductively, — that is, without expecting a return or replacement of them. At the year's end, all the advantage which *remains* to him from his year's labor is, that his strength, health, and spirits are renewed or replaced,

so that he can now go to work and earn another year's wages. But suppose that he is frugal and ambitious to grow rich. He will then contract his daily expenses, drink nothing but water, give up all amusements, and thus, at the end of the year, find that his health and spirits are even greater than before, and that he has saved perhaps $100, or one third of his earnings. What will he do with this $100? In a rude state of society, among a half-civilized people, or under the government of a Turkish pacha, property being insecure, he would probably obtain it in the form of gold or silver coin, and bury it in the corner of his cellar or garden. There, sure enough, it would remain without change, and *therefore* without income or increase. But in this country, in England, France, or any commercial and manufacturing community, he would put it in the savings' bank; that is, he would *lend* it to the bank, which, for shortness, we will suppose to be a bank both of savings and discount. In consequence of this loan, the bank will be able to discount or lend $100 more to one of its customers. Suppose a baker wishes to extend his business, but has not capital enough of his own to buy more flour with; he borrows this $100 of the bank for four months, and with it he immediately purchases twenty barrels of flour more than he could otherwise have purchased. What he borrows of the bank is not, in fact, the $100 bank bill which is handed to him across the counter, but the twenty barrels of flour which he buys with it; the bank bill being only a ticket or certificate, in which the bank directors say to the flour-dealer, deliver this man twenty barrels of flour, and we will pay you for it. The flour-dealer complies, and immediately carries back the bill to the bank, and is paid for it, either in hard specie, in that amount carried to his credit, or in any other form that he may prefer. We may put aside, then, in future, any consideration of the bank bills, for they are nothing but "tickets of transfer," or orders from the bank to any merchant, asking to deliver the bearer a certain amount of goods, and the bank will pay him for them.

But let us follow the laborer's $100 of savings; in what shape do they now exist? Evidently they have now become twenty barrels of flour, which the baker gradually transforms into many loaves of bread, and sells them to his customers. Before the four months expire, the bread is all sold and

eaten, so that the $100 are now fairly consumed. But has their value disappeared? By no means. The baker's customers have paid him for this bread at least $120, so that he can now repay the bank the $100 that he borrowed, with the addition of $2 for four months' interest, and put $18 into his own pocket as the reward of his labor. The bank, being again in funds, can now lend, we will suppose, $102 worth of leather for four months to an enterprising cordwainer, who begins immediately to manufacture it into boots and shoes. Before *his* four months have expired, these are all sold, (half of them, perhaps, are half worn out,) and he has received, we will suppose, $225 for them, so that he can now repay the bank its loan of $102, besides $2 and a fraction, for interest, pay his workmen probably $100, for a good deal of labor was needed for the consumption of that amount of leather, and put a little more than $20 into his own pocket. At the end of eight months, then, the bank has a little over $104, to let out for another period of four months. A paper-maker borrows this, buys rags with it, makes paper out of them, sells it, and with the proceeds he pays the bank $106 and a fraction.

The year has now expired, and our frugal laborer, having occasion to make a different use of his savings, goes to the bank for them, and receives $104.50, the institution retaining nearly $2, as compensation for its own agency in the affair. Thus the laborer finds, that, by some process incomprehensible to him, the $100, which he deposited in the bank for a year, has hatched $4.50, which it certainly would not have done, if it had been simply locked up in the vault for safe-keeping. Could he have followed that process, he would have seen his $100 successively becoming, or assuming the shape of, flour, bread, leather, shoes, rags, and paper; and in each of these forms, in turn, he would have seen it entirely consumed or used up. The flour, leather, and rags have been manufactured into corresponding articles, the bread has been eaten, the shoes are half worn out, and the paper is covered with writing or printing, so that a new supply of each is called for. There has been a net gain at each stage of the transaction, and the total gain has been equally distributed among all the parties to it, compensating each for his labor or frugality.

If any one thinks that the instance here analyzed is a trivial or exceptional one, so that it throws little light upon the general theory of wealth, we refer him to the last annual return made to the legislature by the Savings Banks in Massachusetts, which shows that the amount now deposited in these institutions exceeds $12,000,000, that it yields an average annual dividend of nearly 6 per cent., and the number of depositors exceeds 71,600, so that the average amount to the credit of each depositor is less than $170. This aggregate of savings, — made up, be it remembered, by the labor and frugality of Irish domestics, small mechanics, operatives in great manufacturing establishments, day-laborers in the country, and the like, — is more than enough to build and keep in motion all the factories in Lowell; for the aggregate capital of all the great manufacturing companies in that city falls short of eleven millions.

We return to the principle first enunciated, and which now seems to be fully established, — namely, that the whole wealth of a civilized and trading nation is in a constant and rapid process of consumption and reproduction; and that the apparent stability and unchangeableness of the fortunes of individuals offer no exception to this principle. The instance analyzed also proves, that a gain — a profit — an addition to the national wealth — is made only at and by these successive changes of form. What is immovable or unconsumable is also necessarily unproductive. We consume in order that we may produce, and we *must* consume before we *can* produce. If we may reverently quote Scripture on such a topic, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The wealth which is *literally* locked up or buried, only rots or rusts, and we might just as well bury only stones or sand in its place. But money or wealth is *not* locked up when placed in banks, institutions for savings, "moneyed corporations," as they are called, and the like. These institutions are nothing but contrivances for collecting it, setting it in motion, and making it circulate around us like the atmosphere which we breathe. It supplies the lungs of industry, keeps it alive, renders it efficient, and makes all the parts or members of the body politic and social contribute to the sustenance and growth of the whole. The twelve millions in our Savings Banks, and the thirty-five millions of capital in our banks of deposit and circula-

tion, (we speak only of Massachusetts,) do not rest there, but are at this moment circulating around us, driving the wheels of our factories, supplying our mechanics with tools and our tradesmen with goods, building and freighting our ships, bringing to us the productions of all habitable climes, hurrying from one task to another with indefatigable ardor, and assuming a thousand different forms and hues, according to our necessities and our desires.

We have a right to assume, then, that the theory of wealth is a large and complicated one, embracing many curious and difficult problems, and resting upon many general principles or laws, the discovery and development of which constitute a distinct and important science, — the science of political economy. One of these laws, or general facts, — the circulation of capital, — has now been pointed out and briefly elucidated; and it may readily be perceived that it is a fruitful one, pregnant with important conclusions and inferences respecting the institution of property, and the modes of favoring industry and increasing national wealth. If the science has been successfully cultivated, many more such general laws must have been discovered in it, a knowledge of which is all-important to the statesman, the merchant, and the philanthropist. As expounded in the books, whether by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Sismondi, or McCulloch, it may, or may not, be well founded and trustworthy in all its parts. Authorities differ on many points. But these men have not been studying a mere chimera, or wasting their energies in a vain pursuit. There are general laws affecting the production and distribution of wealth, whether they have been discovered or not; and a knowledge of these laws is a very different thing from the practical knowledge, the acquaintance with details, and the natural shrewdness which enable a man to acquire property, and to take good care of it when acquired.

And this leads us to remark, that political economy is not, as some suppose, the art of money-making, any more than meteorology is the art of predicting the weather. It is no *art* at all, but a science; for its immediate end is knowledge, not action, or the guidance of conduct. The meteorologist says that the phenomena of the atmosphere and the weather, irregular as they are in their occurrence, and obscure as to their immediate causes, must depend on the general princi-

ples of gravity and the equilibrium of fluids, and must be referable to general laws, which are legitimate objects of investigation. He may have studied these laws successfully, and still not be so able as an old sea-captain is, who never opened a book on meteorology in his life, to tell what the weather will be the next hour, or the next day. It is a point of as much interest and real importance to know *how* a storm occurs, as to know *when* it will occur. So, after one of those storms in the commercial world which are called 'commercial crises,' we may reasonably seek an explanation of the phenomenon, or the cause of its occurrence, though this knowledge should not enable us to tell when another and similar disturbance will happen.

The general principles of any science are obtained only by abstraction, — by leaving out of view many of the details and particulars, which practically belong to the case, and thus so far simplifying it that we can reason about it with facility. The conclusions at which we arrive by this process are very comprehensive, but do not admit of immediate application. They are true only with certain qualifications and restrictions. They are involved in all the phenomena to which they relate, and have a share in producing them; but they do not constitute the whole of these phenomena. Now, all legislation which is designed to affect the economical interests of a country, or which relates immediately to its commerce, agriculture, or manufactures, is in truth an application of the principles of some system of political economy to practice. It is often a very rash and injurious application of them, because the circumstances which actually limit the principles are lost sight of, and the abstractions by which they were obtained are forgotten. Mischief results; and practical men, seeing that the consequences do not square with the theory, call in question the science itself, instead of attributing the error to the faulty application of it. Hence arises an unhappy dissension between theory and practice, to the lasting detriment of both.

The political economists themselves are somewhat to blame for this result, by pressing too eagerly the adoption of their favorite doctrines, without regard to the particular circumstances of each case. The general doctrine of Free Trade, for instance, which is unquestionably correct when applied to

two nations which are similarly situated in every respect, which have grown up under the same institutions and the same laws, and in which the profits of capital, the wages of labor, and the ratio of population to territory are on nearly the same level, is extended by a hasty generalization to two countries that are contrasted with each other in all these respects, and in its application to which, to say the least, the correctness of the principle is very doubtful. We have in this country the largest extension of the system of free trade which the world has ever witnessed; we have free trade between Maine and Louisiana, between Iowa and Massachusetts; and we have never yet heard it doubted that this liberty of commerce was equally beneficial to all these States. But before the system is carried out between England and the United States, we may reasonably inquire whether it will not necessarily tend to an equalization of profits and wages in the two countries, and whether it is desirable here that the rates of both should be reduced to the English standard. We do not now undertake to decide the question; politicians and other wise men differ about it. But we may say, that the question does not relate to the correctness of the general principle in economical science, but only to its applicability under particular circumstances. That all bodies gravitate to the centre of the earth is a general law, which is not disproved by the floating of a cork in a basin of water. We may reasonably ask in both cases, whether the apparent exception may not be found, on a closer examination, to confirm the rule.

Another prejudice against economical science has arisen from an error of the opposite character, — from too strict a limitation of it to the causes affecting the increase of national wealth, the other interests of a people being undervalued or wholly neglected. The English economists of Ricardo's school have most frequently fallen into this error; looking merely to the creation of material values, they have tacitly assumed that this was the only interest of society, the only end which legislation should have in view. The proposition on which they act, though they seldom directly enunciate it, is, that the augmentation of national wealth is at once the sign and the measure of national prosperity. We may admit that it is so, if the wealth be distributed with some approach

to equality among the people. But if the vast majority of the nation is beggared, while enormous fortunes are accumulated by a few; if pauperism increases at one end of the social scale as rapidly as wealth is heaped up at the other; then, even though the ratio of the aggregate wealth to the aggregate population is constantly growing larger, the tendency of things is downward, and sooner or later, if a remedy be not applied, society will rush into degradation and ruin.

There is a danger, from which no civilized community is entirely free, lest the several classes of its society should nourish mutual jealousy and hatred, which may finally break out into open hostilities, under the mistaken opinion that their interests are opposite, and that one or more of them possess an undue advantage, which they are always ready to exercise by oppressing the others. Twenty years ago, Archbishop Whateley pointed out the full extent of this danger in a single pregnant question: — "Can the laboring classes — and that, too, in a country where they have a legal right to express practically their political opinions — can they be safely left to suppose, as many a demagogue is ready, when it suits his purpose, to tell them, that inequality of conditions is inexpedient, and ought to be abolished; that the wealth of a man, whose income is equal to that of a hundred laboring families, is so much deducted from the common stock, and causes a hundred poor families the less to be sustained; and that a general spoliation of the rich and an equal division of property would put an end to poverty forever?" Under these circumstances, we may ask further, can we safely neglect to explain and teach the great truths which political economy has demonstrated, that all classes of society are inseparably bound together in a community of interest; that the prosperity of each depends on the welfare of all; that the national industry must be meagre or profitless in its results, if it has not capital or concentrated wealth to coöperate with it; that an equal division of property would in fact destroy or dissipate that which was divided; and that the only equality of condition which human nature renders possible is an equality of destitution and suffering?

We need not apologize for the science which treats of the creation of wealth, on the ground that it relates only to one of the lower interests of humanity, and that it is not of so

much moment for an individual or a society to be rich, as it is for it to be wise, free, instructed, and virtuous. It is true that wealth is one of the lower elements or supports of civilization; and that the comparative quantity of it is but an imperfect index of national worth and national happiness. But it is also true, that wealth is that element of civilization which supports all the others, and that, without it, no progress, no refinement, no liberal art, would be possible. Without property, without large accumulations of wealth, no division of labor would be possible; and without the division of labor, each man must provide by his own toil for all his bodily wants. He must plant, sow, and reap for himself. He must be his own tailor, shoemaker, housewright, and cook. The scholar could no longer devote himself exclusively to his books, the man of science to the observation of nature, the artist to the canvas or marble, the physician to the cure of diseases, or the clergyman to the care of souls. All would be bound alike by the stern necessity of daily brutish toil on the most repulsive tasks. National wealth is a condition of progress, a prerequisite of civilization; it is not in itself ennobling, but it is that which vivifies and maintains all the other elements and influences which dignify humanity and render life desirable.

Even if popular ignorance and prejudice upon this subject were not dangerous to the state, a liberal curiosity would not rest without some knowledge of the laws affecting the creation and production of wealth, — laws which are, in truth, as constant and uniform as those which bind the material universe together, and evince the wisdom and goodness of the Creator quite as clearly as any of his arrangements in the organic kingdoms. Blanco White, speaking of the inattention of the ancients to the philosophy of wealth, compares their state of mind to that of children in the house of an opulent tradesman, who, finding the comforts and necessaries of life supplied to them with mechanical regularity, never inquire into the machinery by which these effects are produced, or, if they ever do think about it, suppose that breakfast, dinner, and supper succeed one another by the spontaneous bounty of nature, like spring, summer, and autumn. It is true, that men are usually selfish in the pursuit of wealth; but it is a wise and benevolent arrangement of Providence, that even

those who are thinking only of their own credit and advantage, are led unconsciously, but surely, to benefit others. The contrivance by which this end is effected, this reconciliation of private aims with the public advantage, is often complex, far-reaching, and intricate, and thus more strongly indicates the benevolent purpose of the Designer. In the instance already given, we have seen that the wealth of an individual, perhaps a sordid and covetous one, invested by him with a view only to his own advantage and security, and to spare himself the trouble of superintending it, still circulates through the community without his knowledge, supporting the laborer at his task, supplying means to the ingenious and the enterprising for the furtherance of their designs, and assuming with facility every shape which the necessities or the convenience of society may require.

We borrow, with some abridgment, a simpler and more striking illustration of the same great truth from Whately.

"Let any one propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provisions of all kinds a city like London, containing about two millions of inhabitants. Let him imagine himself a head commissary, intrusted with the office of furnishing to this enormous host their daily rations. A failure in the supply even for a single day might produce the most frightful distress. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed might be stored up in reserve for a considerable time; but many, including most articles of animal food and many of vegetable, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days, would occasion great inconvenience, so a redundancy of them would produce a corresponding waste. The city is also of vast extent, — a province covered with houses, — and it is essential that the supplies should be so distributed as to be brought almost to the doors of all the inhabitants. The supply of provisions for an army or garrison is comparatively *uniform in kind;* but here, the greatest possible variety is required, suitable to the wants of the various classes of consumers. Again, this immense population is extremely fluctuating in numbers; and the increase or diminution depends on causes of which some may, others cannot, be distinctly foreseen. Again, and above all, the daily supplies of each article must be so nicely adjusted to the stock from which it is drawn, to the scanty or abundant harvest, importation, or other source of supply, to the interval which must elapse before a fresh stock can be furnished, and to the probable abundance of the new supply, that as little distress as possible may be felt; — that, on

the one hand, the population may not unnecessarily be put on short allowance of any article, and, on the other, may be preserved from the more dreadful risk of famine, which must happen if they continued to consume freely when the stock was insufficient to hold out.

"Now let any one consider this problem in all its bearings, and then reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose on a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissaries, — who, after all, could discharge their office but very inadequately. Yet this object is accomplished, far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men who think each of nothing beyond his own immediate interest, — who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal, and combine unconsciously to employ the wisest means for effecting an object, the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate.

"It is really wonderful to consider with what ease and regularity this important end is accomplished, day after day, and year after year, through the sagacity and vigilance of private interest operating on the numerous class of wholesale, and more especially retail, dealers. Each of these watches attentively the demands of his neighborhood, or of the market he frequents, for such commodities as he deals in. The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realizing all the profit he might, and, on the other, of having his goods left on his hands, — these antagonist muscles regulate the extent of his dealings and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enables the public to enjoy that abundance; while *he* is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold. On the other hand, an actual or apprehended scarcity causes him to demand a higher price, or to keep back his goods in expectation of a rise. Thus he coöperates, unknowingly, in conducting a system which no human wisdom directed to that end could have conducted so well, — the system by which this enormous population is fed from day to day.

"I say 'no *human* wisdom;' for *wisdom* there surely is, in this adaptation of the means to the result actually produced. In this instance, there are the same marks of benevolent design which we are accustomed to admire in the anatomical structure of the human body. I know not whether it does not even still more excite our admiration of the beneficent wisdom of Providence, to contemplate, not corporeal particles, but rational free agents, coöperating in systems not less manifestly indicating design, but no design of theirs; and though acted on, not by gravitation and impulse, like inert matter, but by motives addressed to the will, yet accomplishing as regularly and as effectually an

object they never contemplated, as if they were merely the passive wheels of a machine. The heavens do indeed 'declare the glory of God,' and the human body is fearfully and wonderfully made; but man, considered not merely as an organized being, but as a rational agent and as a member of society, is perhaps the most wonderfully contrived product of divine wisdom that we have any knowledge of." Whateley's *Lectures on Political Economy.* pp. 103–110.

It is on a large induction from such cases as this, that political economists rest their most comprehensive and most noted maxim — the *laissez-faire*, or "let-alone" principle — the doctrine of non-interference by the government with the economical interests of society. True, these interests are in the hands of individuals, who look only to their own immediate profit, and not to the public advantage, or to the distant future. They are not only selfish; they are often ignorant, short-sighted, and unconscious of much of the work that they do. But society is a complex and delicate machine, the real author and governor of which is divine. Men are often his agents, who do his work, and know it not. He turneth their selfishness to good; and ends which could not be accomplished by the greatest sagacity, the most enlightened and disinterested public spirit, and the most strenuous exertions of human legislators and governors, are effected directly and incessantly, even through the ignorance, the wilfulness, and the avarice of men. Man cannot interfere with His work without marring it. The attempts of legislators to turn the industry of society in one direction or another, out of its natural and self-chosen channels, here to encourage it by bounties, and there to load it with penalties, — to increase or diminish the supply of the market, to establish a *maximum* of price, to keep specie in the country, are almost invariably productive of harm. *Laissez faire;* "these things regulate themselves," in common phrase; which means, of course, that God regulates them by His general laws, which always, in the long run, work to good. In these modern days, the ruler or governor who is most to be dreaded is, not the tyrant, but the busy-body. Let the course of trade and the condition of society alone, is the best advice which can be given to the legislator, the projector, and the reformer. Busy yourselves, if you must be busy, with individual cases of wrong, hardship, or

suffering; but do not meddle with the general laws of the universe.

The limitations of this let-alone principle are nearly as obvious as the principle itself. The office of the legislator is not, by his own superior wisdom, to chalk out a path for society to move in, but to remove all casual and unnatural impediments from that path which society instinctively chooses for itself. It is to give wider scope and more facile action to the principle we have just been considering, rather than to hedge and narrow it by artificial limits or petty restrictions. Human laws, if wisely framed, are seldom mandatory, or such as require an active obedience; they are mostly prohibitive, or designed to prevent such action on the part of the few as would impede or limit the healthful action of the many. Vice and crime are stumbling-blocks in the path of the community; they obstruct the working of the natural laws, the ordinances of Divine providence, by which society is held together, and all well-meaning members of it are made to coöperate, though unconsciously, for each other's good. To remove such stumbling-blocks, then, is not to create, but to prevent, interference with the natural order of things. Legislation directed to this end is only a legitimate carrying out of the *laissez-faire* principle.

The enforcement of justice in the ordinary transactions between man and man, which often requires further legislation than is needed for the mere prevention of open vice and crime, is another instance of the legitimate exercise of authority by the government. An individual may not erect a powder manufactory in the midst of a populous village, nor carry on any operations there which would poison the air with noxious exhalations. His neighbors would have a right to call out to him, "let *us* alone; you endanger our lives, and prevent us from pursuing our ordinary occupations in safety."

These are internal impediments to the natural action of society, and as such, the government is bound to put them out of the way; its action for this purpose is widely distinguished from the enactment of sumptuary laws, the establishment of a *maximum* of price, prohibiting the exportation of specie, and other obvious infringements of the *laissez-faire* principle. But it is also the duty of the legislature to guard society against external dangers and hinderances. Men are

separated into distinct communities, the action of which upon each other is not so much restrained by law, or by the natural requisitions of justice, as is that of individuals dwelling in the same community. The law of nations is a very imperfect code, and, from the want of any superior tribunal to enforce its enactments, it is very imperfectly observed. War is either a present evil to be averted or alleviated, or it is a possible future event, the occurrence of which is to be guarded against. For either of these ends, the action of individuals within the community may need to be restrained; for the safety of all, the freedom of all to pursue their lawful occupations without let or hinderance, is not to be imperilled through the avarice or recklessness of a few. Accordingly, not mere restraints upon importation, but an absolute prohibition of intercourse, an embargo on all navigation, are among the legitimate measures, a necessity for which is created by national dissension and hostility.

Independent communities are not always at war with each other; but they are always rivals and competitors in the great market of the world. This feeling of rivalry is whetted by the different circumstances under which they are placed, by the peculiarities in the condition of each, and by the opposition of interests which often grows out of these peculiarities. The legislation of each state is primarily directed, of course, to the protection and promotion of the interests of its own subjects; and thus it often injuriously affects the interests of other nations. There is, therefore, a good deal of retaliatory legislation on the part of different governments. There is often, on both sides, a keen measure of wits in devising commercial regulations which shall affect, or render nugatory, measures adopted by the rival nation, not exactly with a hostile intent, but with an exclusive view to its own interests, and therefore frequently with an injurious effect upon the interests of others. Reciprocity treaties, as they are called, are sometimes formed, to obviate the evil effects upon both parties of this keen spirit of competition, when pushed too far. Now, such retaliatory legislation, so far as it operates upon the members of the very community from which it emanates, so far as it limits or restrains the action of all or a portion of them, is not an infringement, but an application, of the *laissez-faire* principle. It is designed to pro-

cure for them a larger liberty than they would otherwise enjoy; if it is effectual, if it answers its purpose, it removes an impediment created by a foreign state far more serious and extensive than the obstruction which it imposes. It may, indirectly and incidentally, turn industry from one channel to another, and make some changes in the investments of capital. But this change is effected only by opening one channel, which would otherwise, under the effects of foreign competition, have remained entirely closed, and by rendering it possible and profitable to turn capital to other uses than those to which it was formerly limited.

If we suppose that the application of native industry and capital is restricted in its range, not by the legislative policy knowingly adopted by a foreign state for this very purpose, but through the superior natural advantages possessed by that state, the same principle still governs the result. By submitting to a small restraint imposed at home, we get rid of a much larger obstacle to our freedom of action, created either by the commercial regulations, finer climate, more fertile soil, more abundant capital, or larger skill and experience of a rival community. The policy of states leads them to seek independence of each other in their economical, almost as much as in their political, relations; or we might better say, that political independence — that is, the enjoyment of distinct institutions and laws, chosen and established by ourselves — makes it still more desirable and necessary than it was before that we should not be entirely dependent upon foreigners for the supply of great articles of consumption of prime necessity, — that we should have within our own borders, and under our own control, the means of satisfying all our natural and imperative wants. It is not even desirable, that Massachusetts and Ohio should be rendered so far independent of each other, that each could obtain from its own soil, or by the labor of its own inhabitants, all that it can need; for these two States are one in most of their political relations. Members of the same great confederacy, living under the same laws, and each exercising its due share of influence in the national legislature, neither has cause to apprehend the hostile or injurious action of the other. The political ties between them are strengthened by their dependence on each other for a supply of many of the necessaries of

civilized existence. But it is desirable that both should be independent, as far as may be, of the great powers of Europe, with whom they cannot be sure of continued friendly intercourse for any time beyond the present, and from whom they are always separated by a great breadth of ocean, and by dissimilarity of customs, institutions, and laws.

True independence, in an economical point of view, does not require us to forego all commercial intercourse with other nations; this would be rather a curse than a blessing. But it does require that each nation should be able to exercise, within its own limits, all the great branches of industry designed to satisfy the wants of man. It must be able to practise all the arts which would be necessary for its own well-being, if it were the only nation on the earth. If it be restricted to agriculture alone, or to manufactures alone, a portion of the energies of its people are lost, and some of its natural advantages run to waste. To be thus limited in its sphere of occupation, to be barred out from some of the natural and necessary employments of the human race, through the overpowering competition of foreigners, is a serious evil, which it is the aim of a protective policy to obviate or redress. On whatever other grounds this policy may be objected to, it is surely not open to the charge of being an infringement of the *laissez-faire* principle, or a restriction of every man's right to make such use as he pleases of his own labors and capital. Its object is, not to narrow, but to widen, the field for the profitable employment of industry, and to second the working of the beneficent designs of Providence in the constitution of society, by removing all artificial and unnecessary checks to their operation. This view of the effects of a protective policy opens a wide range for comment and illustration.

The increase of capital in any country is most rapid, when, from the variety of employments that exist there, most of its inhabitants are engaged in those occupations for which they are peculiarly fitted by nature, and in which, consequently, their labor is most productive.

If the labor of one practised and skilful artisan is equal to that of at least three raw hands or rude laborers, then it is very much for the economical interests of a country that as many as possible of its inhabitants should be skilled artisans,

and as few as possible should be raw laborers. We say "as many as possible;" because *some* rude labor is always needed. There must be, in every country, some hewers of wood and drawers of water, — some work that tasks a man's thews and sinews very severely, while it affords but little employment to his brains, — such work as is often performed by machines and domesticated animals, but which the circumstances of time and place sometimes absolutely require to be performed by men, — usually by men who are capable of nothing else. There is a large proportion of such work required in agriculture, where one skilful and careful farmer can profitably direct the exertions of a dozen or more hands in such operations as ditching, fencing, making hay, and the like. Many, though not *so* many, laborers of this lowest class are also required in manufactures, where numerous skilled and expert hands require to be waited on by mere porters and hewers, in order that the valuable time of the former may not be wasted on the coarser operations that are necessary. Thus the bricklayer must have his hod-carrier; the driver of the steam-engine must have his fireman; the printing office must have its errand-boys, technically called "devils." There is work even on board a ship at sea, which can only be performed by boys. Commerce demands a higher average of skill and intelligence from those who are engaged in it than any other of the great branches of industry; yet even here, in the various operations subsidiary to the transportation and exchange of goods, there is a considerable demand for this lowest kind of exertion. We say a "demand" for it, because the fact that laborers of this class expect only the lowest rate of wages, causes them to be sought for in preference to all others, when the work is such that they can perform it.

From various causes, there is an abundance of this kind of labor in the market in almost every country. The stinted bounty of nature, casualties that lessen the average capacity, vice, ignorance, and extreme poverty, are among the causes which here keep the supply up to the demand, and in nearly all cases make it go greatly beyond the demand. The only evil to be dreaded is a superfluity of this class of laborers, — a superfluity which sometimes, as at present in Great Britain and Ireland, exists to a frightful extent. Popular education,

as that phrase is commonly understood, meaning the general cultivation of the intellect, though unquestionably a very powerful agent for lessening this evil, is not the only preservative against it. A man wholly uneducated in the common meaning of the word, that is, unable either to write or read, may yet become a very expert workman in the finest and most difficult kinds of manufacture. On the other hand, men may be quite well taught, and still be unable to get any but the rudest sort of work to do, or to obtain employment more than half the time even at that. The Scotch, for instance, are a very well educated people; the standard of instruction among them, *for all classes*, is probably quite as high as it is here in New England. Yet there is as large a surplus of rude labor in Scotland, in proportion to its population, as in England, — probably larger.

The loss which a country suffers by having a large portion of its people condemned to this rude labor, when most of them are capable, or may be made capable, of much finer work or more effective industry, is very great; *so* great, indeed, that we doubt whether any other single cause of national poverty can equal it. Men are differently constituted by nature, or by those circumstances which in early youth determine the bent of their inclinations and the applicability of their powers to one task rather than another. The labor of a people is effectually used only when the field of employment in the country offers scope for every variety of taste and talent, and when no formidable or insuperable obstacles prevent any individual from finding out and performing just that task which God and nature appointed him to do. If agriculture alone is pursued, all the mechanical skill of the people is wasted, — all their fitness for commerce, all their enterprise in trade, is wasted. If four millions are obliged to be rude laborers, when three millions of them might be skilled artisans, the labor of one of the latter being supposed to be equal in value to that of at least three of the former, then the value actually created is to the value which might be created, as four is to ten; in other words, the yearly product of the national industry might be two and a half times as great as it is; and the yearly unproductive consumption need not be at all increased, since, in either case, there would be four millions of people to be supplied with food, clothing, and shelter.

Of course, — and here comes the application of the principle to present circumstances, — the country could afford to pay a higher price for their manufactures for the sake of having the articles manufactured at home. They could afford to spend more, for they would have more to spend.

For illustration, we will take the two extreme cases of Ireland and Massachusetts. To avoid burdening the memory with statistics, we shall employ the nearest round numbers. The population of Ireland, in 1841, was about eight millions; that of Massachusetts, in 1840, was about three quarters of one million. According to the Irish census of 1841, which was taken with extraordinary pains and minuteness, the whole number of *families* in Ireland is one million and a half, of whom one million, or just two thirds of the whole, are engaged in agriculture; and only three hundred and fifty thousand families, or a little less than one fourth of the whole, are employed in manufactures and trade. It is obvious that the agricultural population is excessive, for in England, where agriculture is carried to greater perfection than in any other country on the face of the globe, there is but one agricultural family to every thirty-four acres of arable land, while in Ireland there is one such family to every fourteen acres. Now let us look at Massachusetts; according to the census of 1840, there are but eighty-seven persons here employed in agriculture to every hundred and twenty employed in manufactures, commerce, and the operations subsidiary thereto; that is, less than five elevenths in the former, and more than six elevenths in the latter occupation; while the proportions in Ireland, as we have seen, are two thirds to one fifth. Now contrast the condition of the people in the two countries. The paupers in Massachusetts are about one in fifty of the whole population; but as nearly half of these are recent English or Irish immigrants, principally Irish, the real proportion is about one in a hundred. In Ireland, numbering the wives and children of the day-laborers on the land, and of those who hire farms not exceeding five acres each, the condition of these small farmers being nearly as bad as that of the day-laborers, we have not less than five millions of persons, or nearly five eighths of the whole population, constituting the class of the agricultural poor. But as it is estimated by the best authorities, that *only* one half of the Irish

population subsist chiefly or entirely upon potatoes, the number of those who cannot fall to a lower stage of destitution than that which they now occupy without absolutely starving, may be safely stated at four millions.

Can we, then, attribute this great, this frightful, difference to the different distribution of the bounty of Providence, — to the fact that the Irish are crowded together on land not broad or fertile enough to supply them all with food, while we in Massachusetts are fattening on the spontaneous riches of the earth? According to the estimate which every enlightened man must form of the effect upon national well-being of what are termed "natural advantages," this is not very likely to be the case; but let us look at the facts. Here, where our only natural exports are ice and granite, it is notorious, that we do not raise food enough for our own consumption. We import nearly all our wheat, the chief article of our breadstuffs, and also buy from the other States large droves of cattle. But Ireland raises more food than is necessary for her sustenance, and exports annually vast quantities of provision to England. Her export of cereal grains, chiefly oats, and of other edible products of the soil, steadily increased, from less than eight millions of bushels in 1817, to twenty eight millions of bushels in 1838. The exportation of beef, pork, butter, and other animal products has also gone on increasing, though in a lower ratio. It is certain, then, that the penuriousness of nature is not the source of the difficulty; it is not fertile land which is wanting, but wealth; and the people do not produce *that*, because the field of employment is so limited that nothing but rude labor is possible. There is no opening for the exertion of skill and enterprise, and whatever natural qualifications the people may possess in these respects cannot be developed.

Nearly the whole native population of Massachusetts being occupied with tasks that require skill, care, and ingenuity, we depend for a supply of rude labor almost exclusively upon immigrant foreigners. These do all the coarse work in building our railways and canals, and in the several other occupations that require nothing but muscular strength. The rude labor, to which alone they have been accustomed, has so incapacitated them for higher tasks, that it is now an established principle in our large manufactories, we are told, that the

machines cannot profitably be worked if more than one third of the operatives be foreigners. It is not only more economical to pay the higher wages required by native workmen; foreigners generally, and the Irish in particular, cannot be employed at all, except in that small proportion to the whole number of hands which will make it possible to restrict them to the lower or less difficult tasks. Because our own people are so generally trained to the finer and more productive branches of industry, new expedients are constantly invented by them for performing the drudgery by machines. The locomotive steam excavators, that are often employed on the line of a proposed railroad, and the various contrivances that have been patented for cutting and hoisting ice on our ponds, are instances of this sort of labor-saving machinery. The superfluity and consequent cheapness of rude labor in foreign countries render these expedients unnecessary, and the work is profitably done by hand.

Consider the rapid growth of capital in this state, which is the result of this most effective application of its industry, and also the immense unproductive consumption of the people, — their ample supply, not only of the necessaries, but of the comforts and luxuries of life; and contrast these with the poverty and destitution of Ireland. The productive part of the consumption leads to the increase of the national wealth; the unproductive part is an index of the general well-being of the community. In Ireland, the people are literally too poor to create a demand for any thing but potatoes; and the country therefore affords hardly any market either for British or Irish manufactures. There is but little opening there for the mechanic arts, or for the many small occupations which are created by a due regard for the comforts and conveniences of life. The field of employment for skilled industry is consequently limited almost to a span, and the bulk of the people are driven back upon rude labor in agriculture, — to ditching, cutting turf, and planting potatoes; the meagre returns from such toil being hardly sufficient to keep them from starvation. The United States, on the other hand, afford a better market for manufactured goods than any other country of equal population on the globe; because the universal prosperity of the community enables them to consume more. If the relation of cause and effect in this proposition be reversed,

so as to say that the people consume more because they produce more, it will amount to the same thing, and be equally favorable for the purposes of our argument. More wealth is created, more is consumed, and the amount of enjoyment is thereby increased.

Unquestionably, we pay a somewhat higher price for our manufactured goods, as a return for the privilege of manufacturing them at home, and thereby having a field of employment for our skilled labor. But what does this tax amount to? The average duty levied by the present tariff on our chief articles of import is less than thirty per cent. But as one of the chief objects of a protective duty is to guard against the injurious fluctuation of prices in foreign markets, whereby we might be deluged with imported goods one year, and be very scantily supplied with them the next, the duty is fixed with reference to the lowest price at which they are ever sold abroad, and not with reference to the average price. The effect of a protective duty of thirty per cent., then, at the utmost, is to raise the average price fifteen per cent.

Whenever we have occasion for any of these small articles, we are obliged to spend a dollar for what might be obtained for eighty-five cents, if we would buy of foreigners; that is, we might save this fifteen cents, if we were willing to give up all our home manufactures, all opportunity for earning high wages by the exhibition of skill and ingenuity, and to confine the whole people to the comparatively rude pursuits of agriculture, thereby overstocking the market with food, and reducing the gains of farmers all over the country. Ireland has acted upon this rule, laid down by most political economists, — always to buy in the cheapest market, whatever may be the effect upon domestic enterprise. Grain and other provision can be raised most cheaply in Ireland, owing to the low rate of wages there; manufactures can be produced to best advantage in England, owing to the abundance of English capital. Ireland, therefore, raises food to buy English manufactures with; and the present condition of the Irish people is the consequence. They have the advantage, it is true, of the offer of the manufactured goods at prices fifteen per cent. less than what they command in America; — an advantage which would be more sensibly felt, if the Irish were not too poor to purchase them at any price.

The proposition, we think, can be laid down as a general one, that a country, the population of which is chiefly or altogether devoted to agriculture, cannot become wealthy, whatever may be the fertility of its soil or the favorableness of its situation. Of course, its inhabitants must buy manufactures with food; that is, they must exchange the products of rude labor for the products of skilled labor; that is, again, they must give the labor of three persons for the labor of one person. The general principle of economical science is, to cause the industry of a country to take that direction in which it can be applied to the greatest advantage. Now the fertility of the soil is one advantage, and the capacity of the people for the higher departments of labor, their skill and enterprise, is another. There is no reason for allowing either of these advantages to remain latent or unworked; and in choosing between them, we are to be decided by their comparative amount and importance. Fortunate as this country is in the extent of its territory and the richness of its soil, this advantage is as nothing, — nay, it would turn out to our positive detriment, — if, in consideration of it, we should sacrifice the talents and the energies of our people, — if we should doom our whole population to the rude labor of turning up the earth, for the sake of the trifling advantage of purchasing our manufactured goods at a little lower price.

One mode in which the encouragement of skilled labor, leading to the interfusion of manufactures and commerce with agriculture, favors the increase of national capital, is, that it concentrates the population in cities and towns. Agriculture is necessarily diffusive in its effects; the laborers must be distributed over the whole face of the territory which they cultivate. A few large cities spring up at great distances from each other, as an outlet for the commerce created by the exchange of the surplus agricultural products for manufactured goods and other necessaries brought from abroad. The great agricultural districts of continental Europe, the wheat-plains of Poland and southern Russia, find an outlet at the cities of Dantzick and Odessa; and we may remark in passing, that the poverty and general low condition of the inhabitants of these districts show the effects of confining a whole population to the rude labor of tilling the ground. It may be that, from their low capacity, and their want of edu-

cation and general intelligence, they are incapable of any thing better. If so, the fact only strengthens our argument; wherever the capacity exists, if it be not developed, if a field of employment be not offered to it, the same results must follow. Manufactures and commerce, on the other hand, requiring a great division of labor, and also that the participators in the work should be near each other, necessarily create a civic population. They will only flourish in cities and towns, and they are the only means of creating cities and towns.

This principle, perhaps sufficiently obvious in itself, is strikingly illustrated by the differences among the States of this Union. Our southern and southwestern States are almost exclusively agricultural; and south of the northern boundary of Virginia and Kentucky, there is but one city, New Orleans, of the first class, numbering over 100,000 inhabitants, and but two cities of the second class, Charleston and Louisville, each numbering over 25,000. These cities, of course, have sprung up from the same causes which sustain Dantzick and Odessa; they afford an outlet for the surplus produce of the vast agricultural district which depends upon them; manufactures have hardly contributed at all to their growth. If we reckon as civic population those only who dwell in cities having at least 12,000 inhabitants each, Massachusetts alone, with a total population of only three quarters of a million, has a greater civic population than all these States, who number in the aggregate over six millions. Our civic population is nearly one half of our whole number; theirs is about one twentieth of the whole. The cities in this State have been created almost entirely by manufacturing enterprise, Massachusetts not being remarkable for surplus agricultural produce. Wherever there is a considerable fall of water, affording power to move machinery, there a new city springs up, though the soil in the neighborhood should be as barren as the desert of Sahara. But, under the demand for agricultural produce created by that city, the dry sand and the hard rock are converted into gardens of fruit and vegetables; while the plain of eastern Virginia, once almost unsurpassed for fertility, its powers being now exhausted, is relapsing in part into its primitive wild condition, — absolutely becoming a jungle for wild beasts to dwell in.

Cities and towns are the great agents and tokens of the increase of national opulence, and the progress of civilization. The revival of effective industry, which preceded, and in part caused, the revival of learning in Europe, took place through the agency of the free towns and great trading cities, which sprang up most numerous in Germany and Italy, where they afforded a refuge for the arts and the pursuits of peace. Their establishment was the first effective blow given to the feudal institutions of the continent. Commerce and manufactures, to which their walls afforded protection against the chances of war and the rapacity of the warlike nobles, "gradually introduced order and good government, and with them the liberty and security of individuals, among the inhabitants of the country, who had before lived almost in a continual state of war with their neighbors, and of servile dependency upon their superiors. By affording a great and ready market for the rude produce of the country, they gave encouragement to its cultivation and further improvement." The word *civilization* itself, as if to indicate the origin and home of the thing, is derived from *civis*, the inhabitant of a city. Sismondi attributes the greater humanizing and civilizing influence of the colonies of the ancients over those of the moderns to the fact that the former founded cities, while the latter spread themselves over much land. In the town, man is in presence of man, not in solitude, abandoned to himself and his passions. The history of the colonization of the borders of the Mediterranean, he says, might also be called the history of the civilization of the human race.

The Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and the Romans successively formed colonies upon the same general plan. Each of these nations became in succession the leaders, the masters, of the civilized world, in refinement, learning, and the arts; and the colonies which they established were the means of diffusing these blessings among the rude tribes within whose territories the new settlements were formed. When the mother country became too populous, when the inhabitants of its wall-enclosed cities became straitened for room, detachments of them were sent out to found new homes for themselves on the coasts of other lands. The colony was to take care of itself, to be independent of the mother country, from the outset. Hence, to protect them-

selves against the savage tribes among whom they came to dwell, they were obliged, as the first step, to build a city and encircle it with fortifications. Within its walls they all slept; and they did not wander so far from its precincts during the daytime but that they could at any hour hear the trumpet-call, which, like the alarm-bell of modern times, might summon them back to the defence of the walls. Hence they cultivated only a narrow territory, lying within sight of, or at a short distance from, the city; and to obtain food from this restricted space for their whole number, they were obliged to exhaust all the arts of cultivation upon it; it was tilled, and it bloomed, like a garden. For greater security, a portion of it was generally enclosed within the fortifications. This *pomœrium*, or cultivated space under the walls, was usually divided into small strips, and allotted to the several heads of families among the citizens. A portion of the colonists devoted themselves to tillage, and raised food enough, or nearly enough, for the whole city. A larger portion within the walls applied themselves to the mechanic arts and to commerce, exchanging their manufactured goods for food either with their own agricultural citizens, or with the native inhabitants of the soil, when they could open peaceful intercourse with them, or with the denizens of other shores, perhaps of the mother country, to which they sent their ships. As they needed only a narrow strip of territory, which they often obtained by fair purchase from the aborigines, the hostility of the latter was not excited; and the mutual benefits of trade being soon felt, the natives came to regard the colonists as their benefactors and best friends. A knowledge of the arts, a taste for the comforts and luxuries of life, learning, and religion, were thus diffused among them; and in their simplicity and gratitude, they often reverenced the authors of their civilization as superhuman beings, and paid them divine honors. Many, if not most, of the gods and goddesses of ancient mythology were originally only the founders of art-bringing, knowledge-and-religion-diffusing colonies, whose beneficent influence, handed down to grateful remembrance by tradition, — by the spoken, not the written word, — really seemed to admiring posterity divine. The colony, the city, was opulent and refined from the beginning; founded by the most enterprising citizens of the mother country, who brought their

wealth, their cultivated tastes, and their industrious and adventurous habits along with them, it became almost at once a rival of the parent city in learning, industry, and the arts. Temples and theatres were built; the drama flourished; schools of eloquence were established; manufactures of costly and elegant fabrics were begun; and commerce started into life with all the vigor of youth and the large resources of manhood.

Brief as this sketch is, the classical reader will recognize in it, we think, the principal features of those colonies which the Phœnicians established along the northern shore of Africa, the Greeks along the coasts of Asia Minor, Sicily, and Magna Græcia or Southern Italy, and the Romans in Gaul and Spain. Carthage, the great commercial and manufacturing city of ancient times, the rival of Rome, may be taken in its history as a type of them all; and in the fanciful picture which, many years after its destruction, the Roman poet drew of its supposed origin, of the scene which it presented while the walls of the city were building, we recognize what was the idea, even so late as Virgil's time, of the mode of founding a colony.

"Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat; naves, quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago: dux fœmina facti.
Devenêre locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentemque novæ Carthaginis arcem:
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo."

. . . . . .

"Jamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces.
Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam;
Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus subvolvere saxa;
Pars optare locum tecto, et concludere sulco.
Jura, magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum.
Hîc portus alii effodiunt; hîc alta theatris
Fundamenta locant alii; immanesque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, scenis decora alta futuris."

Modern colonies, on the other hand, are, from the outset,

dependencies of the mother country, to which they constantly look for protection and support. They are often planted by those who do not intend to reside there permanently, but simply wish to gather again in a new country the wealth which they had dissipated in an old one, and then to return to their former home in order to enjoy it. Thus relieved from all fear of attack from the aborigines, their first care is to get possession of as much land as possible, this being the most obvious and plentiful source of riches. Individuals or joint-stock companies obtain grants of land measured by the league; and their rapacity provokes the vengeance of the natives, at the same time that it leads to their own isolation and defencelessness. The territory which they acquire is out of all proportion to their wants, their physical strength, or their capital; they cultivate only here and there a very fertile spot, where the powers of the soil are soon spent by a succession of exhausting crops; and in the careless style of agriculture to which they become accustomed through their dependence on the extent and natural richness of their land, is soon lost all remembrance of the agricultural art and science which they brought with them from their old home. Widely separated from each other, amply supplied with food by the bounty of nature, but destitute of the manufactured articles on which depend the comforts and even the decencies of life, out of the reach of the law, and beyond the sphere of education, they rapidly approximate the condition of the savages whom they have just dispossessed. They become "squatters," "bushmen," "backwoodsmen," whose only enjoyments are hunting and intoxication, whose only school-room is the forest, and whose sense of justice is manifested only by the processes of Lynch law. They are doomed to the solitary, violent, brutal existence, which destroys all true civilization, all sympathy with other men, though it increases strength of body, adroitness, courage, and the spirit of adventure. The want of local attachments, and an insatiable thirst for wandering and adventure, are, we fear, the most striking traits in the character of the whole population of our Mississippi valley. Their homes even in that fair region are but homes of yesterday; they had only pitched their camps on the banks of the Ohio and the Wabash, while on their way to the Sacramento and the Columbia. The truant disposition,

which carried them over the Alleghanies, hurries them onward to the Rocky Mountains. We do not go so far as an eminent thinker of our own day, who has expressed in eloquent language his fears, lest these constant migrations should lead our countrymen back to barbarism ; but it is certain, that the "pioneers of civilization," as they have been fondly called, leave laws, education, and the arts, all the essential elements of civilization, behind them. They may be the means of partially civilizing others, but they are in great danger of brutalizing themselves.

Strangely enough, the only colony of modern times, founded on the principles which governed the ancients in the establishment of their colonies, is one commenced by a set of half-crazed fanatics in our own far-distant territory of Utah or Deseret. Here, as well as at their former place of settlement in Illinois, the Mormons appear to have begun their colony by founding a city, within or near which their whole population is to be collected, so that the mechanic arts and all branches of manufacture may be established at the same time that they make their first attempts in agriculture. The name of their present chief city in Deseret is New Hierusalem, and it is situated on the right bank of the Western Jordan, which empties into their Dead Sea. We borrow the following account of it from an Historical Discourse, delivered sometime during the past year, by Thomas L. Kane.

"Its houses are spread, to command as much as possible the farms, which are laid out in wards or cantons, with a common fence to each ward. The farms in wheat already cover a space greater than the District of Columbia, over all of which they have completed the canals and other arrangements for bountiful irrigation, after the manner of the cultivators of the East. The houses are distributed over an area nearly as large as the city of New York. They will soon have completed a large common storehouse and granary, and a great sized public bathhouse. One of the many wonderful thermal springs of the valley, a white sulphur water of the temperature of 102° Fahrenheit, with a head of 'the thickness of a man's body,' they have already brought into the town for this purpose."

It is remarkable, that one of the latest improvements or discoveries in economical science, Mr. Wakefield's theory of colonization, consists in the recognition of the fact, that the

ancient mode of planting colonies is far preferable to the modern one. Mr. Wakefield perceived, that a country cannot have a productive agriculture unless it has a large town population, who may supply the agriculturists with manufactured articles, while the agriculturists supply them with food. Both parties are thus furnished with a market for their surplus produce, and with the articles that they most need in exchange for it. He showed that the modern fashion of establishing new settlements, — "setting down a number of families side by side, each on its own piece of land, and all employing themselves in exactly the same manner, — though under favorable circumstances it may assure to those families a rude abundance of mere necessaries, can never be other than unfavorable to great production or rapid growth." The situation of Oregon hardly five years ago affords a striking illustration of this truth; the settlers, for want of a market, were obliged to feed their horses with the finest wheat, while their own dwellings were destitute of all the comforts of life except food. Wakefield's "system consists of arrangements for securing that every colony shall have, from the first, a town population bearing due proportion to its agricultural, and that the cultivators of the soil shall not be so widely scattered as to be deprived by distance of the benefit of that town population, as a market for their produce." When land was plenty and free emigrants scarce in New Holland, the government found it convenient to make liberal gifts of territory; and accordingly, tracts varying in size from 10,000 to 50,000 acres were granted to various individuals. We borrow from one of the recent numbers of this Review a brief outline of the system:

Mr. Wakefield argued thus:— "The welfare of any community depends very much upon such a division of labor as shall fill every trade, profession, and employment with good men, and not overload any of them. If land in any country is so cheap that all are able to become landholders, there will be no laborers, no farm-hands, or mechanics; a semi-barbarism will follow; no growth in wealth or civilization will take place, and the country will be stationary or retrograde. If, therefore, you would have a colony progressive and civilized, you must put your lands so high as to keep a proper proportion of the inhabitants in the labor-market seeking employment, and yet not so high as to prevent as many from buying real estate as can use it to advan-

tage with the help of such laborers. If, then, England wishes Australia to grow in riches and goodness, let her sell the lands at a fixed price, never taking less, and in fixed quantities, never selling less; and let her apply the revenue arising from these sales to the transportation of free, honest laborers to the points where they are needed. In this way, the labor-market of New Holland will be supplied; the expense of supplying working hands will be paid by the lands of the colony; no more land will be taken up than can be worked to advantage; population will be concentrated, wealth will accumulate, and knowledge and virtue advance."

Mr. Wakefield's theory was good, but a practical difficulty obstructed its application. The government, adopting his views, put their lands up to a high price; and the emigrants, consequently, instead of purchasing them, or of remaining as laborers on the lands purchased by others, pushed farther into the interior, and "squatted" on the best land they could find, without paying any thing. In those vast unsettled regions, they knew very well that they were out of reach of the sheriff. Thus, the very measures adopted for concentrating them, and keeping them within the range of civilization and law, led to their wider dispersion and utter lawlessness.

It is curious that the United States system of disposing of the public lands, adopted in all its essential features as far back as 1800, has worked better than any other plan which has yet been devised. The land is carefully divided by the government surveys into townships six miles square, each of these being subdivided into thirty-six *sections*, of one square mile, or 640 acres, each. All is held at a minimum price of $1.25 an acre; and the sales are made at public auction as rapidly as the progress of the population seems to require. Lands which will not bring $1.25 an acre at the public sale, are still held by the government subject to entry at any future time, at private sale and at the minimum price. Any person can select a quarter, or even an eighth section,— 160 or 80 acres, — wherever he can find one surveyed and not yet sold, and by making a record of his intention to occupy and settle it himself, he can secure what is called the "preëmption right;" — a right which, partly by the force of law and partly by custom, amounts to a privilege of purchasing that land at the minimum price of $1.25 an acre, whenever the government shall think proper to sell it, which it will do when

the settlement is so far advanced as to render it probable that most of the land in the vicinity will bring that price. Thus the actual settler in truth obtains his land on credit, though all actual sales are for cash. He has credit till the actual sale is ordered; and some years may intervene, during which he may proceed to clear and cultivate his land, and actually obtain enough from it to make up its price, secure that no one will overbid him, and that he cannot be obliged to pay more than $1.25 an acre for it, however great may be his improvements. Five per cent. are reserved from the proceeds of the sales, to be expended, — three fifths for making roads to the newly settled territory, and two fifths for the support of seminaries of learning therein.

We say this system has worked well, the only evil experienced under it being, that speculators will sometimes buy up large tracts not subject to preëmption right, at the minimum government price, and hold them for an indefinite period, hoping that, as the population gradually close up and concentrate around them, they may again be brought into market at a much advanced price. While thus held, they remain unoccupied, — broad patches of wilderness among the settlements, — obstructing communication between the surrounding lands, and barring out occupation and improvement. But there is a check to this evil in the fact, that such lands are subject to state taxation, though they are tax-free before they are sold by the United States; and the taxes being proportioned to the rise in value of the property, it is not for the interest of the speculators to retain the land a long time.

But our brethren of the Western States make a great mistake when they clamor for a reduction of the *minimum* price at which the public lands are now held, and even demand that they shall be offered, in limited quantities, as a free gift to actual settlers. Their object, of course, in making these demands, is to stimulate the spirit of emigration to the West, so that the population there may more speedily become dense, and the value of the lands already settled may thus be enhanced. The object is a good one; but if there is any force in the considerations now adduced, the means adopted will tend rather to check than promote its attainment. It is surely not for the interest of sparsely settled States, like Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, that the great wave of emigra-

tion, though broadened and deepened, should only roll over them, to be arrested at last by the farthest limits of Iowa and Minnesota, or perhaps to pass much farther, and, dashing against the side of the Rocky Mountains, to throw its spray over their summits into Oregon and California. But we maintain that any great reduction in the price of the public lands will surely have this effect. The most eligible land in the three States first mentioned has already been taken up by individuals, that portion which yet remains in the hands of government being either less fertile, or more distant from navigable streams and other means of communication, or situated in a less salubrious or convenient region, than the tracts first selected for purchase. They have long been in the market, and have not yet found a buyer. Even now, most of the emigrants pass by them, seeking public lands which are more remote from their former homes, but which, in every other respect, are superior to these long-neglected spots, which a former generation of emigrants have avoided. Any general reduction of the government price could not affect this relative eligibility of the nearer and more distant lands. Reduce the price to nothing — give away the lands altogether; and the emigrant will still pass on, pushed forward by the emigrant's fond illusion, that the farther from home, the nearer to El Dorado.

Again, what is most needed for an increase of the prosperity of the West, — of that portion of it, at least, which lies on this side of the Mississippi, — is, not that the lands yet in the possession of government should become private property, but that the population should be concentrated on the tracts already owned by individuals, though in great part still covered by the primeval forest. To enhance the value of these broad regions, the people must be massed together, towns and cities must be established, manufacturing and commercial industry must be added to agricultural, and the hut of the backwoodsman must give place to the well-furnished abode of civilized and enlightened man. It would be an ill mode of enhancing the value of the farms of individuals, to offer lands in their immediate vicinity at a nominal price, or at no price at all. The passion for owning land, which converts nearly all the new settlers in our Western States into farmers, however ill fitted for such occupation by their

previous pursuits, is as injurious to agriculture as to the other great branches of industry. The land is held by those who, from defect of experience or want of capital, are unable to develop its resources, or even to remove the forest from a tithe of their domains. Corn, fuel, and meat are abundant, because prodigal nature affords so many facilities for the production of them, that the skill, enterprise, and knowledge of the cultivator are little needed, and are therefore imperfectly called forth. But man does not live by bread alone; and when this alone is supplied, almost without labor and without stint, he learns to do without many of the requisites even of a low stage of civilization, and allows the wants of his higher nature to remain unsatisfied. The want of a market and the consequent surplus of agricultural produce reduce its price so low, that many families find it needless to raise more than is wanted for their own consumption. The difficulty is felt, though its true cause is not ascertained; and a general call is made for improving the means of communication, so as to give access to distant markets, when the real want is that of a market near home. This want can be satisfied only by bringing the people together, and turning one half of them from agricultural to manufacturing and mechanic pursuits. The farmer would then find the number of his competitors diminished, the number of buyers of his produce increased, and the articles needed for his domestic comfort cheapened in price; because most of them would be manufactured in his immediate neighborhood, and the expense of transportation from a great distance would be subtracted from their cost. As it is, the State too often bankrupts itself in the gigantic enterprise of creating a system of railroads and canals, so as to gain access to a manufacturing and commercial population on the other side of the Alleghanies, instead of laboring to create such a population within its own territory. Indiana and Illinois, whose united territory measures about ninety thousand square miles, and whose inhabitants, ten years ago, numbered nearly 1,200,000, had not one town, in 1840, which contained five thousand inhabitants, and but two towns having over four thousand each. Has it been a benefit to these States, that the cheapness of the public lands has recently borne the tide of emigration onward into Iowa and Minnesota, instead of arresting it by the left bank of the

Mississippi? In our opinion, the interests of these States, and of the emigrants themselves, would be most effectually promoted by raising the price of the public lands to a point which would really keep them out of the market for twenty years to come.

Art. VII.—*History of the later Roman Commonwealth, from the End of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cæsar; and of the Reign of Augustus; with a Life of Trajan.* By Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head-Master of Rugby School. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 552.

2. *A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans. 1850. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is a hackneyed saying, that the ages which furnish the least of history write the most. Nor is it unnatural that this should be the case. An uneventful present, neither offering grounds of interest in itself, nor affording materials for a clear horoscope of the future, can hardly fail to lay a fond and strong hold upon the past. Then, also, eloquence, poetry, and the more fervid forms of literature are inspired and nourished by tumult, war, and revolution; but, when the general mind relapses into quietness, they yield place for the graver muse of history. Still farther, as the most insignificant men are the most ready to boast of their ancestry, and as the stripling who has the least in himself is the most prone to "ape his sire," so does the age which wins little glory of its own, search with the most loving diligence for the title-deeds of its hereditary fame, and trace out with the most reverent regard the footsteps of vanished generations.

But such theorizing seems rebutted by the phenomena of our own times. We certainly have been making history with unprecedented rapidity. The striking events of the last fifty years incomparably outnumber and outweigh those of the

three preceding centuries. The whole realm of art, science, government, and social economy has been in a transition state; and transactions which one month fill the world with amazement are almost forgotten in the crowded budget of the next month. Nor was there ever a generation which made so little use of the past as ours. The perpetually recurring phrase "of the day" is almost necessary to commend opinions, theories, institutions, and reforms to serious regard; and we have even heard and read of "the Gospel of the day," as if that which has nurtured the piety of eighteen hundred years had become effete, and needed revision and readaptation. At the period of the first French Revolution, the precedents of antiquity were not neglected, though they were wretchedly misused. A great deal was said and written about the ancient republics, which furnished names and insulated paradigms for many of the innovations discussed, projected, and established by the successive ranks of destructives and reconstructives. But Red Republicanism has no past; Socialism has no hold on historical epochs; Chartism is autocthonous, and can claim no ancestral tree. The newborn and still nascent constitutions of Europe, though they bear little kindred to Minerva, resemble her in the hot haste of their motherless birth. In fine, in its political, philosophical, ethical, and, to a lamentable degree, in some of its religious aspects, the age tends to self-isolation, and, in ignoring the past, is preparing to be itself ignored by a more loyal future.

By theory, then, affluence in historical writing ought not to be prominent among the literary features of our times. Yet it is prominent. Every department of historical and antiquarian research is pursued with a zeal unknown before. The dust of centuries has been brushed alike from public archives and from public records. Old authorities are collated and sifted, and the test of a skeptical criticism is applied to what have hitherto been undisputed traditions. Myths are reduced to their initial formulæ of fact, while infinitesimal fragments of fact are integrated into their long-lost values. Even dates and trivial details find vehement partisans for their various renderings; and ancient battle-grounds and military routes are traced and measured with a fonder curiosity than attaches itself to Marengo or Waterloo. No man's literary reputa-

tion seems complete till he has written a history; and our own pages have more than once given expression to the vague surmise and half-formed hope, that certain distinguished Americans, who have been second to none in elevating the intellectual standard of their country, are accumulating materials for master-works in this department, to fill up all that is lacking to their enviable fame. It is chiefly on this field that the rivalry of genius between England and America is now contested. Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, are our foremost names, when we challenge transatlantic comparisons; while voluminous and elaborate histories are chasing one another through the British press, faster than their merits can be canvassed, or their relative rank assigned.

The people, too, indisposed as they are to profit by the past, preyed upon, as they are, by all manner of unfathered absurdities, all read history. Macaulay's England has passed through almost as many editions as the Waverley Novels; and on books of no other class can a publisher afford so large an outlay, or depend upon so rapid a sale. While we are writing, there is laid upon our table the first volume of a cheap, popular edition of Grote's Greece, — a work, which, twenty years ago, would have found its way only into the libraries of professed scholars. Meanwhile, every town and parish, every institution or society that has a past, can find its hundreds of purchasers and readers for its full-sized duodecimo of obscure names, insignificant events, and barren gossip; while even a periodical devoted to genealogies, without the lubricating admixture of "old wives' fables," finds subscribers enough to maintain its place and make its fair show among our more expensive Quarterlies.

Here we have a problem well worth our investigation. Among the causes of the fertility of our times in historical literature, a prominent place is, no doubt, to be assigned to the dearth of materials for imaginative writing. Fact, which used to limp far in the rear, has now overtaken and outspeeded fancy. Poetry and fiction have been almost ostracized by the earth-genius of discovery and invention. Most of our verse is but metrical prose, and novels must be either grotesque or immoral to atone for the lack of originality. There is, indeed, a legion of rhymers, and of novelists in a small or a coarse way; but we could almost count on our

fingers those who, in either department, feel the afflatus of genuine inspiration, or can find unoccupied earth-room or sky-room, or unappropriated materials, for their creations. Meanwhile, the age is too mechanical and skeptical to abound in master-works of abstract reasoning, or of spiritual contemplation. A Fenelon or an Edwards would seem hardly less a *lusus naturæ* than a centaur or a mermaid. The affairs of the present are also exempted from the cognizance of men of the highest culture and ability, by the industry, ingenuity, and copiousness with which they are discussed in the daily press. Therefore, many men of genius and scholarship, who will and must write, are driven to history as the only form of intellectual effort open at once to original research and to the full appreciation of the public.

"Open to original research," we say; for almost all history has needed to be rewritten, and most of the great historical works of preceding generations are already obsolete or obsolescent. Geography, the basis of history, has in our own day first taken its place among the exact sciences. Buried capitals have been discovered and disinterred; the localities of defunct empires are determined with the minutest precision; and this knowledge alone has corrected a multitude of errors in fact, and has given definiteness and coherency to narratives which before were understood vaguely, or not at all. Oriental and classic archæology, also, in the affluence of its materials and the exactness of the results, seems like the growth of yesterday, so meagre and unsatisfying do previous researches appear when compared with the most recent. Then, too, historical criticism can hardly be deemed to have had its birth prior to Niebuhr's labors on Roman history. The old method was to place equal reliance on whatever authorities bore the seal of venerable antiquity, even though they might treat of times long antecedent to their own, and generally to shun the task of reconciling discrepancies by consulting as few original authorities as possible. Legend was incorporated freely with undoubted fact, and the nearest event compatible with the laws of nature was assumed as the actual basis for every supernatural tradition. Mythologies were unsparingly blended; and the strongly marked distinction between the Greek and Roman pantheon was scarcely recognized or imagined. Much less were the various renderings

of mythical traditions placed side by side, and traced back to their respective sources, so as to receive light from, or to cast light upon, the primeval history of the states of Greece or the Italian colonies. Similar remarks apply to the mediæval ages, which can hardly be said to have been the subject of scholarly investigation by any writer previous to Hallam. Thus, the vast accumulation of various kinds of subsidiary knowledge by travellers, antiquaries, philologists, and critics has made history a *tabula rasa*, and left in the world's literature a chasm which it remained for this generation to fill.

Different ages, also, make widely different demands of history. When war was the great interest of governments and nations, (and this seems to have been the case until the fall of Napoleon,) the chief thing required of the historian was, that he should be a chronicler of battles, sieges, insurrections, and revolutions; and it is amazing how pacific intervals of development and progress were hurried through, with hardly a mention of the discoveries and inventions which recreated science, transfigured art, stimulated industry, and renewed the face of society. In general, in the earlier histories, events, and not men, — external and international movements, and not the internal condition and changes of society, occupied the foreground. There was little analysis of motive, principle, or character. The actors on the arena were treated like the pieces on a chess-board, — important, not in their own configuration or specific differences, but only in their bearing on the results of the game. But little account was made of man as man. The diffusion of the republican element throughout Christendom has created a different mode of viewing the past, and consequently a new demand from its records. What is now sought is not the number of men killed in a battle, the order of attack or the munitions for defence, but the purposes, passions, and experiences of leaders and armies, kings and nations. The homes of the people, their social condition, their culture, their superstitions, their laws of domestic life, are now objects of eager inquiry. The Helot, the plebeian, the slave, must have his place in the narrative; and intense curiosity hangs around the memorials of such classes of men as used to be counted by the score or the hundred, computed in mass, and unrecognized in their individual capacity and worth. We will venture the asser-

tion, that Macaulay's chapter on the social condition of England in 1685, has contributed more than all the residue of the two published volumes of his history to their marvellous and universal popularity; yet it is a chapter, which, had he written it twenty years ago, would have been curtailed into a brief appendix, or broken up into obscure foot-notes.

In fine, it is the biographical element that is now chiefly demanded in history. This craving accounts for the success, in a proportion but slightly dependent upon their merit, of so many voluminous memoirs of public men. The title, "Life and Times," is enough to set afloat pairs and triplets of huge octavos, laden far below the sinking point with vile gossip, unmeaning correspondence, and "papers of no value to any one but the owner." Even if a man's mind has been a blank or a bog, and his heart arid as Sahara, thousands of readers can be found to drag through the *post mortem* examination, barely for the luxury of having a real subject dissected in their sight.

Now, to meet this demand, history must assume one of two shapes. It must either treat biographically the complex personality of a nation, depicting its sentiments, aims, growth, conflicts, and decline, as those of a single multiform soul and manifold life; or it must resolve itself into a series of individual biographies, with a connecting thread of narrative. The former process demands more genius, and wins the highest applause; but often it sacrifices fact to fancy, abnormal details to the primal conception, and the actual march of events to the reconstructive theory on which they are arranged. The latter requires the more patient research and the larger conversance with existing varieties of character, and is most likely to convey historical truth, inasmuch as nations never move as units, but by the combined action of mutually modifying and counteracting forces.

The two works named at the head of this article furnish respectively striking specimens of these two types of historical composition. Arnold was not, we suppose, a man of profound original research. Indeed, his life was too busy for him to obtain at first-hand a tithe of the materials, which he knew how to elaborate with so much skill and grace. In the earlier Roman history, he was a close follower of Niebuhr; in the later commonwealth, there was less room for skepti-

cism or for peculiar theories of interpretation, the discrepancies as to matters of fact being few and trivial. But what distinguishes him as a writer of history is, the compactness and unity which he imparts to the march of events, so that he always permits us to trace the condition and fortunes of the nation as an undivided whole, presents the resultant force without the minute analysis of its elements, and describes individual actors less in their individual capacity, than as the representatives of national characteristics and tendencies. His sketches even of the most illustrious men, the Gracchi, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Trajan, are therefore vague, meagre, and unsatisfying; while his conception of the Roman mind and character, in its initial type, its development and its world-wide influence, is distinct, coherent, and adequate. In his enlarged view of the Providential education of the race, Rome is the principal factor of ancient history, having for its mission to centralize and consolidate all the merely human elements of civilization, power, and grandeur, and thus to subject them to the Divine agency under which, according to the oracle, "one, who should go forth from Judea, was to obtain the empire of the world."

Merivale, on the other hand, seems to have been guided by a happy instinct in the choice of his title; for he is writing the "History of the Romans," rather than of Rome. He fails to preserve the continuity of his narrative. His episodes are so long as to make us forget the point from which they digressed. While describing provincial affairs, he loses sight of Rome. He presents rival leaders and their factions, not in concurrence and contrast, but in succession. He lacks the skill by which all the chief personages and controlling causes of an historical epoch can be kept simultaneously before the reader's eye, and exhibited in interaction, combination, and conflict. He substitutes a series of monologues for the crowded drama of the forum, senate-house, and camp. But he is eminently successful in the biography of individuals. We feel better acquainted with the genius, political relations, motives, and purpose of the subordinate, yet prominent, actors in the last days of Roman liberty, through the medium of these volumes, than by means of all our previous reading. For example, such characters as those of Clodius and Milo have generally been passed by as not worth a labored analysis.

Yet the former must have been endowed with talents as splendid as his life was vile, and needed only some measure of self-restraint to have retained the permanent control of the republic; while the latter, shallow alike in intellect and in character, possessed, no doubt, many of the traits of an accomplished demagogue, and was capable at any time of holding much greater men than himself in subserviency to his intrigues. Now these men, and others on the same or a lower plane of influence in the State, are placed by Merivale within the distinct cognizance of his readers, not only in their political agency, but in their manners, habits, social intercourse, and reputation among different classes of people. He is manifestly not a mere scholar, or rather, he is not exclusively a book-man, but a keen observer of men and society around him; for, while his Romans are neither modernized nor Anglicized, they are actual men, endowed with human passions, affections, and liabilities, and not the impassive abstractions which have so often usurped the Roman name in history.

We may at once illustrate and justify our verdict as to the different merits of these two authors by a characteristic extract from each. From Arnold, we quote a paragraph on the state of literature in the Roman empire under Trajan.

"We have already expressed our opinion, that the merits of Roman literature, even in its most flourishing period, have been greatly overrated; and we believe that a review of its condition at the end of the first century of the Christian era, might tend to lessen our wonder at the ignorance which afterwards prevailed throughout Europe. Our first impression would probably be highly favorable: we meet with the names of a great many writers, whose reputation is even now eminent; we know that learning was not only held in honor in the eastern provinces, where it had been long since cultivated, but that Gaul, and Spain, and Africa abounded with schools and orators, and that a taste for literary studies had been introduced even into Britain. The names of the most distinguished orators at Rome were familiarly known in the remotest parts of the empire, and any splendid passages in their speeches were copied out by the provincial students, and sent down to their friends at home to excite their admiration, and serve as models for their imitation. Even the Roman laws, once so cold and so disdainful of literature and the fine arts, had in some points adopted a more conciliating language; and the profession of a Sophist was a legal exemption from the duties of

a juryman in the conventus or circuits of the provincial judges. The age of Trajanus then had greatly the advantage over that of Augustus in the more general diffusion of knowledge, while, in the comparison of individual writers, the eminence which Virgil and Horace attained in poetry was at least equalled by the historical fame of Tacitus. But although knowledge was more common than it had been a century before, still its range was necessarily confined; nor before the invention of printing could it possibly be otherwise. Pliny expresses his surprise at hearing that there was a bookseller's shop to be found at Lugdunum or Lyons; yet this very city had been for a long time the scene of public recitations in Greek and Latin, in which the orators of Gaul contended for the prize of eloquence. Thus, instead of the various clubs, reading-rooms, circulating libraries, and book-societies, which make so many thousands in our day acquainted with every new publication worthy of notice, it was the practice of authors at Rome to read aloud their compositions to a large audience of their friends and acquaintance; and not only poetry and orations were thus recited, but also works of history. To attend these readings was often, naturally enough, considered rather an irksome civility; they who went at first reluctantly were apt to be but languid auditors; and we all know that even to those most fond of literature, it is no agreeable task to sit hour after hour the unemployed and constrained listeners alike to the eloquence or dulness, to the sense or folly, of another. The weariness then of the audience was to be relieved by the selection of brilliant and forcible passages; their feelings were to be gratified rather than their understandings; and amidst the excitement of a crowded hall and an impassioned recitation, there was no room for that silent exercise of judgment and reflection which alone leads to wisdom. From this habit, then, of hearing books rather than reading them, it was natural that poetry and oratory should be the most popular kinds of literature; and that history, as we have observed in our notice of the Roman historians, should be tempted to assume the charms of oratory, in order to procure for itself an audience. A detail of facts cannot be remembered by being once heard; and many of the most useful inquiries or discussions in history, however valuable to the thoughtful student, are not the best calculated to win the attention of a mixed audience, when orally delivered. The scarcity of books, therefore, inducing the practice of reading them aloud to many hearers, instead of reserving them for hours of solitude and undisturbed thought, may be considered as one of the chief causes of the false luxuriance of literature at Rome in the reigns of the first emperors, and of its early and complete

decay. We have already noticed the unworthy ideas which the Romans entertained of its nature, and how completely they degraded it into a mere plaything of men's prosperous hours, an elegant amusement, and an embellishment of life, not a matter of serious use to individuals and to the state. Works of physical science, and, much more, such as tend to illustrate the useful arts, were therefore almost unknown; so also were books of travels, details of statistics, and every thing relating to political economy. Had books of this description been numerous, it would indeed have been strange if the Roman empire had afterwards relapsed into ignorance. The nations by whom it was overrun would readily have appreciated the benefits of a knowledge which daily made life more comfortable, and nations more enlightened and more prosperous; and the advantages of cultivating the understanding would have been as obvious to men of every condition in Rome, as they are actually at the present time in England, Germany, and America. As a proof of this, we may observe, that the only two kinds of really valuable knowledge which the Romans had to communicate to their northern conquerors were both adopted by them with eagerness; we mean their law and their religion. The Roman code found its way, or rather retained much of its authority, in the kingdoms founded upon the ruins of the Roman empire, and its wisdom imperceptibly influenced the law of those countries which affected most to regard it with jealousy and aversion. And the Christian religion, in like manner, survived the confusion of the fourth and fifth centuries, and continually exercised its beneficent power in insuring individual happiness, and lessening the amount of public misery. If, together with these, Rome could have offered to her conquerors an enlarged knowledge of nature and of the useful arts, and clear views of the principles of political economy, and the higher science of legislation in general, we need not doubt that they would have accepted these gifts also, and that thus the corruption to which her law and religion were exposed, would have been in a great measure obviated. For it is a most important truth, and one which requires at this day to be most earnestly enforced, that it is by the study of facts, whether relating to nature or to man, and not by any pretended cultivation of the mind by poetry, oratory, and moral or critical dissertations, that the understandings of mankind in general will be most improved, and their views of things rendered most accurate. And the reason of this is, that every man has a fondness for knowledge of some kind; and by acquainting himself with those facts or truths which are most suited to his taste, he finds himself gaining something, the value of which he can appreciate, and in the pursuit of which, therefore, all his natural faculties will be best developed. From

the mass of varied knowledge thus possessed by the several members of the community, arises the great characteristic of a really enlightened age, a sound and sensible judgment; a quality which can only be formed by the habit of regarding things in different lights, as they appear to intelligent men of different pursuits and in different classes of society, and by thus correcting the limited notions to which the greatest minds are liable, when left to indulge without a corrective in their own peculiar train of opinions. Want of judgment, therefore, is the prevailing defect in all periods of imperfect civilization, and in those wherein the showy branches of literature have been forced by patronage, while the more beneficial parts of knowledge have been neglected. Nor is it to the purpose to say, that the study of facts is of no benefit, unless we form from them some general conclusions. The disease of the human mind is impatiently to anticipate conclusions, so little danger is there that it will be slow in deducing them when it is once in possession of premises from which they may justly be derived. But, on the other hand, wherever words and striking images are mainly studied, as was the case in ancient Rome, man's natural indolence is encouraged, and he proceeds at once to reason without taking the trouble of providing himself with the necessary materials. Eloquence, indeed, and great natural ability may, in the most favorable instances, disguise to the vulgar the shallowness which lurks beneath them; but with the mass of mankind this system is altogether fatal. Learning, in the only shape in which it presents itself to their eyes, is to them utterly useless; they have no desire to pursue it, and if they had such, their pursuit would be fruitless. They remain therefore in their natural ignorance; not partaking in the pretended cultivation of their age, and feeling no deprivation when the ill-rooted literature, which was the mere amusement of the great and wealthy, is swept away by the first considerable revolution in the state of society." pp. 539 – 542.

As a specimen of Merivale's skill and grace in character-painting, we borrow his portrait of M. Porcius Cato.

"The name of M. Porcius Cato has already been introduced as a leader of the aristocratic party. Younger by a few years than any of his political rivals, he entered upon the stage of public life at a somewhat later period. The absence of Pompeius in Asia first made room for him in the councils of the nobility, whose cause, though himself a plebeian, (one, however, of most ancient and honorable descent,) he embraced with more thorough and exclusive devotion than any of his contemporaries. His character was rigid and untractable, and marked a reaction from that laxity of manners and principles which the circumstances of

the time had rendered general, and which unfortunately seemed indispensable for efficient political action. Well read in books, his mind had no power to assimilate the lessons of history; a systematic follower of the Stoic philosophy, the genuine springs of human action were unknown to or disregarded by him. He idolized the name of his great-grandfather, Cato the Censor; and while he studiously formed himself upon that ancestral model, he had, in fact, already inherited a kindred disposition. But the Censor lived at a time when public opinion still respected the principles at least of old Roman austerity. It was a minority of the extravagant and the speculative, the innovators in practice and theory, against whom he contended; and unsuccessful as he was, he still preserved the reverence of the people, and bequeathed them an honored name for the admiration of posterity. The younger Cato applied the same rules and maxims to his own times, which were rapidly becoming obsolete above a century before. The poet of the civil wars compares Pompeius to the venerable oak, majestic in its decay, and honored for its antique associations; Cæsar to the lightning of Jupiter, which spares nothing venerable, nothing holy, neither the monarch of the forest nor the temples of its own divinity; Cato he might have likened to the rocky promontory which marks the ancient limits of an encroaching ocean, still resisting the action under which the neighboring cliffs have mouldered away, and barely attached to the continent by a narrow and diminishing isthmus. Yet even the iron disposition of the Stoic was not unaffected by the change of circumstances since the period which he most admired. The same temper which made the elder Cato a severe master, a frugal housekeeper, the cultivator of his own acres, the man of maxims and proverbs, converted the younger into a pedantic politician and a scholastic formalist. Private life had become absorbed in the sphere of public occupations; the homely experience of the individual was lost in the recorded wisdom of professional philosophers. The character of the Censor had been simple and true to nature; that of his descendant was a system of elaborate though unconscious affectations. Vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

The two works before us cover in part the same portion of time. The volume of Arnold contains all his historical contributions to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, the contents of which are sufficiently described in the title. Merivale's second volume terminates with the death of Julius Cæsar, — a length of prelude big with magnificent promise for the voluminousness of the entire work.

The leading questions which have presented themselves to

our thought in reading these books, concern the motives and principles of Julius Cæsar. Was he a mere soldier of fortune, or a sincere lover of his country? Was he the subverter of Roman liberty, or the defender and conservator of whatever of ancient Rome had survived the discord, faction, and corruption of his own and preceding times? Is he to be condemned as a usurper and a tyrant, or to be revered as a patriot? It seems to us that historians in general evade these questions, or rather give them a double answer, which is the least probable solution of all; for a man of his decision, prowess, energy, and cogency cannot have been the mere slave of circumstances, but must have had definite aims, and must have regarded himself as occupying a definite position with reference to the past and the future of his country.

His moral character should first be taken into the account in judging of his purposes. We are strongly inclined to regard him as a man of superior excellence, when tried by the gross and defective standards of his day. He was indeed stained by faults, which would be incompatible with pure patriotism in our own times; for we dissent from those, who can conceive of personal immorality and public virtue as coexistent in modern Christendom. Whenever, under the light of Christianity, we see a man reckless of pecuniary obligations, false in his domestic relations, the unresisting victim of passion, appetite, or lust, however profound his political wisdom, however splendid his services, we have no faith in his disinterestedness, — we suppose him only judiciously selfish, — we impute to him a higher regard for official honor and gain than for the interests of his country, — we are prepared to see him, even at the last moment, play the demagogue, the turncoat, or the traitor, if he can thus best subserve his own private ends. But Cæsar can be amenable to no such severe standard. His faults were venial in his position. In his youthful prodigality, and under a vast load of debt, he seems only to have been drawing on future fortunes, for which his reckless expenditures were essential in paving the way. Nor, with the immense revenues of provincial offices, the chances of success in legacy-hunting, and the large emoluments accruing from judicial or political services to individuals, could the creditors of an eloquent and ambitious youth have imagined that they were incurring any risk beyond that of his premature

removal by death. But when Cæsar could command unlimited resources, he was equally free from the charge of ingratitude to his friends and of rapacity towards his enemies. With what were deemed the legitimate spoils of war he gladly rewarded his early adherents and helpers; while, by protecting the private property even of his well-known enemies, he alienated not a few of his mercenary and unscrupulous partisans.

That Cæsar was addicted to debauchery constitutes the greatest blemish upon his reputation. Yet it must be remembered that, on all subjects connected with the relation of the sexes, the Roman conscience was then utterly torpid; and the proof is wanting that Cæsar practised greater license than Cato tolerated, or was chargeable with any of those unnatural forms of guilt, which were not only shamelessly enacted by his pleasure-loving coevals, but unblushingly celebrated in poems that will last as long as the Roman name shall endure. In the indulgences of the table he was singularly temperate at an age when gluttony was the fashion of the aristocracy, and drunkenness little less than a duty to society. Cato, who hated him, was wont to say that he alone came sober to the enterprise of destroying the republic.

Nor yet can we impute the immense slaughter of Cæsar's wars to a settled ferocity or cruelty. The barbarians, whom he conquered in fair field, he deemed his lawful prey, and Rome was, in his view, only exercising her indefeasible rights in defending and enlarging her sphere of jurisdiction. He was never gratuitously sanguinary, nor can there be adduced a single instance of vindictiveness towards his personal enemies; while the progress and termination of the civil war were signalized by numerous acts of forbearance, forgiveness sometimes more than once or twice, and the magnanimous sacrifice of private retaliation for the public good. Most of the conspirators against his life were men whom, for the sake of the state, he had pardoned and raised to honor, while they could not forgive themselves for receiving office and emolument from one whom they regarded as a usurper.

That he was an unbeliever in the popular mythology was creditable to his good sense, and that he openly professed his unbelief only makes us think the better of his honesty. At the same time, there can be little doubt that he felt the reality

of a controlling power and Providence, and was under the dominion of what it is easy for us to brand as paltry superstition, but which, under pagan auspices, only demonstrated the indefeasible supremacy of the religious principle.

In the earlier administration of the province of Transalpine Gaul, we can trace no measures inconsistent with his loyalty to the republic. His aggressive wars were a part of the settled Roman policy; his conquests belonged to the scheme of progressive enlargement, which had been the prime aim of the commonwealth from the days of Romulus downward. The privileges which he ceded to allies, and his constant advocacy of the rights and immunities of the Italian cities, were the surest mode of perpetuating their allegiance, and securing their tranquillity in peace and their vigorous coöperation in war. In refusing to yield up his command at the bidding of the hostile oligarchy, he indeed virtually raised the standard of rebellion. But in this, he might have confidently appealed from the temporarily dominant faction to the collective interests of the empire. Had he obeyed, he must not only have submitted to disgrace, banishment, and confiscation, but he must have left his veterans unrewarded, yielded up his province to dismemberment, and abandoned his conquests to the chances of a weak administration, newly levied armies, and inexperienced commanders. He still governed in the name of the Roman people, and maintained the posture of one amenable to rightly constituted authorities and an impartial tribunal.

In the civil war, we cannot but regard him as the veritable representative and champion of the Roman people against a narrow, proscriptive, sanguinary aristocracy. Had Pompey been the victor, the senate would have been more than decimated by the executioner, and half the estates in Rome would have passed under the spear, or into the hands of the victorious faction; nor would republican forms have retained even the nominal reverence which Cæsar never denied them. The heart of the nation was with Cæsar in the conflict. His was the party of individual security, social order, and public justice. Pompey tolerated no neutrality, and the eager flocking of his partisans to his camp indicates the only terms of safety and amnesty which he was prepared to yield. The quietness with which the unarmed of both and all parties awaited

Cæsar's successive stages of conquest, and his approach to Rome, indicates universal confidence in his integrity and his clemency.

But, in assuming the place of an autocrat, though under republican names and with the show of popular election, he laid violent hands on the Roman constitution, annihilated the commonwealth, and became the first emperor without the title. The question then recurs, Had not republican Rome ceased to exist prior to his usurpation? To this there can be but one answer. Election by the people had become a farce and a fiction. There had never been devised any system, by which, after the city became populous, the suffrages of the citizens could be fairly collected. The centuries had grown more and more unequal in their numbers, and even the summoning of the poorest and fullest centuries, for the nominal exercise of their rights, was a rare event. The system, honestly carried out, may be understood by supposing the elections in Boston determined by the majority of streets, and the vote of the several streets taken in the order of the fewness and opulence of their inhabitants, — Beacon or Summer Street being called first, Broad or Belknap Street among the last. To make the parallel complete, we must suppose the citizens on the richer streets, so closely united, both by common interests and by hereditary contempt and hatred for the dwellers in plebeian quarters, as always to present a united front against the men or measures peculiarly favored by the many. In this case, the election would so generally be determined by the majority of the streets comprising a minority of the people, that it would be deemed a useless impertinence to call the poorer citizens off from their work, and to block up the passages to the hall of assembly, for the observance of an unmeaning formalism. But even this statement by no means fully represents the condition of things at the period of which we are writing. Cæsar had probably never known of an election effected, or a law enacted, except by means of bribery or violence. In fact, the consuls of the year were the men who, during the preceding year, had bought off, overbidden, falsely impeached, or covertly assassinated their nearest competitors. The centuries were packed for each election. The mercenary interposition of tribunes, or the unlimited authority of irresponsible augurs, could always be depended upon to dis-

solve or prorogue the *comitia*, if by any chance the aspects were unfavorable to the preconcerted movements of those who ruled the hour. Every powerful man in the state had a sufficiently numerous body of retainers, whether freedmen or clients, to impede the access to the polls of voters who might turn the fortune of the day. The consequence was, that the constitutional had become no less impotent than the actual majority of the citizens; and the supreme power of the republic was at the mercy of rival or successive cabals, all equally selfish, exacting, capricious, unprincipled, and incalculable.

Meanwhile, the judiciary power had become a mere nullity. Each verdict was determined by the superior audacity or the more profuse bribery of the magistrates, or of accuser or defendant, claimant or respondent. Sometimes armed men overawed the tribunal. Sometimes hired bullies and ruffians frightened the judges into submission. Still oftener, they took their seats with the sentence agreed upon and paid for; and not unfrequently the party, who thought his cause as sure as money could make it, found too late, to his double cost, that his opponent had outbribed him, and secured the very judge whose solemn pledge he had been purchasing at a ruinous sacrifice.

Now it requires no very strong effort of the imagination to suppose that Cæsar may have regarded this abounding profligacy, this virtual anarchy, as a justifying and worthy cause for armed interference, — that he deemed it the part of true patriotism to force back the reign of justice, equity, and order. Nothing sacred remained to be destroyed, — nothing, that in better days had been held inviolable, remained unviolated. He had been from youth the champion of popular rights, and had manifested no sympathy with any of the successive factions of merely senatorial or patrician partialities. On the other hand, he had never ceased to be the object of jealousy and aversion to those who identified the state with their own aristocratical clique. And when he entered upon his successive dictatorships, or suffered himself to assume the consular office for an extra-legal term, he can have had no room for doubt that the untrammelled suffrages of the Roman people would have placed him where he stood.

An alternative course, no doubt, suggested itself to Cæsar. He might have lent his force as a military commander, and

his influence as a citizen, to the reëstablishment of the ancient order of the republic. But in so doing, he would have rendered a great disservice to his country. The Roman constitution was adapted only to the government of a city of limited extent and few dependencies. Its inadequacy began to be felt so soon as intercourse, whether peaceful or hostile, was extended beyond the Italian peninsula. Nay, there were, not infrequently, domestic emergencies utterly beyond its control. The office of dictator was in no sense constitutional, but a time-honored mode of suspending all rights, obligations, and functions under the constitution, — a suit of storm-sails for the ship of state, to be used when the fair-weather canvas was close-reefed. As the empire grew by affiliation and conquest, unity, despatch, and continuity of administrative policy became more and more essential; and for lack of these elements, almost every inch of subject territory had to be conquered more than once, and the sovereign city itself was repeatedly on the brink of ruin. But unity there could not be, when the consuls were chosen with no reference to their common opinions or mutual adaptations, but, on the other hand, one was often thrown into the chair to secure the election of the other, or was placed there solely to neutralize his colleague. Despatch was also impossible; for that can be the result only of use and experience, and the consuls came generally to their office as absolute novices in the management of all civil functions, beyond the precincts of their own city, and yielded place to their successors before they had become conversant with the routine of official duty. Continuous, nay, even definite, policy was out of the question, for similar reasons; for the term of a single year was too brief for the development of any principles of government, or the establishment of any settled plan of administration. Meanwhile, the people had lost whatever national traits might once have fitted them for self-government. There was no estate on which reliance could be placed for integrity or patriotism. The senate was, in part, a haughty, luxurious, and effeminate oligarchy, — in part, a band of needy and profligate demagogues. The equites were proverbially mercenary, and every man among them was constantly on sale to the highest bidder. Of the plebeians, the richer emulated all patrician forms of vice, while the poorer were public paupers, depend-

ent on the public granaries and on the largesses of office-holders. At the same time, the empire, by its vast extent and its heterogeneous elements, had outgrown the possibilities of a purely republican administration. A vigorous central government, under the continuous control of a single mind, was the desideratum of the age, and alone could have preserved the integrity of the empire. Nor can we deem it inconsistent with the purest and most enlightened patriotism, that Cæsar should first have levied war against a faction avowedly hostile to all that he identified with the true interests of Rome, and then should have accepted whatever official trusts an admiring senate and a grateful people saw fit to devolve upon him. Nay, did not the very acts of senate and people, the almost unanimous acclamation of the citizens, the seeming acquiescence of his old political enemies, virtually modify the constitution to suit the exigencies of the times? For it must be remembered, that the Roman constitution was not a written document, with prescribed modes of amendment, but that it was, at every successive epoch, what the will of the senate and the people made it, the creature of their votes; and from the expulsion of Tarquin downwards, modified only by civil violence or by the simple immediate mandate of the legitimate assemblies.

Cæsar's use of the supreme power strongly confirms our view of his character. The conspirators against him deprived posterity of the opportunity of knowing whether he would have accepted the insignia of royalty, and whether he meditated the transmission of his honors to his nephew and heir. His consenting to wear the laurel crown should be regarded as a non-significant fact; for the laurel was at once the meed of his foreign victories, and a welcome covering for the baldness of which it was his infirmity to feel ashamed. Certain is it, that he solicited only republican names for his public functions, and that more pompous titles and environments might have been his for the asking, and were informally urged upon his acceptance. But that what we should now denominate a limited monarchy was his ideal of the government which he deemed best for Rome, and of which he determined to be the lifelong head, if not the founder of a dynasty, we cannot doubt. We accord, in the main, with the views expressed by Merivale, in the following passage.

"We have now followed the career of Julius Cæsar to the point at which his supremacy is finally established, and the proud defiance of a licentious oligarchy has subsided into the murmur of a broken and proscribed faction. We have seen him commence his political existence with the assertion of the popular claims identified with the hero of his own house. He urged them with a fearless vehemence, in which it is impossible to mistake the sincerity of his devotion. The first steps of every popular champion are bold and decided. At the outset he has a distinct object before him; he knows what his grievances are, if not their true remedies. He may delude himself, as he proceeds, with the fancy that he is reconstructing, but there is no deception about the fact that he is pulling down. His days and years are marked by the successive demolition of real and substantial things, while his new creations are, perhaps, no more than ideas. Such, however, was not the case with Cæsar. From the time, indeed, of his first entry into public life, his name had been signalized by the overthrow, one by one, of the strong-holds of ancient privilege, and in the ardor of the attack, straitened in his means and controlled in his natural impulses, he had little opportunity of applying himself to the task of renovation. Accordingly, when the ruins of the past began to be cleared away, he was astonished to behold how great was the gap he had made. The solemn question now urged itself upon him, how this desolate space was to be again filled up; and in the boldness and originality of his views, it found an appropriate solution. But the work to be performed was long, and the time granted to him was but short; we shall see him, however, erect more than one durable edifice of utility and justice, and bear witness to his planning of others on a scale still more magnificent, while many vast conceptions were obviously floating in his mind, of which he was not even permitted to shadow forth the outline. His undisputed tenure of power lasted hardly more than one year and a half, including an interval of ten months' absence from the city. It was, therefore, impossible that his ideas, however long he may have actually brooded over them, could receive their complete and methodical realization. We are the less able to appreciate, with accuracy, the clearness of Cæsar's views, and the process of their development, from the fact of there existing no record of the order in which his enactments succeeded one another. We know not at what stage his legislation was interrupted by his departure for Spain, nor have we the means of judging whether his reforms gained in boldness or lost in impartial justice, when his power seemed secured by his final victory. It would have been deeply interesting to have remarked how one idea may have germinated in many new directions; how various imperfect measures may have conduced to one harmonious result.

But the measures themselves, confused and disjointed as is the form in which they present themselves to us, point decisively to the existence, in their author's mind, of a comprehensive plan for the entire reconstruction of the national polity. The general principle which pervades them is the elevation of a middle class of citizens, to constitute the ultimate source of all political authority. The ostensible ruler of the state is to be in fact the creation of this body, its favorite, its patron, its legislator, and its captain. To this body he is to owe his political existence. He is to watch over the maintenance of an equilibrium of popular forces, checking with the same firm hand the discontent of the depressed nobility, and the encroachments of the aspiring rabble. The eternal principles of rule and order he is to assert as sacred and immutable; but he is to be himself responsible for their application at his own discretion to the varying wants of society. This idea of government was perfectly new to the ancient world. It was the first rude conception of popular monarchy, the phantom of philosophers and jurists, which has been so often shadowed forth in theory, but never permanently realized in practice. The event indeed proved that an attempt to combine the discordant elements of despotism and freedom could avail only as a temporary expedient, under favor of a strong popular reaction from a period of anarchy and suffering. It was repeated, as we shall see, under these conditions, with limited and transient success, by Augustus and Nerva. But its effect was either to exchange the sword of the open foe for the dagger of the assassin, or to crush all independence of thought and speech, and congeal in stagnant inaction the life-blood of the nation. If, however, it contained, in execution, the seeds of premature degeneracy and corruption, the humane experiment at least deserved, and did not fail to obtain, the sympathy of mankind.

"The pomp of four triumphs, the spectacles of the theatre and the circus, the unwonted splendor of the decorations lavished on the dictator's person, were merely frivolous expedients for amusing the people, and enhancing the popularity and dignity of their favorite. To consolidate the power he had acquired on the firm basis of the national affections was a much more arduous undertaking. The demands of the age, as they presented themselves to Cæsar's mind, may be summed up in the language of the discourse attributed, though with little authority, to the historian Sallust, but in which some later rhetorician appears at least to have embodied the sentiments ascribed to antiquity by his own contemporaries. A noble object of ambition, it was said, lay open to the imperator who should aspire to rule over the Roman people. He found them bloated and corrupted by the excess of luxury, overwhelmed with debt and degraded by the vices which

debt engenders. The nobles were selfish and cruel, and had sought in a civil war the surest refuge from their creditors, and the only means of retrieving their fortunes. But this faction had now been crushed; let the seeds of such passions be prevented from taking root again. Let luxury be repressed by sumptuary laws; let the numbers of the privileged orders be increased; let the rights of citizenship be extended; let colonies be planted in the provinces; let military service be required equally of all, and none be retained under their standards beyond a reasonable period. Let the magistrates and judges be chosen for their virtues and dignity, and not merely for their wealth. It would be vain to entrust the working of such reforms as these to a commonwealth of free and equal citizens; but the impartial eye of a supreme ruler may watch securely over their execution, and neither fear, nor favor, nor private interests interfere to clog their operation." Vol. II. pp. 401 – 406.

Such seem to have been the noble purposes with which Cæsar entered upon the virtual sovereignty of Rome; and, had they not been maturely formed and resolutely held in view, his brief rule could not have been so prolific as it was of wise, just, reformatory, and beneficent measures. Never, in any other instance, were the abuses and excesses consequent upon a civil war so diligently contended against and so effectually suppressed. The relation of debtor and creditor was placed upon a much more secure basis of equity than it had occupied for a score or two of the previous years. The disarmed soldiery were not only settled upon the public domains, but so widely scattered through Italy and the provinces as to preclude the combined action of any considerable number of them, whether for predatory or seditious purposes. The sickly and exhausted body politic was recruited by the ceding of the full rights of citizenship not only to the Italian cities, but to certain classes of the provincial subjects. While Cæsar thus sought to extend the franchise, which had been previously guarded with a narrow, paltry exclusiveness, he devised various measures for checking the dangerous increase of slaves, for encouraging emancipation and stimulating free labor. Of his sumptuary laws we can only say, that they were authorized by the best political philosophy of that age, and that their design was eminently worthy a paternal administration. While these enactments were adopted to counteract the most nearly imminent evils and perils, Cæsar

extended his views into the future, and projected a code of laws, under which all local immunities and burdens were to be merged in the impartial administration of justice throughout the empire. With similar purpose he instituted the thorough survey of every province, with reference to the formation of a complete map of the Roman world. His reform of the deranged and confused calendar, important in a scientific aspect, was hardly less so in its political bearings; as the indefinite Roman year had, like all things else, become venal, and subject to be lengthened or shortened by the application of bribery to the pontifical college. To him also belongs the honor of a pioneer in the diffusion of knowledge among the people, in the institution of the earliest free public library of which history bears the record. In fine, there was no department of the public service which escaped his providence, — no vital interest of the people which was not cherished under his guardianship.

His true magnanimity appears the more conspicuous, when we compare him with the most illustrious of his coevals. Cato was undoubtedly a severer moralist and a man of more rigid virtue; but he belonged to the past rather than to the present, and was too obstinate and impracticable to exert any appreciable influence on society or the state. The shadow of self lay constantly on Cicero's path, and his magnificent genius had its offset in an equally magnificent egotism. Even in his greatest achievements and most generous acts, he never loses sight of the necessity of defining his own vague and multiform position, while the self-consciousness of a *novus homo* made him equally jealous of the ancestral nobility, and ashamed to appear as the open advocate of the rights of the people. As for Cæsar's assassins, their dissimulation and treachery, their supple sycophancy, their ready reception of honor and emolument from the conqueror, and their ill-disguised mortification that his sense of their merits was not fully commensurate with their own, deprive them of such modicum of honor as may attach itself to the simple act of tyrannicide, and reconcile us to the retributive fortune which expiated blood by blood.

Lastly, when we compare Cæsar with his great rival, we are most of all made aware of his incontestable superiority. As a general, Pompey was unsurpassed in vigor, courage,

and efficiency on the field of battle; Cæsar, in the command of resources, the arrangement of campaigns, and the whole conduct of war. As a statesman, Pompey had the narrowness of a Roman aristocrat; Cæsar, the large heart and generous aim of a citizen of the world. Pompey would have sacrificed half the empire for his friends, and the other half in vengeance upon his enemies. Cæsar's friends were all who were not his enemies in arms; his only enemies were those of the people and the state. Pompey would have seemed less great, had he lived to enter Rome with laurels from Pharsalia; Cæsar's brief political career eclipses his renown in arms.

We trust that we shall not incur the charge of anti-republican tendencies in our vindication of Cæsar's fame. On the contrary it has been our incidental aim to indicate the only principles on which free institutions can be maintained. If officers become venal; if elections are given over to irresponsible wire-pullers; if the ermine of justice is thrown into the scramble of the caucus and the ballot-box; if ignorance is fostered or tolerated; if social distinctions are aggravated; if, under the specious names of free trade and reciprocity, American labor is forced into beggarly competition with pauper labor abroad; if the nation is broken up into a multitude of selfish and short-sighted factions; if man-worship stands in the stead of right and principle, — our confederation must follow in the wake of the ancient republics. A nation must either be fit to govern itself, or must have a master. When a hydra-headed despotism or a single tyrant presents itself as the only alternative in the darker horoscope which abounding discord, corruption, and profligacy sometimes constrain us to draw for our country, we cannot but choose the former, and could only beg of an outraged Heaven to send her no less beneficent a tyrant than Julius Cæsar.

ART. VIII.—*Outlines of a System of Mechanical Philosophy, being a Research into the Laws of Force.* By SAMUEL ELLIOTT COUES. Boston: Little & Brown. 1851. 12mo. pp. 330.

IF a teacher, or a professed student, of the science of mechanics, or even a person who has the ordinary knowledge of this science which every educated man is supposed to possess, were told that this very original and striking book contained an elaborate attempt to disprove the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation, and to show that all the explanations which it offers of the phenomena of the physical universe are unsatisfactory and unsound, he would be likely to throw aside the volume unread, and with an exclamation of impatience at the perverted ingenuity manifested by sciolists in assailing the fundamental truths of science, which have been a thousand times so fully demonstrated, that reasoning against them could only proceed from ignorance or a morbid love of sophistry and skepticism. Yet we believe that his determination would be a hasty and injudicious one, not merely because it would deprive him of the pleasure he might receive from a highly entertaining book, not less remarkable for its literary merits than for the novel and comprehensive views which it presents of the phenomena of nature, but because it was probably dictated by an imperfect and unphilosophical conception of the true character of Newton's doctrine, of the aid which it renders to mathematical calculation, and of the sort of explanation which it affords of the wonders of the outward universe. The usefulness of the Newtonian theory, considered simply as a theory, or as a means of grouping physical facts together and viewing them as a whole, and of applying numerical calculation to them, is entirely independent of its truth when considered as an exact explanation of the *cause* of the phenomena. If this theory should be finally disproved, by discovering an incongruous fact or devising a crucial experiment, it would remain, in reference to all the phenomena to which it is now applied, just as useful and trustworthy a means of computation as ever; it would enable us to predict with equal certainty and precision the eclipses and other occultations, the paths of the comets and their periods of re-

turn, and all other recurring phenomena of the heavens. It would retain this valuable property, because, as an organon or method of inquiry, its function is only to bring together, and to enable us to deduce from one principle, the observed facts which are the real basis of prediction, or data from which the calculation is made.

Kepler's laws are the largest generalization that has been formed of observed facts in astronomical science; and these laws, when first made known, were strictly empirical, having been discovered by sifting the facts, and ascertaining that they could be distributed into a few classes, according to their obvious analogies and relations. The correctness of these laws, consequently, can never be impeached; they represent correctly the facts of observation, and are properly nothing but an abridged statement of these facts. Newton's theory of gravity carries the generalization one step farther; it brings together Kepler's three laws, and one other general fact of observation, or empirical law, — namely, the manner in which a stone thrown by the hand ultimately comes to the ground,— by deducing all four of them from one supposed or imaginary principle; that is, from the *hypothesis*, that all aggregations of matter attract each other in the direct ratio of their masses, and the inverse ratio of the squares of their distances. Newton's theory, then, is not an empirical law, but a hypothetical or imaginary one. He does not say that this attractive force exists, but only that all bodies move or rest *as if* it existed. His hypothesis, in regard to the solar system, amounts to the same thing as if he had imagined, that all the planets are bound to the sun and to each other, and all satellites to their primaries, by elastic, material ties, the strength of which varies directly as the masses of the bodies which they connect, and inversely according to the squares of their own length.

But the theory of gravitation alone is not enough to explain the phenomena. We must also *suppose* that a heavenly body, — the moon, for instance, — was originally launched in space with a projectile force sufficient to carry it entirely round its primary before the attraction of gravity could bring it down into contact with that primary; and, also, that the motion thus communicated, or any motion proceeding from a single impulse, will be prolonged in a straight line, with a uniform velocity, forever. With these three convenient

mathematical fictions, we can construct a system which shall embrace the mechanism of the heavens, and furnish inferences that will explain, more or less perfectly, many facts of observation on the surface of our own planet. In what light Newton himself regarded the chief of these hypotheses appears clearly enough from the letter to Dr. Bentley, in which he says, "that gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of any thing else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man, who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." This language is not too strong, for the truth of the hypothesis is literally inconceivable. Brute matter cannot act where it is not; for action is a mode of being, so that to say, 'a body can *act* where it is not,' is equivalent to saying that 'a body can *be* where it is not.' How, then, can the sun act upon our earth, which is 95,000,000 of miles distant from it? Newton meant only that the earth revolves round the sun *as if* attracted by it, or bound to it by an elastic, material tie, under the conditions specified.

The postulate, moreover, that the natural path of motion is a straight line, is not supported by experience, and not susceptible of proof. Nearly all the natural motions with which we are acquainted are curvilinear; even the stone which flies from the sling enters immediately upon the curved path which brings it ultimately to the ground. If a planet, in like manner, were suddenly released from its centripetal force, we have no *proof* but what is derived from the *postulates* of the Newtonian system, that it would fly off in a straight line rather than assume a new orbit of revolution. The ancients believed natural motion to be curvilinear; the moderns have reversed this doctrine, simply because another of their assumptions — that all bodies attract each other — rendered this second postulate necessary. As was remarked on another occasion, "Newton found that the elliptical motions of the planets could not be mathematically represented by the hypothesis of one mechanical force operating on them constantly and uniformly; and so he *imagined* two forces, one being that of gravitation, which tends constantly towards

the sun, and another by which they tend to fly off at a tangent from their orbits; or the latter may be considered as the result of the primitive projectile force with which the planets were originally launched in space. From these convenient fictions, he found he could deduce, mathematically, their true motions. It is possible, though certainly not probable, that some mathematical theory will hereafter be invented, which will account for the motions of the system on the hypothesis of a single force; if so, it will immediately take the place of the present theory, on account, not of its superior truth, but of its greater simplicity."

And this is precisely what Mr. Coues has attempted to accomplish in the work before us.

"The law of gravitation," he says, "is not needed for the motion of the heavenly bodies. There is more truth to nature, there is more simplicity and beauty, in the idea that the force of the revolving body is within itself; that its curvilinear motion is its natural motion; that it goes round in its orbit without needing the guidance and direction of central and tangential forces; that it can be trusted to the unerring energy imparted to it from the beginning. It needs no great presumption thus to affirm; for by ancient philosophers, and in more recent times by Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Des Cartes, it was believed that circular motion was the natural motion." p. 81.

The undertaking of Mr. Coues is, therefore, a daring, perhaps even a presumptuous, one; but it is not to be immediately dismissed merely because it conflicts with the Newtonian theory, which has a great body of mathematical evidence in its favor, and has so preoccupied the ground that there is no room for a rival hypothesis. It is to be tried on its own merits, quite irrespective of the brilliant conformity of astronomical calculations with the observed results, which, in common minds, is the great support of the Newtonian system. Strictly speaking, mathematical science can offer no proof whatever of a physical fact; it can prove nothing but abstract propositions. When applied in the mixed sciences, it simply enables us to make a more strict and exact comparison than would otherwise be possible of the results of theory with the facts of nature. The only test of any hypothesis respecting the true cause of certain phenomena is observation and experiment; and a competent knowledge of

mathematics will enable us to apply this test with the utmost precision. With it, we can calculate, to a hair's breadth, the necessary results according to theory; and then, with the immense improvements of modern times in the instruments of observation, we can determine with equal accuracy the character and limits of the phenomenon. The astronomer, in his observatory, can determine the time at which the occultation *did* take place, within the tenth part of a second; and the mathematician, in the room below, can fix the time when, according to theory, it *ought* to take place, within the hundredth part of a second. The nice coincidence thus made out affects us with wonder, and seems to common minds a mathematical, and therefore incontrovertible, proof of the truth of the theory. But the coincidence itself can be made out, in a rough way, with the naked eye as the only means of observation, and by a train of reasoning from the theory so consequent and direct, that a mind of great analytical power could follow it without the use of one mathematical symbol. And the coincidence itself, whether roughly or nicely determined, affords just as much proof of the theory as would be gained in favor of any hypothesis as to the manner in which my neighbor's house caught fire, by showing, experimentally, that another house might be so fired under precisely similar circumstances.

The presumption in favor of the Newtonian system, which leads us to regard with so much suspicion and dislike any new theory that is devised to take its place, is founded, not so much on the nice coincidence between prediction and observation in astronomy, as on the great multitude of physical phenomena on the surface of our earth, of which the system offers an intelligible and satisfactory explanation. That the theory tallies with fact in relation to the motions of the heavenly bodies is a consideration which loses much of its importance when we remember, that such masses or densities must first be assigned to these bodies as will suit the theory; that the masses thus assigned cannot be directly verified; and thus, having formed what is in part a hypothetical conception of the solar system, we find that this system in all its parts will square with our hypothesis. As Mr. Whewell says, "the form in which the question of the truth of the doctrine of universal gravitation now offers itself to the mind of astro-

nomers is this: that it is taken for granted that it will account for the motion of the heavenly bodies; and the question is, with what supposed masses it will give the best account." The density which we are thus obliged to assign to the planets varies by no regular law, but seems to be distributed fortuitously. Mercury is more than three times as dense as the earth; Venus and Mars are both somewhat less dense than the earth, which lies between them. Jupiter has less than one fourth of the density of the earth; Saturn is but little more than half as dense as Jupiter, while Uranus is a little more dense than Jupiter. There is no uniformity apparent here; and accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that the calculations recently showed the law of Jupiter's attraction upon the asteroids to be somewhat different from what it is upon his own satellites; — a difficulty which was met by a new determination of the mass of Jupiter by Mr. Airy. As the density of the attracting bodies is always one element in the calculation, we may say that the only verification of the Newtonian theory which is afforded by astronomical science depends upon the previous assumption that this theory is correct. We do not say that the argument, even thus understood, has no validity whatever. The density which is necessarily assumed the first time the planet's attractive power is calculated, is found — perhaps with some trouble and after numerous corrections in the process — to answer for other cases, perfectly distinct from the former one; in other words, the determination of the mass from its action on the nearest planet is found to agree very well with its determination from the action of the planet upon its own satellites. Such coincidences, which are neither very numerous nor very exact, form about the only argument which can be gleaned from the computations of the astronomer for the truth of the theory of gravitation.

The theory, as we have intimated, is far more securely buttressed by the many plausible explanations, which have been deduced from it, of perpetually recurring phenomena upon the surface of our own planet, where, the substances exhibiting the phenomena being generally within our reach and control, experiment can be added to observation as a means of research. Here, also, the facts must sometimes be modified to suit the theory, the truth of the latter being pre-

viously assumed. Thus, in order to determine the density of the earth, Dr. Maskelyne made a series of experiments from which it appeared, that the mountain Shehallien in Scotland causes a lateral deflection of the plumb-line which is hung near its base, amounting to nearly six seconds. But M. Bouguer found that Chimborazo, a mountain vastly larger than Shehallien, produced a deflection of less than eight seconds. This being much less than what theory required, the difficulty was got over by supposing Chimborazo to be hollow from the effects of volcanic action. In the celebrated Cavendish experiment, recently repeated by Mr. Baily, the attraction of two large masses of lead for two light balls of different substances was rigidly determined through the delicate torsion balance, and the density of the earth thus ascertained agrees very well with the result of Dr. Maskelyne's experiment. Mr. Coues, we may remark in passing, does not notice the Cavendish experiment, the inference from which seems to be irreconcilable with the truth of his hypothesis.

Generally, however, a great number of facts and experiments, which do not need to have Chimborazan difficulties sifted out of them by conjectures that cannot be verified, are detailed in the common treatises on mechanics, the explanation of which upon the principles of the theory of gravitation appears very simple and plausible. So far as the reasoning which connects them with these principles is sound, they are coincidences of fact with theory. The argument for the truth of a theory, which is afforded by such coincidences, is not irrefragable; a rival theory may be propounded, which shall also account for the facts, and in a manner still more simple and satisfactory. But the argument is strong; the probability created by it, in this instance, is very great. The Newtonian system has occupied the ground for a hundred and fifty years, during which the spirit of inquiry, and even of skepticism, has been rife; and it has never been seriously shaken. A vast multitude of phenomena have been explained in accordance with its principles, and distributed in conformity with its laws. One difficulty after another in the way of its application to nature has been removed by the patient assiduity of scientific calculation and research, and by the vast improvements which have been effected in the modes of observation. The *probability* in its favor, we say, is very great;

but there is still a double *possibility* of error. The reasoning which deduces the facts from the theory may be shown to be unsound; or, if this cannot be done, another hypothesis may be started, which shall explain the facts equally well, or better. The logician, who has repeatedly tested every link in the chain of ratiocination, may laugh at the former possibility; but he cannot peremptorily rule the other out of court without examination. He is bound to give a reason for the ancient faith to which he adheres, by demonstrating the insufficiency of the novel explanations that are offered.

Our readers must not suspect us of an intention to emulate the daring of Mr. Coues, by openly assailing the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation, and offering another hypothesis to take its place. We have simply endeavored, with a primary reference to the logic of the physical sciences, to indicate the point of view from which such an attempt should be judged, and the nature of the prejudice by which, if such an hypothesis ever should be admitted to dethrone its rival, its early reception would certainly be obstructed. We have sometimes suspected, that there is a *vis inertiæ* in the minds of scientific men, as well as in brute matter. It is very difficult to start them from a position they have long occupied; but when once in motion, they roll on without much impediment, and often with an accelerated velocity. With regard to the performance of Mr. Coues, which has suggested these remarks, we can only say, that it is a work from which any reader may derive much entertainment and instruction, whatever opinion he may ultimately form as to the truth of the system of mechanical philosophy which it expounds and advocates. In the attractive qualities of its style, in descriptive power, in the skill with which the novel doctrine is propounded, and in the ingenuity and richness of the illustrations that are heaped around it, we have been often reminded of that noteworthy and notorious book, "The Vestiges of Creation;" though in sentiment and the tendency of doctrine, so far as religious belief is concerned, no two works could be more widely contrasted. In regard to the truth and sufficiency of this new theory, we have not formed any opinion, simply because the whole of the evidence on which it rests is not yet presented. The author of it observes in his preface, that "this work is not intended as an elaborate, phi-

losophical treatise, but as a rapid outline; and only those considerations are presented, which are necessary to develop the opinions advanced. Much collected material has been laid aside for future use, if it be thought that the opinions set forth are worthy of additional attention." We regard the work, therefore, merely as an ingenious speculation, which has led the maker of it to subject to a severe scrutiny some of the received Newtonian explanations of physical phenomena, with a view to test their soundness and to offer a new mode of accounting for the facts upon the principles of his own system. It is obvious that he may have had some success in the former part of his undertaking, though his own theory should appear on examination to be open to objections equally formidable. Some of his criticisms upon the received doctrines of mechanical science seem to us to have great weight; others are less important, or may be obviated altogether by trifling corrections of language.

The leading thought of the new system is clearly indicated in the sentence which stands as the motto on the title-page: — "That which we call gravitation, and fancy ultimate, is but one fork of a mightier stream, for which, as yet, we have no name." The doctrine of the identity of force, which is a capital feature of the work, is not, strictly speaking, a novel speculation; it has often exercised the minds of philosophers, both at an early stage in the history of science, and in our own day. But the manner in which it is here developed and applied is entirely original. We have no idea of force in the outward world, except as the unknown cause of motion, or rather of change of state. The only possible definition of it is, that which induces such change; and, consequently, that form of philosophy is most simple and intelligible, most in harmony with what we know of the general character of God's works, which traces all change, all motion, to *one* force or unknown cause, operating uniformly, or under general laws. Take away the supposition that the natural path of motion is a straight line, admit that it is curvilinear, and there is no further necessity for imagining an attraction of gravitation to account for the revolution of the planets about the sun. We then have these orbs propelled by a single force, acting under the simple law discovered by Kepler; namely, their velocities are such that the line which

connects each with the body around which it revolves, describes equal areas in equal times. The revolution of a planet round the sun is accompanied by rotation on its own axis, every atom in the system having two motions, orbital and rotary. Are these two motions subject to the same law, so that we can imagine them to be produced by a single force? At first sight, the two movements seem to have an opposite character. In rotation, the velocity diminishes as we go from the circumference to the centre; the axis is stationary, while the velocity of the surface, at the equator, is more than a thousand miles an hour. But in revolving round the primary body, the velocity increases as we go towards the centre. Still, the ratio of diminution in the former case is the same as the ratio of increase in the latter; we have the same law, as it were, exhibited under its opposite phases.

"From the nature of the rotating sphere there is one fixed ratio of increase of the velocity of its parts. Given the velocity at any distance from the centre of rotation, the velocity at any other distance can be determined. Its ratio of increase is proportional to the increase of the area of the circle described. We have the same measure of increase outward in rotation, that we have inward in revolution. The primary and secondary movements are under the same general law. Besides, there is also a fixed ratio between the velocities of both movements, for such is the far-pervading law of nature.

"If the orbit of any planet were enlarged without additional force of propulsion, it would move, in its new orbit, with decreased velocity. Its motion would not be harmonic; it would not describe the equal area of planetary motion. To bring it into harmonic motion it would require additional force, and this additional force needed would be measurable by the increased area of orbit. If, on the other hand, the orbit of any planet were decreased, with the same propelling force, its velocity would be increased, and it would be out of harmony with its associated worlds. With equal velocity it must part with, or transfer, a portion of its force. This degree of spare force would also be measurable by the reduction of the area of the orbit. The degree of force required or imparted is not measured by the increase or diminution of the circumference. The orbit does not measure velocity. It is a path of motion, continuous, without beginning or end. By a fixed law, the required force is determined by the area described, which increases and diminishes in a higher ratio than the length of the circumference which en-

closes the area. Thus, by the enlargement of a planet's orbit, it would need added force to preserve the harmony of planetary motion, and by its diminution it would impart force, and the force added, or given up, would be measurable by the change of area. In the words of Herschel: — 'The law of the areas determines the actual velocity of the revolving body at every point, or the space really run over by it in any given portion of time.' If the velocity be thus determined, so is the present force which determines the velocity.

"This is equally true of the velocity and force of rotation. If a mass at the surface of the earth be elevated, it gains thereby a superior level of rotation; its orbit is enlarged, — it requires additional force. If the mass fall, thereby decreasing its orbit of rotation, it has the spare force of descent; it requires less for rotation, and the falling body imparts force. The force received for elevation, the force given out by depression, is measured in one case by the increase, in the other by the decrease, of the area of the circle of rotation. Though in one view it appears as if there were the converse action of force, yet the general law is apparent, of the increase and diminution of required force for any area of orbit, whether acting outwardly from the centre, or inwardly to the centre, of revolution." pp. 19, 20.

Having attributed to one force all the motions which belong to the solar system, the author proceeds to inquire if all terrestrial motions and changes of state can be traced to the same cause, or brought under the same law. And first, with regard to the accelerated motion of falling bodies: —

"In the act of falling, whereby a lower level of rotation is assumed, force must be transferred from the falling body when its motion is suspended.

"The motion of falling is added to the rotary motion, thereby giving action to the present force. This motion being suspended, only rotary motion in a smaller orbit remaining, force will be transferred. Hence arises spare force of descent. The spare force of descent will be measured by the degree of descent. Hence the spare force of falling bodies is measured by the square of the time of descent, equal times giving equal distances of descent. Thus most distinctly is presented the law of falling bodies, or motion begetting motion, which, indistinctly understood, caused the great controversy between the schools of Des Cartes and Leibnitz, and which to this day has obscured mechanical science, by making the occasional abnormal motion of falling bodies the element of calculation of harmonic motion." p. 10.

The process of reasoning in the new theory, then, is the reverse of that which is followed under the Newtonian system. In the latter, the comparatively free and regular movement of the heavenly bodies in their annual orbits is deduced from the accelerated and inharmonic motion of bodies falling to the earth; in the former, "the abnormal motion is detected and measured by the normal, the motion of bodies in confined space being determined by the velocity of bodies in free space." To the obvious objection, that the spare force of descent is greater for an equal change of orbit at the equator than it is towards the poles, Mr. Coues answers, that a fall of one hundred feet at the equator changes the area of the orbit much less than an equal fall in a high latitude; "so that the increased ratio of the decrease of area compensates for the decreased force of rotation." Indeed, the spare force of descent slightly increases as we go from the equator, owing to the spheroidal form of the earth, which makes the decrease of area more rapid as the diameter of the orbit of rotation is diminished.

"There is not, then, one law of force for the revolution of the spheres, and another for their rotation, and another for the changes of level of the masses composing the spheres; and we think that we can show that the law, by which the spheres and masses are moved, also directs and governs the motion of the atoms composing every mass and sphere." p. 21.

Mr. Coues supposes that force is indestructible, and that it acts independently of direction; the phenomena which are usually referred to the law of action and reaction, he considers as indicating a simple transfer of force and a change in its direction. But as force does not always produce an apparent motion, he is obliged to suppose, that, besides the consentaneous motion of the atoms, or the progressive motion of the mass, there is an atomic or molecular motion of every atom composing the mass. Then, the transfer of force, which is not sufficient to move the whole mass, gives molecular or vibratory motion to the parts of the mass.

"Vibratory motion being the unequal or rather unconsentaneous motion of the parts of a mass, if there be not a gradual increment of motion from the surface to the centre, there will be nodes or points of rest. Thus musical chords manifest certain points of rest.

"Vibratory motion being determined by the degree of force, if the same quantity of matter be moved the same distance, the times of vibration will be the same; if the distance be diminished, there will be an increase of velocity. Tone being dependent on time of vibration, an increase or diminution of force changes the range, preserving the tone. Isochronous vibration is, therefore, a branch of the law which induces the same quantity of motion by the same quantity of force. It follows, too, that there can be no vibratory or reciprocal motion in free space." pp. 14, 15.

These principles, which, to avoid mistake, we have given mostly in the author's own language, are very simple and coherent; and if, as applied by rigid calculation to each case, they are found to describe the phenomena of nature exactly, the theory becomes exceedingly plausible. The mechanical principles of the Newtonian system are not applicable to the minute and insensible motions of the particles of matter, or to the phenomena of the imponderable agents, such as light, heat, electricity, and magnetism. We are obliged to learn a new philosophy here, and to study a whole set of novel forces, acting, for the most part, under peculiar laws. Mr. Coues, with characteristic boldness, stretches his generalization over the whole field, and undertakes to apply the principles, which he has derived from the operations of nature on the most extended scale, to the minute and intricate phenomena which are contemplated by the chemist and the electrician. He resolves all the subtle agencies which seem to constitute the *arcana* of Nature, and which, by their action on particles of insensible magnitude, produce marvellous and perplexing changes of form, into the single force which moves the spheres. But this portion of the work is less developed, the author's views being indicated only in a rapid outline, which is hardly distinct enough to show their peculiarities, or to afford material for estimating their correctness. We pass over them, therefore, in order to give our little remaining space to a consideration of the doctrines of the pendulum, the barometer, the pressure of fluids, the tides, and other phenomena, as they appear under the light reflected upon them by the two systems of mechanical philosophy which are here brought into comparison. The simple and concise statements of the book hardly admit of abridgment or of alteration, ex-

cept for the worse. We can follow the author but a little way, and that without much discussion, often adopting his phraseology, even when our limits will not allow us to copy the passage entire. The portions of the Newtonian philosophy to which he decidedly objects are briefly indicated as follows: —

"The errors of mechanical philosophy, if there are errors, arise from the assumption of gravitation, or the attractive power of matter; from the application of the law of the motion of falling bodies, to the uniform motion of bodies remaining in one determined orbit; from the belief that rectilinear motion is the natural motion, and that the curvilinear is a constrained motion, induced by conflicting forces; and from keeping out of sight the intense motion of every atom in its rotation and revolution with the earth, which, from its greater comparative velocity, supplies the governing or controlling motion, and by reference to which alone, incidental, retarded, or accelerated motion is to be understood or to be explained." p. 17.

What is usually called *momentum* is here explained to be "the degree of force present in action upon the body." It requires a greater force to move a large mass than a small one, so that the former imparts more force when its motion is arrested. Every atom in it needs its portion of force in order to be moved; and the velocity being the same, the total force is proportioned to the mass. But some time is needed for the communication of force to a mass, or, in other words, for the gradual induction of progressive and consentaneous motion through the diffusion of the force by atomic motion. Hence the slowly moving bullet will enter the water, while, if shot from a gun, it will be deflected. A column of water of the same diameter as the bullet must be pushed aside to make room for it, and time is needed for the induction of force enough into every particle of this water to give it the required motion. These simple principles seem to us to throw much light upon the *vexata questio* under the received philosophy, whether the force is proportional to the velocity, or to the square of the velocity. The same amount or energy of force may be diffused through a large mass moving slowly, as in a ship floating with the tide, or concentrated in a small mass moving swiftly, as in the bullet shot from a gun. We may need force for two purposes, — either for inducing molecular

or vibratory action in the particles of a body, as in cleaving a rock; or for inducing consentaneous and progressive motion, as by moving the rock onward. Time is needed for this latter object, in order that the force applied may have opportunity to diffuse itself among the atoms, and bring the whole bulk into forward motion; we apply the force through a large mass moving slowly, as by *prying* with a huge lever. For the former purpose, we explode gunpowder, which exerts its whole force instantaneously, or with a velocity which is immense in proportion to the mass. The received doctrine of *momentum*, then, which makes a large mass moving slowly the exact equivalent in respect to force of a small mass moving with a velocity proportionally greater, is practically untrue; and from overlooking the different occasions on which force is applied, the dispute about the relation of force to velocity has arisen.

Oscillation, or vibratory movement, Mr. Coues holds to be irreconcilable with the Newtonian theory, and to afford the strongest confirmation of the truth of his own hypothesis. "The swing of a pendulum, increasing in velocity in proportion to the decrease of distance from the centre of oscillation, the force of its motion being measurable by the area of the circle of which it describes a segment, shows that the nature of force is the same, however its energies may operate. It brings to mind the relative speed of the planets, increasing as the diameter of their orbits diminishes. Its regular beats mark time with the same precision as does the harmonic motion of the heavenly bodies." The weight of the mass moved and the length of the sweep do not change the time; give a stronger impulse, and the arc through which the vibration takes place is lengthened, but the movement is completed in the same time. The rise being equivalent to the fall, and seeming to be a continuation of that fall, — a continuation without break, — there is no apparent reason for attributing the force to a downward, rather than to an upward, attraction. Take away all impediments, let the pendulum swing in a vacuum without friction, and the vibrations will continue forever. The force of gravitation being constantly directed towards the centre of the earth, why should it not at last bring the vibrating mass to rest in the line which connects the centre of oscillation with the centre of the earth? The pertinency of this ques-

tion can be more clearly seen by taking another instance of vibration.

"In a scale-beam, balanced by two equal weights, how could oscillation take place under the law of gravitation? Yet, if you give one of these weights an impulse, they will oscillate, — oscillate forever in a vacuum without friction. Gravitation has no power to give alternate motion, — attracting both weights with equal force, it cannot first make one heavier and then the other. If both were held with equal strength, it would be absolutely impossible for this vibration to take place; there is an absence of all cause, or tendency, or capacity for oscillation. 'Vis inertiæ of motion' gives no aid; for the motion is suspended and renewed at every vibration. Nor does 'action and reaction;' for the difficulty is to account for the action. The earth might as reasonably be supposed to attract only one side of an evenly balanced wheel, and thus give it continuous rotation, as first to attract one weight and then another, when both weights are equally heavy. The motion is unquestionably from the transfer and retransfer of rotative force. The balance rotates as one mass with one degree of force, but this force flows from one part to the other of the mass.

"So far from being able to induce oscillation, the law of gravitation would immediately overcome the motion. The power of attraction, it is said, *in*creases with the decrease, and *de*creases with the increase of the distance from the centre of attraction. The weight going down is therefore more forcibly attracted, the weight going up is more feebly attracted, and this in an increasing ratio, both for the depression and for the elevation. The difference, it may be said, is so slight, that its results can never be detected by observation. But, slight as may be this want of equilibrium, it actually exists. Balances have been made so perfect and so nicely adjusted, as to turn by the impulse of the thousandth part of a grain. Suppose a perfect balance, without friction at the fulcrum, and acting in a vacuum. Here this want of equilibrium would be felt; the descending weight, being more attracted, could not rise; the ascending weight, less attracted, could not fall. There could be no oscillation under the law of gravitation." pp. 88, 89.

Some of the great waves, or "rollers," which rise occasionally in the southern ocean, show a vast disturbance of the equilibrium of nature. When millions of tons of water are thus heaped up in one volume above the ordinary level, the different action of gravity on the elevated and depressed portions must become sensible. The balance could not be restored; "it must be that the ascending water would continue to rise, and the valley of depression to sink lower." The

undulation of the water, on the new theory, is explained from the same principle as the oscillation of the pendulum; the impulse given by the wind, or by the finger in swaying the plumb-line from its perpendicular, calls out the force of rotation at different levels, a force which resides in the oscillating mass itself, and is not communicated to it from below. The length or sweep of the vibration is determined by the strength of the impulse; and the vibration is repeated, because the force liberated by the descent of one arm to a lower level of rotation raises the other arm to a higher level. The latter then descends, and the force might thus be transferred from side to side perpetually, if it were not gradually given off by friction and the attrition of the atmosphere.

"The motion of the wave is deeply interesting in all its aspects. The crests of the surge rise vertically, though they are apparently progressive. It is not until the water shoals toward the beach that they acquire a progressive motion, — progressive because near the shore there is not depth for the vertical movement. It requires double the generally supposed depth to form the vertical wave; for the uplifted water falls as much below the valley of depression as it rises above it. There is a descending wave, a current under water, which, as a wedge, forces up the succeeding wave, an opposite wave under the water. Hence on the shoaling water is the undertow, a retreat of the water at a certain depth with advancing water at the surface. The extent of this reciprocal wave is in exact proportion to the extent of the visible wave.

"Besides, the surface of the atmosphere is also to a degree in oscillation with the water over which it is spread. The wind conforms to the surface, it oscillates with the water; the sails of a boat, or the lower sails of a ship, are not becalmed with a steady wind, though surrounded by a wall of water. Says an experienced navigator, 'the lower sails in scudding are at times becalmed, from the rise of the stern of the ship, but never becalmed *on* the wind, though the waves rise higher than the sails, a fact which I have often tried to account for.' For this reason, — the undulating motion of the wind over the undulating surface of the sea, — is it that the wind off shore, not having acquired the corresponding undulation, however strong it may blow, smooths the sea.

"A most interesting scene was described by a friend, who stood on a small rocky island in the midst of the ocean, looking with intense delight on the forces of nature as displayed in a storm. The mountain waves were dark, almost black, the intensity of their gloom being heightened by the circle of white

foam which surged upon the rocks. A sudden veering of the wind, this wind being without the conforming undulation, prostrated the billows as it were at once; the ocean became as smooth as in a summer's breeze. There was no surge on the rock; but the surface of the sea was white with foam and curling in wreaths of vapor as far as the eye could reach. Gradually, however, the new wind acquired the sympathetic undulating movement, the waves again began to rise, and soon the surf dashed with its former fury against the island.

"Only because the rise and fall of the wave are from the reception and transfer of force, the mean level of the ocean ever remaining the same, could this result have been produced. If there had been 'accumulation of momentum to an enormous degree,' — if the attracting earth had drawn down the depressed waters with more strength than the elevated waters, — the ocean could never have been thus smoothed into the quiet of one level; the new wind would have increased the surging waves, so that they would have lifted their crests still higher in confused and broken masses, resulting in a conflict of motion which the strength of no vessel that ever floated could withstand." pp. 94–96.

If opposite winds meet, the force with which they were propelled is not destroyed by their collision, but receives a new direction, and thus creates that rotary movement of the air which constitutes a whirlwind. The force of the revolving wind is communicated to the surface of the earth beneath, and water or light bodies, having force thus imparted to them for rotation at a higher level, rise in the vortex. If a vessel be filled with water, and an orifice be then opened in the bottom to allow the water to escape, a vortex is formed in the vessel as the level of the fluid descends. The cause of this vortex is not very manifest upon the Newtonian theory, and various explanations of it have been given, none of which are satisfactory. Here is circular motion induced without a conflict of forces; for, according to the hypothesis, there is but one force present, that of gravitation, which acts directly downwards. We see this phenomenon most frequently in a tunnel, and it has been suggested that the vortex was formed by the conical shape of the tunnel; but this will not do, as the vortex may be formed in a vessel of any shape.

"The explanation of the fact is very simple on the principle which we present. The water issuing from the tube uses, in its downward motion, all the spare force of its own descent to a lower level. But the water remaining in the tunnel has also

descended to a lower level of rotation. It has therefore spare force, and this force has no other range than to confer circular motion to the water. The water therefore revolves. Thus is it, that facts, common, trivial facts, declare the general law." pp. 98, 99.

The only result to be expected from such a force as gravitation is described to be, according to our author, is, that it would draw the particles of matter more closely, and bind them more firmly, to each other. The consideration of it generally belongs to statics, not to dynamics. It is not even claimed, that it *gives* motion to the heavenly bodies; but only that it impresses upon this motion, which is due to the original impulse of projection, a peculiar character, continually bending its line of direction into a curve. So, also, upon the surface of the earth, a distinction is acknowledged between the weight of a body, or its tendency to fall, and its force of descent, which is proportioned to the time of the fall. According to the latter, it is difficult to account for the beginning of the fall, for until *some* time has elapsed, no force of descent is gathered; "when a body begins to fall from rest," says one author, "it begins to fall with *no* velocity." But according to the former, which is a constant tendency, and proportioned to the whole mass, when the support is withdrawn, the body should fall instantaneously with the entire force of its weight. Mr. Coues does not admit that there is any *weight,* properly so called, manifesting itself only as a *tendency* which never becomes a reality, or as a latent force which does not produce motion; for the only idea we have of force is, that it *does* produce motion, and we cannot recognize it in any other function. However frail the supports of a body may be, it will not crush them and fall until an impulse is given, a vibration induced, and some force consequently gathered by descent to a lower level of rotation.

"Practical men, who know only what they have seen, and believe in what takes place, without being troubled by theory, work on the faith that there is no force of gravitation in the mass which preserves one line of rotation. In taking away the foundation of a brick wall which had been undermined, to rebuild it, the owner expressed his fears that too much had been removed of the support at once, and that the building would fall. The reply of the mechanic was, 'I used to fear, but now I know that it is safe

until it *begins* to move, and I shall work without any jar; if it should begin to move, twice the present support would not keep it up.' In taking away the support of the arch of a stone bridge, after the keystone was put in, a slight, sudden sag of the bridge crushed the keystone, — a stone, the cohesion of which, if standing firm at one level, would have borne all the granite that could have been piled miles high upon it.

"This principle is evidenced by the superior security of the arch for bridges and similar structures. In the arch, there can be no descent without crushing the material of which it is formed. Thus, too, has the passing of a body of troops over a bridge, with measured step by beat of drum, often given the vibration which calls into action the weight or force of descent." pp. 107, 108.

Our author cannot admit, then, that there is any pressure of the atmosphere, or any increase of density in its lower strata proceeding from the weight of the superincumbent air. Each stratum, he argues, must have a force of rotation proportioned to its own level, and can impart force only by descent to a lower plane, where less rotary power is needed. Force is given out as it descends, additional force is needed to raise it to a higher level, where it will revolve in a larger orbit. But no force is present while it is stationary in altitude, except that which carries it round in its orbit with the earth; because no other force is manifested, and it is of the very nature — it is our idea — of force, that it must manifest itself by producing motion. The barometer, then, does not indicate altitude *indirectly*, by showing that the pressure of the atmosphere is diminished, a fact from which we infer greater elevation; but indicates it *directly*, by showing that the force of rotation is greater, just as a planet's diminished velocity indicates its greater distance from the sun. Mr. Coues argues that the increasing cold, as we ascend in the atmosphere, would condense the air as fast as the diminished weight would rarefy it; that the elasticity of the air, increasing with its density, would act against the rarer strata, and preserve the equilibrium of density; that, on account of the perfect intermobility of the particles of air, every wind that blows would tend to restore the equilibrium; and that the air, like other fluids, is supposed to press equally in all directions. Moreover, the atmosphere being a constant quantity, and thus regularly packed in horizontal layers of constantly increasing density, how can we account for the great variations in the

indications of the barometer at the same level and the same place, variations that have a range of about three inches? Mr. Coues accounts for them, on his own theory, by supposing that there are great oscillations, both periodic and occasional, of the surface or crust of the earth, — oscillations which, unlike the abnormal and obstructed ones called earthquakes, are noiseless, far-sweeping, and powerful in their operation, like the ground swell of the ocean. These oscillations produce the horary variations of the barometer, observed by Humboldt near the equator, which give two *maxima* and two *minima* every twenty-four hours; the regular recurrence of these phenomena, he says, being "undisturbed by storms, hurricanes, rain, and earthquakes," though the density of the atmosphere must be greatly affected by agencies so powerful. They produce also the greater, occasional variations of the barometer, which sometimes take place in a calm day with an equable temperature, when there is no indication of disturbance in the atmosphere. During the great earthquake at Lisbon, the mercury in the barometer sank, even in Great Britain, so as to disappear from that portion of the instrument which is usually left uncovered. There have also been observed, on our great lakes, sudden and great retrocessions of the waters at different periods, which were not accompanied by any remarkable phenomena in the atmosphere. Thus, in the summer of 1834, the waters suddenly receded from the outlet of Lake Superior at the Sault St. Marie, leaving the bed of the river, there nearly a mile wide, exposed for the greater part of its breadth, in which state it remained nearly an hour, when the waters came down again in a vast surge. A broad and silent undulation of the crust of the earth alone seems sufficient to explain such a phenomenon.

Returning to the subject of the barometer, the author argues that, even if the atmosphere were of varying density, the construction of the instrument is such that the barometer could not be affected by the variation, and the increase of density cannot be traced to gravitation.

"In the first place, when the barometer is constructed, the mercury in the tube does not owe its elevation to the pressure of the air. Let a tube closed at the top be immersed in mercury, and, when filled, let it be withdrawn upward by the hand; the

mercury is raised with the tube above the level of the mercury from which it is taken. The force required to lift it is just the weight of the mercury and tube together. The pressure of the atmosphere on the lower surface of mercury does not in the least degree aid in the elevation, does not diminish the weight; — because the sustaining mercury is pressed by the air, not one iota less of force is required to give the sustained mercury its elevation. The fact is admitted, and is accounted for in this manner: — 'The force used in lifting the mercury is needed to elevate the air over the tube; that being done by the applied force, it is the weight of the atmosphere which elevates the mercury in the tube.' But this reason is given without reflection; for the air is no heavier over the tube when the tube is filled with mercury, than when it is filled with water or air; yet the force applied measures the weight of the fluid within, and the contained weight does not increase or diminish the weight of the column of air over the tube. It is certain, therefore, that when the column of mercury is lifted with the tube, it is the applied force that lifts it, and not the weight of the atmosphere bearing on the surface of the mercury from which it is withdrawn. Of course, the weight of the atmosphere, not capable in the least of aiding the process of elevation, has no efficacy in sustaining the column when raised. One would almost suppose that an air-supported column of mercury would be like the air-supported balloon, and would not press with any weight upon the instrument." pp. 123, 124.

All are familiar with the experiment of filling a tumbler with water, pressing a thin paper, slightly moistened, over its mouth, and then carefully inverting it, when the water is sustained in the vessel, or kept from falling, solely, as it would seem, by the slight adhesion of the paper to the edges of the glass. The explanation usually offered is, that the pressure of the atmosphere against the paper sustains the water, which cannot fall except by leaving a vacuum in the upper part of the inverted tumbler. But the experiment succeeds equally well, if only two thirds or one half of the tumbler be filled with water; then, on inverting it, the space between the top of the water and the closed end of the glass is filled with air of the same density and elasticity as that which is outside. The upward and downward pressure on the water ought, therefore, to neutralize each other; yet the water remains suspended. Moreover, the *weight* which is sustained by the hand that holds the tumbler at a fixed level is equal

to the weight of the glass and the water taken together; how, then, can the weight of the latter be sustained exclusively by the pressure of the air from below?

"If it were possible that the sustained mercury under any circumstances could select a column of air of its own area, out of a volume of air pressing by elasticity in every direction, and disregard the pressure, weight, and elasticity of other columns which act on the surface of the cistern, yet it would be impossible as the barometer is usually constructed. The cistern is closed at top; its bottom is a piece of leather; the instrument is inclosed in a wooden case and suspended perhaps in a close room. It then receives the pressure or weight of its selected column of air forty-five miles high, one quarter of an inch in diameter, which may be twisted and beat about by the winds of heaven, and reaches the instrument through doors or windows, passing through the air in the room, which is subject to expansion and condensation by artificial changes of heat. Yet, not affected by these changes, it penetrates through the openings of the wooden case, acts on the bottom of the leathern support, and still gives exactly the degree of pressure belonging to its area, to the mercury in the tube through an aperture of any size! Is it possible that any thing can be measured by such an instrument, except, perhaps, the elasticity of the air in the apartment in which it stands, which would affect the whole extent of the surface of the mercury on which it acts?

"But if this last and only possible action of the air by its elasticity be the cause of the oscillation, why is it that two upper surfaces of mercury, one in the cistern and one in the tube, are an essential condition of the oscillation? A tube in a conoidal form with a piece of leather over its base, would as well indicate the pressure of the atmosphere. The leather would act as well thus placed. It would have the same elasticity. The air pressing on it would act as truly without an upper surface of mercury as with it. The fact that two upper surfaces of the fluid are necessary, abundantly proves that another cause for the action of the barometer is yet to be discovered." pp. 127, 128.

Thus far we have followed the reasoning of the author with little comment, our object being to give an exposition of his views, not our own mode of refuting them, especially as the former object alone would require more space than we can spare. But here we must say, that one of the objections to the received theory of the barometer, which is just intimated in the last extract, and which is expanded and strongly urged elsewhere, is not only fallacious, but is inconsistent

with another portion of the writer's own doctrine. Mr. Coues cannot see why, on the received theory, the column of mercury should be sustained only by a column of air of its own area, and should not feel the effect of the much larger column that rests on the whole surface of the mercury in the cistern; for he says truly, "it makes no difference in the action of the barometer whether the surface of the cistern is of two inches area, bearing a column of air of two inches area, or is an ocean of mercury, bearing the atmosphere of a hemisphere."

But, "fill a cylinder with mercury, and from the cylinder let a long tube ascend; subject the mercury in the cylinder to the pressure of a piston, and the rise of the mercury in this tube,—that is, the weight of the mercury supported by the pressure of the piston,—will be measured by the whole pressure of the piston, not by its pressure on a surface of mercury in the cylinder equal merely to the area of the tube in which the mercury is supported."

We doubt the fact. Suppose the cylinder to be ten square inches in area on a cross section, and the tube to be but one inch in area; then, if a piston nicely fitting the cylinder, and with an orifice in it to admit the tube to pass through, be pressed down upon the upper surface of the mercury with a force of one hundred pounds, only ten pounds of mercury will rise above the level of the piston into the tube, which we suppose to be open at the top. It must be so; ten pounds at a higher level in the narrow column balance one hundred pounds at a lower level in the wider column; for if the upper surface of the former descend ten inches, the upper surface of the latter will be raised but one inch. Mr. Coues himself recognizes this fact, and explains it, when treating of the hydrostatic paradox and the Bramah press. He says very truly, "the fact that the weight or pressure of one pound of water may be made to produce a pressure equal to that of a hundred or a thousand pounds, is in reality no more paradoxical than that one pound on the long arm of a lever should balance a greater weight on the short arm." Is it not evident that the same principle applies in the case of the barometer? If the mercury in the cistern present an area of upper surface ten times larger than that of the mercury in the tube, a descent of ten inches in the tube will

raise the surface in the cistern only one inch. Make the surface in the cistern ten times larger, and the same descent in the tube will raise this surface only one tenth of an inch; make the cistern as large as an ocean, (to adopt our author's illustration,) and this descent will raise the surface by a quantity almost infinitely small.

Mr. Coues forgets the hydrostatic paradox and his explanation of it, not only when treating of the barometer, but when he comes to speak of the buoyancy or floating of bodies. He explains the paradox, by saying that "the molecular force due to the greater depth of the long column is diffused through the less depth of the water in the cylinder; and being equally diffused through this body of water, its action is of course in proportion to the area of the water." But he afterwards says, "the force of molecular action will *not* account for the buoyancy or floating of bodies." He affirms, also, that buoyancy is not produced by the gravitating power, because "bodies will float in water of less weight than themselves." If one cup be placed inside of another, which is but little larger, so that their surfaces are nearly in contact, and water be then poured between them, the inner cup will be lifted, and will float, long before water enough is poured in to equal its own weight; and a ship placed in a repairing dock, which it very nearly fills, does not require water enough to equal its own weight before it will float. Very well; the tall and thin sheet of water between the cups, or between the sides of the dock and those of the ship, answers exactly to the long and slender column of water in the hydrostatic paradox and in Bramah's press; its pressure is multiplied as many times as the area, or cross section, of the floating part of the ship or inner cup exceeds in size the area of the thin sheet of water at the sides.

Mr. Coues farther objects, that the loss of weight by a submerged body, a loss equal to the weight of that volume of the fluid which it displaces, cannot be ascribed to the pressure of the fluid, because that pressure is equal in all directions,—upwards, downwards, and sidewise,—and these equal opposite pressures must cancel each other. He forgets that the upward and downward pressures are equal only when they are measured from one and the same point; and that the submerged body has bulk, which prevents these pressures

from being thus measured. The side pressures, being opposite and equal, do indeed cancel each other; but not so with the vertical pressures. Suppose the submerged body, a block of wood, is six inches thick, and that its upper surface is six inches below the surface of the water; then that upper surface is pressed *down* by a column of water of its own area *six* inches high, while the under surface of the block is pressed *up* by a column of water of the same area *twelve* inches high. Of course, the block must lose in weight a quantity just equal to the weight of the water which it displaces, or which is equal to its own bulk.

In speaking of the Magdeburg hemispheres, Mr. Coues seems to forget the very principle on which he here dwells at length, — that opposite pressures cancel each other. These hemispheres are two hollow half globes of metal, so fitted to each other that their lips, when touching, make an air-tight juncture. The air within can be exhausted by an air-pump, and the pressure of the external air then binds the hemispheres together with a force equal, as is usually said, to "as many times fifteen pounds as there are square inches *in the area of the mouth*, or at the surface of the division of the upper and lower hemispheres." Then the binding force, says Mr. Coues, cannot be the pressure of the atmosphere; for if so, "the external pressure would be in proportion to the surface exposed, — to the surface area of the sphere." Surely, the side pressures, being equal, must be borne by the strength of the metal, which prevents the sphere from being crushed in at the sides. Only that part of the atmospheric pressure can bind the half spheres together which operates perpendicularly against the area at the plane of junction. The shape of the instrument does not affect the result; two rectangular boxes of metal, each open only at one end, will answer as well as two hemispheres; and in the case of two such boxes, we can see clearly that the side pressures neutralize each other, so far as the adherence of the two halves to each other is concerned.

But the following objection to the received doctrine about the Magdeburg hemispheres is more acute, and less easy to be explained away: —

"It is said that, when these hemispheres were first exhibited, the inventor had a pair made of a foot in diameter, and that six

horses were unable to pull them asunder. Suppose the metal to be thicker, so that the vacuum would be only half the size. We know that much less force would be required to pull them apart, and yet the weight of the atmosphere around them would remain unchanged." p. 204.

We may ask further, — suppose the two hemispheres to be solid, or not hollowed at all; why should not the pressure of the atmosphere unite them just as strongly as if they enclosed a vacuum? Or suppose any two flat pieces of metal, with surfaces perfectly plane, so that, when united, no air could enter or remain between them; why does not the pressure of the atmosphere offer just as much resistance to the separation of these, as of the Magdeburg hemispheres?

We have not space to dwell upon the author's consideration of the theory of the tides, the trade winds, and many other phenomena, in relation to which we think he has been more successful than in treating of the pressure of fluids. Indeed, our limitation of room has caused us to do him serious injustice, even on those points which we have treated most at length; for to the reader who depends on our imperfect sketch alone, the doctrine will seem open to many serious objections, which he might find fully considered, and perhaps satisfactorily answered, in the work itself. We can, therefore, only commend the book strongly to lovers of science, as the production of a vigorous and original thinker, who is able to present his thoughts in perspicuous and graceful language, and to surround them with pertinent and attractive illustrations. They may not accept the conclusions of the writer; but they cannot fail to be pleased with the tendency of his doctrine, and with the manner in which it is developed and explained.

ART. IX. — *Richard Edney and the Governor's Family; a Rus-Urban Tale, Simple and Popular, yet Cultured and Noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life, practically treated and pleasantly illustrated; containing also Hints on being Good and doing Good.* By the Author of "Margaret" and "Philo." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 468.

WHAT genius without the rules of art can achieve, in any department, may be best seen by going back to the earliest specimens of pictorial art. We shall find in them a minute finish of parts, without regard to general effect; faces well chiselled, even to the smallest curl of the beard, looking at you with an expression of solemn repose that does not correspond with the ambulatory position of the legs and feet, which follow each other in profile through ignorance of the possibility of representing them in any other position by foreshortening. Perspective being not yet discovered, every group is flattened against the surface on which it is cast, the monarch in the same relief with the water-carrier, and on the same level, unless one of them, from economy of space, should happen to be suspended in mid air, or to stand on the other's head. The colors may remain fresh while the world stands; but they are laid on without shadow, and with no idea of the charm of harmony in variety, which painters of our day call *keeping*. When we see genius thus cramped by its very freedom from all rules, or bound down by superstition to the execution of prescribed anomalies, the petrifactions of old ideas, we almost doubt its existence. We feel the full value of those generally received principles of taste, which have been the slow growth of the culture of ages, and which rest on the general conviction, the *common sense* of mankind, and the everlasting truth of nature. Genius which spurns these trammels must still find itself judged by them. It must lose much, and, with the fastidious judge, all, of the homage which it feels to be its due.

The author of Richard Edney is certainly a genius, but unhappily, he is no artist. His work is full of errors any schoolboy of regular training would be able to correct. The title makes one think of a voluble book-pedler recommending

his wares. "Richard Edney, or the Governor's Family; a Rus-Urban Tale, Simple and Popular, yet Cultured and Noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life, practically treated, and pleasantly illustrated." We perceive that the writer must be an oddity; but as eccentricity is a frequent, though not a necessary, concomitant of genius, we go on, curious to see what sort of locality may be hinted at in the somewhat strangely constructed Latin adjective, and also to judge for ourselves of the appropriateness of the four English predicates. "Simple," it may be, in singleness of purpose; "popular," we hope it will be, in the sense of "universally read;" but we demur a little when it claims to be a "*cultured* tale." It seems more like a spontaneous and wildly luxuriant growth, wholly unpruned. As a critic, we look at it with admiring regret, just as a horticulturist might regard a vine, which, springing from a noble and vigorous root, has run wild, and stretched out long and awkward branches, overshadowing its fruit with the rank exuberance of its leaves.

The impression produced by the book as a whole is not a faint one; we feel that there is great power manifested, and long to see it more advantageously applied. There is much beauty, too; but our sense of it is weakened and disturbed by constant shocks and distractions, occasioned by prevalent bad taste in style, and by many dramatic absurdities. We cannot but wish some humble individual, gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous and the incongruous, were admitted into the author's councils. A quick apprehension of the ridiculous is a very commonplace sort of instinct, far below the power of originating thought, or embodying it in nervous language; but genius, like that which appears in many passages of this author's works, might profit largely by the lessons which it is able to give, however distasteful at first might seem the suggestions of the teacher. The simple liberty of petition and remonstrance, which would detain a sentence or a chapter under protest long enough to afford time for impartial reconsideration, would, we are persuaded, finally have all necessary effect on the candid mind of the author of Margaret and Philo, and would not fail at last to convince him of sin against taste. He might smile at his friend's officiousness, and, as he looked down on him from his position of determined independence, laugh outright at his presumption; but once induced to dis-

trust his own taste, as biased by some mental idiosyncrasy, he would, as far as his own perception of the right did not interfere, trust to another's perception of the beautiful. There is a magnanimity in the character of Richard Edney, and a liberal tone infused into the whole work, running, perhaps, into an extreme in its disregard of factitious honor, that must, one would think, be the characteristic temper of the author's own mind; so that any one who should merely aim to show him a higher excellence, and a higher point on which to stand, while attempting to bring elevating Christian influences to bear upon society, would be secure of his hearty good-will.

If we are wrong in ascribing to him thus much of nobleness and manly good humor, we must still do our duty impartially, and uphold the authority, at least, of the most common rules of rhetoric. If no protest is entered against this motley style, this practice of introducing vulgar idioms and words coined at will into the "well of English undefiled" may find its imitators, who, like those of Carlyle, will perpetuate the eccentricities, with none of the excellences, of their model. The use of provincialisms, and the most homely colloquial diction, is not without precedent in the best writers of fiction. But they are used as characteristics of the inferior personages, or under an assumed name and character, to which they are natural and appropriate. No respectable writer adopts them into his own proper vocabulary, and parades them in defiance of polite usage, whatever may be his theme or purpose. Or if, from poverty of resources, an expressive foreign or newly coined word is introduced, a sort of apology is offered by italics, or quotation marks, or a "so to speak" in parenthesis, showing a decent sense of shame for a violation of the purity of the English language. Such words as "crool," "roiled," "creep-mouse-catch'em precedent," "trapsed," "spelled" in the sense of "relieved," and others of the same class, would, perhaps, be very reluctantly sacrificed by the author, the surprise and diversion they excite by their saucy intrusion being easily mistaken for the sensation produced by wit. It is probable that the very metaphors and phrases, which are most objectionable in point of taste, are favorites of the author, endeared to his fancy by some mysterious associations, which, like parental partiality, make him blind to their impertinence.

The introduction of uncouth and grotesque ideas, without ceremony, among those of a superior class, seems to tickle the author's fancy, from the same arch defiance of propriety which transfers "Plumy Alicia" from the Governor's kitchen to her final position among his children, with no intermediate culture, moral, mental, or social, that we hear of, during her somewhat indelicate and discreditable career, to prepare her for so marvellous a promotion. In a work of fiction, there should be probability enough to create an illusion, or truth enough to persuade the judgment to wink at the momentary belief of the imagination in the real existence of the scenes and personages described. But we must be quite in dream-land before we can give ourselves up, without remembering the author biting the top of his quill and preparing a surprise for us, to his fantastic creations and gyrations, — to such leaps from the sublime to the ridiculous, and a rebound into the higher element more astonishing still; to such alternations of high and far-reaching thought with vagaries of unmitigated silliness. There are in this book descriptions of nature, and delineations of the inner world also, having an excellence of their own, and a felicity of language which would place the author by the side of Irving and Hawthorne; and there are death scenes of sentimental comedy and oddly profane tragedy, equally inimitable and exquisite in absurdity. There are constant flashes of genius, elicited as if by mere accident, in the headlong haste of composition. Many noble thoughts we dimly recognize, and strive to draw out from the whimsically colored drapery of words, which, like the language used by diplomatists, conceals more than it reveals. There is a pervading spirit of brotherly feeling towards all men, and a truly inspiring piety, which makes itself felt equally by the most careless and the most critical reader; and a warm feeling remains in the heart when we close the book, to excite which would give any right-minded person a joy which no merely intellectual admiration, however unqualified, could impart. We are the better for this book, and it seems almost an offence against our better nature to make its literary imperfections a subject of comment. The solemn vibrating tone of a deep chord, struck with a bold and firm hand, often outlasts the jar of a succeeding false note; and we pass over an affectation in a very forgiving temper, when

our best feelings have been touched and refreshed by a thrilling melody. It even seems a species of ingratitude to find fault. A reviewer's office is a thankless one, and so far as it is a censorship, it involves an exercise of conscientiousness, especially in the case of friends or favorites, for which it must look for no credit or reward from any quarter, until new things have become old, and the general judgment regarding them fixed.

It requires no spirit of prophecy to see, that the author of "Margaret" will reach a much higher rank as a writer than he holds at present. There is much in his works that cannot die, should he write no more; quotations are already making the best passages as familiar as household words; and if the author should observe what gems have been thus generally selected, he will see what addresses itself most successfully to the heart, and is, at the same time, agreeable to the more discriminating judgment of the understanding. It is a rich vein which he is working, would he be more constantly at the trouble of separating the gold, or at least the ore, from the clinging soil. Richard Edney would be more effective with half the number of pages; but as it is, we are sure it is more generally read and liked than "Margaret." There are fewer dramatic inconsistencies in the story, and the excursions from it, in which the author seems to follow rather than guide his pen, are less frequent and less tedious.

Those scenes in which Richard and his pursuing, rather than accompanying, reader are allowed to rest awhile, and "make themselves at home" under the roof of Munk, are natural and delightful. The style in these portions of the book is generally more playful than eccentric, and exactly suits the subject. There is little to disturb our conviction of the truth of the whole representation. The children are real beings to us, and Munk and Roxy excellent portraitures. The author has nowhere caricatured or distorted them, probably because they are subordinate personages, sketched lightly in the background of his village scenery. They are very unobtrusive, and perhaps commonplace, people, not dreaming of being famous in the world; but we are sure every one of the future readers of the book will, whenever they appear, have a pleasant feeling of recognition and acquaintance, a belief of having met them somewhere before.

Among mothers, and other female admirers of Memmy and Bebby, they are commonly supposed to be "drawn from the life," — probably from the author's own children. But we doubt the truth of this supposition. No mere daguerreotyping of fact can, like the conception of genius, seize upon the most characteristic and suggestive traits alone, and always preserve them in change and motion. Let any artist attempt to draw a portrait of his own children; we shall see a good likeness probably, but we need not expect them to walk out of the canvas. A full length portrait, especially, correctly done to the very shoe-string, is a very tame affair, at least to strangers, who have no associations which will help them to idealize it. A few well-cut outlines, — perhaps a sketch made in haste from memory or fancy, exciting rather than satisfying curiosity, and leaving just enough for the imagination to do in filling it up, is far more effective and delightful. Memory, to be sure, is the magazine of materials; but we doubt if Mr. Judd, or any other writer of genius, is conscious where or when he gathered each particular item of the store.

When we leave the threshold of Munk and Roxy, we leave consistency behind. From a heap of outlines, among which the shadows fall as if the light were purposely thrown from a many-sided reflector, the laboring imagination brings out figures much like those in Punch, with wonderfully big heads, making such speeches as were never concocted by any human brain, and uttering words the meaning and derivation of which not even a slang dictionary could expound. We admit that there is a great deal that is valuable and true in the mass; but more that is only in the way, and ought to be out of it. We are grateful for the bridge, and the freshet, and the picturesque river, which we get a view of by snatches; for the pond, and the water-party, and the stage-road, with its stage and driver; and even for the saw-mill and the boom. Our conviction of their reality brings us back to the firm footing of probability, out of the tangled morass of conjecture. Clover, we are told at the close, is not merely a bad man, but a type of a bad thing. At one time, we thought him the representative of physical might, and Richard of moral power; but anon Richard employs physical superiority to overcome him, in a scene where they are brought into direct contrast. Again, selfishness seemed typified in the character; but that

did not take in the braggadocio element, and the hideous impiety which we are made to swallow, as it were, whether we will or no. Finally, it seemed to represent a pseudo-republicanism, supposed to prevail among the profligate and unchristianized portion of our American population. The catastrophe, which borrows the thunderbolt as a special interposition of Divine vengeance upon this "embodiment of all horridness," is revolting not merely to our taste, but to our religious reverence. A *heathen* poet might not offend us by representing Jupiter hurling a thunderbolt upon the head of the mortal who had defied him. But as Christians, though we believe that we shall not escape the punishment of our sins, either as a nation or as individuals, we also believe that punishment is the necessary consequence of the sin itself, and that no violation of the laws of nature is needed to carry it into effect.

We regret that our limits will not allow any remarks on the philanthropic theory advanced and illustrated in this work. The subject is too important to be despatched in a paragraph, with any justice to what may be considered the original views of the author. "Phumbics," with his permission, we leave to the consideration of the printer, not that there is any cause which we can see, why the writer should hesitate to introduce a satire on political antagonism and proscription into a picture of a republican or "Rus-Urban" community, except that it is unintelligibly written.

We select the following specimen of the peculiarities of the author's style, which will also introduce the two most delightful personages in the book.

"Yes, Richard loved these children; and loved to be with them, and to amuse them, and to be amused by them. After his nap, — for he had had no sleep since the night before, and many things had happened, in the mean time, to excite and tire him, — after his nap, he came down into the kitchen, and sat by the stove. The children began their pranks, — they could not let them alone. Their mother was preparing for baking, and she could neither bear their pranks nor their presence; so she sent them into the middle of the room. They could not stop at that, but went clear over to Uncle Richard's knee, and rebounding thence, they fetched up with the other side of the room. They seemed to move together, as we imagine the Siamese twins to have done when they were children; having one will and one

centre of gravitation, like boys in a boat, or leaves in a whirlwind. Then, again, it was evident they had separate wills, and sometimes a sharp individuality of will would show itself. Memmy was the oldest, and the strongest, and we should expect her to lead off. So she did; but not always. Bebby's little individuality was mighty strong when it got roused, and it made up in storming what it lacked in solid weight. It was like a cat frightening a great dog by demonstration, — sheer demonstration. But Memmy generally went ahead; and Bebby wanted to do what Memmy did. They climbed to the window, and entertained themselves with the frost that glittered on the glass. Memmy printed her hand in it; holding it there till palm, thumb, and fingers melted their image into the glass; and Bebby did the same. It was cold work, and Bebby's fingers were red; but she was persevering; and when Memmy called to Uncle Richard to look at what she had done, Bebby did so too. Not that Bebby could speak a word; but she had a finger that was full of the energy of utterance; and she had a scream, too, that needed no interpretation, and her lips quivered eloquence. And then, — as if she possessed neither finger, nor throat, nor lips, — there was her eye; that told every thing. Poor piece of dumbness! she had a superfluity of organs; and her eye alone would have made way for her through the world, sans every thing else.

"Memmy laid down to it, as we say, and applied her face to the window, and she produced chin, lips, nose, eye-brows thereon; and turning to Uncle Richard, to show him what she had done, there glared, from the great ice-mountains which the frost creates on windows, this hideous ice-mask; and did n't Uncle pretend to be frightened? and did n't Memmy laugh? But Bebby got up something as good, and more humorous; for she laughed, herself, while she was making it; and then her mouth was so pinched with the cold, she could hardly laugh, and tears streamed down through what she did laugh.

"Memmy then took a slate-pencil, and Uncle had to fit Bebby a sharp stick, and they set to work, scratching figures in the frost. Memmy effected rude houses, and ruder rings for heads, and triangular skirts, and points for feet, and called the whole boys and girls. Bebby scratched at random, straight lines, and cross lines; but it was all the same to her, and she meant it to be all the same to everybody else; and she, in her way, called it boys and girls and houses, and her eyes sparkled, her lungs exploded, her frame vibrated all over, when she told it.

"But we must come back of what we have written, a little; we are overstating the case. We say Bebby could not talk; people generally said so, and we incidentally fell into the common error. But it would not do to say this before Memmy; she

would be instantly upon you. "Bebby can talk; she can say 'Ma, Ma,' and 'No, No,' and 'dum, dum,' and 'bye, bye,' and 'there!' She has got teeth, now!" It was an old idea of Memmy's that Bebby could not talk because she had no teeth; she said the gums covered her teeth all up, and the words, too. But the teeth came, — at least, two or three of them got out of their entanglement, — and then she could talk; and she did talk. So declared Memmy; and when the mother of the child and the father spoke of its defect and backwardness in this respect, Memmy always came forward with a stout demurrer.

"We say this, that the children may have full justice; and we say it for Richard's sake, who took Memmy's side in the controversy, and always defended the ground that Bebby could talk.

"Uncle Richard was reading a newspaper, but — the selfish imps! — they would not tolerate that; they would have no interference with *their* rights; they were news enough for him; accident and incident; hair-breadth escapes; wonderful discoveries; they were foreign news and domestic news; they had their poet's corner, and their page of romance. And they had some original thoughts on perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, and were crowded with pictorial advertisements of as many strange things as Barnum has in his Museum.

"Bebby was more blond, and soft, and supple, than Memmy, or than Memmy ever had been. Memmy's hair was darker, and lay smooth on her head; but Bebby's was all in a toss, and always in a toss; it was not curly, but flocculent, and had a pearly lustre, and it hung on her like the fringe of the smoke-tree, and looked like a ferment of snow, a little cloud of snow-dust flying about the room.

"Memmy pulled off her shoes and stockings, — this was not allowed, but mother's back was turned, and Uncle looked on so smilingly, — and Bebby's were off in a trice; and they went pattering and tripping barefoot. Memmy got into the bed-room, and hid, and cooped; and Bebby found her; and there were great bursts of astonishment and pleasure. Then Bebby undertook to do the same; but she cooped before she got to her hiding-place, and then she frisked round trying to find herself, and this made them still more obstreperous.

"Mother went out of the room a moment, leaving a bowl of Indian meal on the table. No sooner did Memmy spy this, and see the coast clear, than she pushed a chair alongside the table, and fell to dabbling in the meal. Bebby must follow suit; she shoved a chair all the way across the room, and they both stood on the margin of the meal-bowl. This was rare sport; it was something new for Bebby, — she never had got so far before, —

she had never thrust her hands into meal. Memmy had, — Memmy was used to it. But Bebby, she was awed, and she was enraptured; she was on Pisgah's top, and Canaan lay fairly before her, — only she was a little afraid of Jordan. Why should she crow so? Why should she be so all in a tremble? What did she want of the meal? But into it she dove both arms, to the elbows; she lifted it with her hand, she crumpled it in her fist, she sifted it through her fingers; she made piles of it, and scattered them. Then she looked at her fingers, and on her dress, and on the table; and when she saw the meal spilled everywhere, she seemed half frightened. Had n't she a conscience, and was n't some fiery young Nemesis scourging her insides? — Did she love the feeling of the soft powder? had she a passion for dust? would she wallow in the mire, if she had a chance? Inexplicable little meal-stirrer! Memmy sprinkled some on Bebby's head, and Bebby tried to reciprocate the favor. Mother came back. "Richard," she screamed, "how could you let them do so?" Richard had done nothing about the matter, except to look on. "Was n't that enough?" said she; "could n't you see it? did n't you see it?" Seizing Bebby by the shoulder, she held the child square round, for Richard to look at. "Her tire," she continued, "was span-clean this morning; her hair is full of it! O, I shall go off the handle! Have you no heart, brother? Could n't you feel, as well as see?" "It is nothing very bad, I hope," said Richard. "All covered with this dirty meal!" exclaimed Roxy. "Your meal is not dirty, is it, sister?" "Don't joke, brother! It is a serious case; the children are forming very bad habits!"

"Habits of what?" asked Richard.

"Habits of getting into things," she replied.

"That is not a bad habit, — is it?"

"Habits of getting dirty. And I always said, if ever I had a child, it should be kept clean. If there is any thing in the world most disagreeable, it is a dirty child."

"The children are not disagreeable to me," said Richard.

"They are not to me," rejoined his sister; "but they are to other people."

"It seems to me," added Richard, "I would not trouble myself much about other people, if I was satisfied myself. 'Other people' are numerous; and if the little ones are to be adjusted to their caprice, I fear they will have a hard time of it in life, and will wonder what they were born for. Besides, 'other people' are a good ways off, and have really small concern in Memmy and Bebby." pp. 82 – 87.

Our readers who may not have seen the book will thank us for extracting the following beautiful passage.

"However joyous or certain may be Immortality; however undesirable, in any instance, may be the prolongation of this earthly existence; however certified we are of the salvable condition of our friends,—still, it is hard parting. Not the immediate prospect of Heaven, not the presence of the Angel of Bliss, can prevent the bitterness of emotion. We weep from sympathy, and we weep from sorrow; and sympathy makes the sorrow of many one. In a moment, as by electric communication, all hearts coalesce; and Miss Eyre wept as purely, as deeply, as Barbara.

"It is hard parting: the cessation, the giving over, the farewell, the last view; the absence, the being gone; nothing for the eye to look upon, or the hand to feel, or the tongue to speak to; the withdrawal of the spirit, the burial of the body; the silence, and the lonesomeness.

"It is hard parting: the room is bereft, the table is bereft; old clothes and old utensils are bereft; the trees are stripped, the landscape is lonely. There is a ceasing to talk, when the thought is full; a ceasing to think when the heart is full; a ceasing to inquire and to communicate; a ceasing to gather reminiscences and to revive attachments. The subject is gradually dropped from speech, and from letters; dropped from the countenance and the manner; it passes into an allusion, it withdraws from the world, it cloisters itself in the eternal sensations of the loving soul.

"It is hard parting:—but it is not all parting,—there is a going, too; there is an elevation of spirit, as well as depression of the flesh. The parting takes us along with it. It raises us from the limitable to the Illimitable. It gives to Faith its province, and to Hope its destiny. Beyond this vale of tears, our friends await us in the eternal Bloom!

"It is hard parting:—but there is a remaining, too. All does not go. There are blessed memories and sweet relics still in our hands, still sleeping on our bosoms, still sitting by the fireside, still coming in at the door. Beauty, Holiness, Love, are never sick; for them is no funeral bell. That face visits us in our reveries when we wish to be all alone with it; an Ascended face, it shines on our despondency, and smiles on our love; it peoples the solitude with a sacred invisibility; it introduces us to the realm of the departed, to converse with spirits—to commune with saints. The medium between us and the dead is a purifying one. It cleanses the character; we see nothing bad in what is gone; there is no remembrance any more of sin; we are ravished by virtues perhaps too late recognized; we adore where we once hardly tolerated;—a departed friend is always an image of pure crystal.

"And the body, the transient tabernacle, the clayey tenement, has its wonderful mission. It hastens to repair the rent in our

hearts, by its look of angelic peace, in the forest; as a prostrate tree hides its decay in a vesture of green moss, so the body endues the pain and the waste of sickness with an expression of health and repose.

"When the last agony was over, the features of Violet resumed their wonted composure; — beautifully on the pale cheek lay the long, silken eye-lashes; on thin lips flickered a smile, as it were a shadow reflected from the ascending, beatified spirit. The Lady Caroline crossed over the silent breast the lily hands, and smoothed on the forehead the flaxen hair; and the well-defined eyebrows were still that western cloud, floating between eyes that had set forever and the azure expanse of the forehead above." pp. 231 – 233.

We copy also the following picture of a cold night in a saw-mill.

"It was an extreme night, and the mercury fell to a great depth before morning. One man, who raised the largest cucumbers, and had the most satisfactory children, and drove the prettiest carryall, said his thermometer, at thirty-eight minutes after seven, stood at five and three-quarters below zero. At any rate, it was cold enough; and Richard felt it, when he left the house, after supper. Its first onset was suffocating, like a simoon; then it began to cut, and sting, and flay, as if it would not only entrap but torture its victim. A delicate, thin, violet vapor, coming from we know not where, had clearly mistaken the time of the year, like birds arriving too early from a sunnier clime; benumbed and bewildered by the cold, it lay on the western hills, still, calm, hard, and dry. The sky was very clear, as if the cold had driven out of it all those soft clouds, and gentle zephyrs, and spiritual mists, on which our better feelings float through the universe, and by which our souls are indefinitely expanded, and our sympathies connected with unseen orders of beings, and left it the impersonation of intellect, — sheer, naked intellect, — intellect without love, without tenderness; awful, dismal intellect, in which the stars were so many iron, piercing, excruciating eyes — eyes which one did not wish to look at, but ducked his head, and hurried on. Or, if one could stand it, — if his fancy would have its way, in spite of the cold, — he would see the windows of heaven covered with frost, and the stars so many little crystalline sparkling points; and if he looked closely at Sirius, he would inevitably conclude it had been snowing there all winter; and the icy, glittering radiance of that star he would attribute to the reflection of interminable hollows, and mountains of snow.

There were no loafers about the mill to-night; and no boys skating on the river, with their cheerful fires, and the bell-like

ringing of their merry voices. The great doors on the sides of the mill, that open on horizontal hinges, and are hoisted by ropes, were dropped. The wind drifted freely through the building; and the large, cylindrical, red-hot stoves, seemed to be an invitation to it to come in. Nor was it ceremonious, or hardly civil; it crowded about the stoves, and seemed determined that nobody else should have a place; and with a selfishness which nothing human ever paralleled, as soon as one windy troop got warm, it made way for another, and so left no chance at all for the workmen. Green Mill was a large one, — two hundred feet long, and fifty wide; and all the saws were running; not that they always ran in winter, but these were pressing times. It was one immense hall, where the saws were, mounting to the ridge-pole, and broken only by the tie-beams, and the frames in which the saws moved; and all the men might be seen, and their varied operations inspected, at a glance. It was a noisy, busy scene. Lamps hung on the fender-posts — lamps shaped like a coffee-pot, with a heavy coil of wicking in the spout, and producing so large a flame the wind could not blow it out; and the more it was attempted to be put down, the brighter it burned. But the lamp was provoking; it affected great nonchalance; it made feints of being beaten; it fell over from side to side; it treated the wind as a rope-dancer might treat his worst enemy, by capering on a slack wire, and jingling a tambourine in his face; it was as insulting as a runaway monkey, that makes grimaces at his master from a chimney-top.

On one bed the men were butting; on another, hauling up the slip; on a third, dividing the logs by cross-cut saws; the creak of files, and the clink of iron bars, could be heard. The up-and-down saws sweltered, trembled, gnashed, hissed, as they made their way through the huge trunks before them. There was the piteous shriek of the cutting-off saw, and the unearthly rumbling of the wheels in the pit below. The rag-wheels patiently ticked, as it were time-keepers of the whole concern. The entire building, ponderous as were its beams and firm its foundation, seemed to throb and reel." pp. 46 – 48.

Art. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *The Principles of Chemistry, illustrated by Simple Experiments.* By Dr. Julius Adolph Stockhardt. Translated from the Third German Edition, by C. H. Pierce, M. D. Cambridge: John Bartlett, 1850. 8vo. pp. 656.

The name of this author, so well known among practical men as one of the editors of the "*Polytecknisches Centralblatt*," would alone authorize the conclusion, that his book is preëminently clear, concise, practical in all its allusions to art, simple in its arrangement, and illustrated by experiments requiring no array of costly apparatus. It is a work worthy of its author, and which will bear the character we have given to it, even when subjected to the severest tests of critical analysis. Rather popular than philosophical, the style loses nothing of the precision adapted to science, though occasionally it seems to adopt the language of alchemy, and to clothe matter with the attributes of mind,—a spiritualization which we cannot commend. However well this may appear in German, when done into English, it becomes either puzzling or ludicrous, and reminds one of Punch's effusion,—"The Chemist to his Love." We hope the good taste of the publisher will expurgate such faults in a new edition. The method pursued is perhaps the most valuable characteristic of the work. The division of the subject, if not quite original, is new for a text-book, and equally well adapted to teacher and learner. The facts are stated forcibly, while the great principles and laws of Chemistry are developed and explained in a manner equalled by few chemical works in our language, and surpassed by none except the elaborate "Elements of Chemistry," by the late Professor Turner, of the London University. Many, whose notions of the laws of chemistry were not very precise, may remember how the beautiful section of Turner on the "proportions in which bodies unite," gave them a new sense of the simplicity of the laws which govern "chemical combinations." On this subject our author has few rivals. In the busiest of his experiments, he never loses sight of a principle to be established. Before the pupil becomes aware of the existence of definite laws, he finds himself familiar with the combining proportions, the saturating power, of radicals, acids, and bases. When at last the learner opens that chapter in the midst of the book, in which the "laws of chemical combination" are "reduced to a methodical system," he finds that he is only pleasantly reviewing his previous knowledge, and impressing it anew on his memory by deductions and

associations equally logical and scientific. We must not omit to notice the practical illustrations, the ready and neat explanations of the chemical processes that are carried on, not only in extensive manufacturing establishments, but in the household chemistry of yeast-making, bread-making, brewing, soap-making, and divers culinary processes, which render this work better adapted to the teachers and pupils of our schools of every grade, to the solitary student and the apothecary's apprentice, than any other compendious treatises on the subject with which we are acquainted.

But though our general opinion of the work is very favorable, we hold that there are some heresies of doctrine in it, some erroneous statements, which should not have been allowed to go forth without an intimation that they had been perceived, if not corrected. We refer particularly to the *rationale* of the mode of preventing the evil effects of lead on the human system. Dr. Stockhardt justly avows that this metal is an insidious "enemy to human health," stealing its march upon its victims, and exhibiting its effects often "only after the lapse of years." He correctly classes lead among the slow poisons; but fatally mistakes when he says, that the sulphates present in spring water form in time a firm coating of insoluble sulphate of lead, which renders the use of leaden pumps, and, he might have added, leaden pipes, harmless. As the Professor "of Science applied to Art," whose name is appended to the introduction of this translation of Stockhardt, has shown that this is not true of all well water, and others have shown equally that it is not true of any water, we are surprised that the translator, himself a medical man, did not, on hygienic considerations alone, warn the readers of Stockhardt against pinning their faith and their health on such a statement.

The doctrine of vegetable physiology here set forth is essentially that of Liebig. However true this may be of plants in their normal state, it is found, when applied to cultivated crops, to be untenable. Practical farmers, acute vegetable physiologists, and expert chemists, among whom may be mentioned Professors Alubek and Schultz, in Germany, have established this fact; and it has been indirectly proved by the results of the patent manure devised by Liebig himself.

In the first American edition of this work, there were some minor errors, probably mere slips of the pen in the original, which we are glad to see corrected in the present edition.

We object to the latitude of the statement on page 55, where one measure of water is said to produce by its decomposition several thousand measures of oxygen and hydrogen gases. It would have been better to state exactly how much gas a measure of water would afford. We would call the attention of the editor to this statement, as it may serve to encourage the futile attempts

now making to illuminate the world by new lights. We find very few annoying errors of the press, unless the Webster fashion of spelling metre "meter" may be classed among them. Had we time and space, we should like to enter our reasons for protesting against the premature attempt made in this work to force upon us the centigrade scale. From our knowledge of the great inconveniences which have resulted and will result from its partial adoption, we trust the publisher will be induced to add to the centigrade the corresponding degrees on Fahrenheit's scale in a new edition, or append to the work a table for the conversion of one scale to the other. Our strong preference is for the centigrade; but our community cannot be expected to adopt it, so long as we use English weights and measures. When these are changed for the more correct and scientific usages of France, we shall hope to see the centigrade scale displacing that familiar household God, Fahrenheit's thermometer.

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2. — *The Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, the Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. Together with a List of Recent Scientific Publications, a Classified List of Patents, Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, &c.* Edited by David A. Wells, A. M., of the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, and George Bliss, Jr. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851. 12mo. pp. 428.

The advancement of science, in all its departments, is so rapid nowadays, that it is a breathless undertaking to follow it, and many readers give up the chase in despair. The ordinary scientific periodicals do not aid one much in "keeping the run" of discovery and invention; each one gives an imperfect record, with reference usually to but few departments of research, and depending in a greater or less degree on what is done in its own neighborhood. We need a compendious and popular chronicle of all that is accomplished in the course of the year, adapted chiefly to the use of readers not specially devoted to science, but serving as a convenient index even for those who are. And this we understand to be the plan of the work before us, the second of its series, which, as well as its predecessor, evinces sufficient labor and care in its preparation, and serves as a very respectable monument to the scientific activity of the year which has

lately closed. The Marquis of Worcester's "Century of Inventions" is now outdone by the labor of a twelvemonth. Some of his novel conceits were not found to work as well in practice as in theory; and the same remark will probably be found applicable to a good number of the inventions described in this volume. The sketch of them here given shows rather what they are intended to accomplish, than what they have actually done. Five years' experience will doubtless cause many to be abandoned entirely, and will detract a good deal from the magnificent promises held forth by others; so that, if the matter of this volume should be revised at the end of that period, it would lose much both in bulk and pretensions. A "Year-book," as this work is modestly called, can give only the judgment of the year upon its own performances; and into that judgment hope enters as a larger element than caution. The editors, therefore, have wisely not attempted the part of criticism, for which, indeed, the abundance of their materials left them little space, with due care to prevent the book from swelling to unreasonable dimensions. A view of the failures as well as the achievements of each year is not without its use; it teaches the process of invention, by erecting beacons along the ways where there are dangers to be shunned, and by pointing out other paths which it is desirable to explore, when any one comes forward with energy and skill enough to act as pioneer.

These remarks tend to lessen the force of the only criticism which readers might be inclined to make upon the manner in which this work is edited, — that the materials for it have been collected by drawing a seine over the scientific literature of the day, allowing nothing to escape which was too big to pass through its meshes. It may be, that a diligent sifting of the matter would somewhat reduce it in bulk; but we are confident that little could be thrown out which would not be missed with regret by one or another of the numerous classes of readers. The articles are well grouped under their appropriate heads, those relating to similar subjects being placed near each other, so that the work is very convenient for reference, and affords a good *conspectus* of those fields of science and art which are now most successfully worked. When the information afforded is too brief for any purpose but that of general curiosity, there is generally a reference to some work in which fuller details can be found. On the whole, the volume is both entertaining and instructive, and may often save one the labor of turning over many other books in vain when in quest of a scrap of information. For those who would acquire a smattering of knowledge about the latest improvements in science and art, it is invaluable. A modest prefatory note by the editors, which may be considered as a review of the contents

of the volume, closes with the following remark: — "that though the past year has not been productive of any preëminently brilliant discovery, yet quite as much has been added to the amount of human knowledge as during almost any previous year."

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3. — *Report of the Board of Trustees of the University of Rochester, on the Plan of Instruction to be pursued in the Collegiate Department.* Presented September 16, 1850. Rochester: Sage & Brother. 8vo. pp. 50.

Nothing is more characteristic of our countrymen, and nothing more honorable to them, than the readiness with which they furnish large endowments to the higher seminaries of learning. The States, the different religious denominations, city and country, contend with each other in noble rivalry for this great purpose. The money is usually obtained by private contributions, individuals being as remarkable for their liberality in this respect as legislative bodies are for their parsimony. And one great good results from this fact,— that the institutions thus founded or assisted come under the control and management of a private body of trustees, and not of the legislature or the State, so that the revulsions and storms of the political world pass over them harmlessly, and the offices in them are not made the prizes of political ambition and effort. They are not shielded from sectarian influences to an equal extent, it is true; but each college or endowed academy which has any sectarian character, is the undoubted property or foster-child of some one sect, whose right over it consequently cannot be disputed, so that the jealousy or rivalry of other sects cannot injure it. Its religious character is determined by its founders, and cannot be subsequently affected, except by future dissension in the sect to which those founders belong.

The University of Rochester, to which the report now before us relates, is an institution just created, as we understand, by the liberality of members of the Baptist denomination in New York. Having liberally endowed it, a question necessarily came before them, which has been much debated for many years in this country, — what plan of instruction should be adopted in the collegiate department. Should the new institution be thrown open to all who might choose to enter it, there to pursue studies of their own selection as long as they saw fit, or should it be made a place for a thorough course of *liberal* education, to be marked out before-

hand, without reference to the specific callings which the graduates might subsequently adopt, but as a general preparation for all callings, — a course which should, in the language of Milton, amply qualify the recipient of it "to discharge honorably all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." This is the question discussed in this Report, and discussed with great ability, candor, and circumspection. The conclusion formed by the committee is in favor of the latter branch of the alternative just presented. They have decided, — wisely, as we think, — to make the University of Rochester a place of *general* education in a *prescribed* course of studies. They are not in favor of beginning a special or professional education at the early age of fifteen or sixteen years, when boys generally enter college. They are not in favor of allowing such boys to choose their own studies under the caprice of the moment, instead of having the proper course selected for them by a board of competent professors or trustees. They do not think the additional number of students which might possibly be attracted by such an arrangement to be a good test of the efficiency of the institution; and they think, moreover, that there is very little probability that the number of pupils would be thus increased; for the experiment has been tried elsewhere, fully and freely, again and again, *and it has failed.* And there are obvious reasons for the failure. Those who do not want a full course of liberal studies as a general preparation for the business of life, but wish only a few studies, and to pursue them a little way, can obtain their object elsewhere more conveniently and more economically than within the walls of a college. Academies and high schools exist for the benefit of this class of students, and do their work admirably. Colleges cannot supersede these institutions, and it is not desirable that they should be superseded.

One concession, however, these Trustees make to what they conceive to be the demand of practical men among our very practical population. As objection is sometimes made to the study of what are called the dead languages, they have planned the course of instruction in such a way as to allow the student to pursue either the dead or the living languages, at his option. "If you do not like Latin and Greek," they say to him, "you may study French and German." We do not object to the experiment being tried in this form, for we think the result will be pretty much what it was, as we learn from this Report, in the Free Academy of the City of New York.

"The pupils of that institution have all received their preliminary education in the common schools, and are eminently the children of the people. They have perfect freedom of choice whether they will study the modern languages or Latin and Greek, and neither is compulsory. There have been four entrances, to wit: 143 scholars were admitted at

the first examination, 59 at the second, 53 at the third, and 81 at the fourth; and nearly three fourths of each class have chosen Latin and Greek."

We think the result will be what it was, ten years ago, when the same liberty of choice was offered to the three upper classes in Harvard College, and nine tenths of them chose Latin and Greek. In this country, it seems necessary for an experiment to be tried a dozen times, before the people can see that the results are uniform and decisive of the question. The sooner colleges recognize this fact, — that the objections to the study of Latin and Greek proceed from those who do not send their children to college, and would not send them under any circumstances, while all who are ambitious to obtain a truly liberal education wish to pursue classical studies, — the better will it be for these institutions, and for the cause of sound learning throughout the country.

ERRATA.

Page 119, 35th line from the top, for "fictitious," *read* factitious.
" 126, 1st " " for "vapid," *read* rapid.
" 133, 24th " " for "ever." *read* ever?
" 139, 24th " " for "power," *read* frown.
" 340, 1st " " for "will find," *read* will not find.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Leather Stocking Tales. By J. Fennimore Cooper. Author's Revised Edition. Vol. III. The Pathfinder, or the Inland Sea. Vol. V. The Prairie; a Tale. Revised and corrected, with a New Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Author. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 2 Vols. 12mo.

Lavengro; the Scholar — the Gipsy — the Priest. By George Borrow, Author of "The Bible in Spain," and "The Gipsies of Spain." New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 550.

The Poetical Remains of the late Mary Elizabeth Lee. With a Biographical Memoir. By S. Gilman, D. D. Charleston, S. C.: Walker & Richards. 1851. 12mo. pp. 224.

Salander and the Dragon: a Romance of Hartz Prison. By Frederic William Shelton, M. A. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851. 18mo. pp. 184.

A Guide to Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. By Rev. Dr. Brewer, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Carefully revised and corrected, and adapted for use in Families and Schools of the United States. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1851. 18mo. pp. 426.

Crime and Punishment; or the Question, "How shall we treat our Criminals?" practically considered. By R. Hovenden. London: Charles Gilpin. 1849. 12mo. pp. 128.

A Tract of Future Times, or the Reflections of Posterity on the Excitement, Hypocrisy, and Idolatry of the Nineteenth Century. By Robert Hovenden. London: Charles Gilpin. 1851. 12mo. pp. 190.

A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. H. Kaltschmidt. In Two Parts. 1. Latin-English. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1851. 12mo. pp. 478.

Classical Series; Edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. T. Livii Patavini Historiarum Libri I, II, XXI, XXII. Philadelphia; Lea & Blanchard. 1851. 12mo. pp. 343.

The Works of Horace; with English Notes. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By J. L. Lincoln, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 575.

Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States; collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of Congress of March 3d, 1847. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL. D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Capt. U. S. Army. Published by Authority of Congress. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1851. 4to. pp. 568.

The Memoir and Writings of James Handasyd Perkins. Edited by William Henry Channing. In Two Volumes. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols. 1851. 12mo.

Miscellaneous Essays. By Thomas De Quincey, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851. 12mo. pp. 251.

Iphigenia in Tauris, a Drama in Five Acts. By Goethe. Translated from the German, by G. J. Adler, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 155.

American Unitarian Biography. Memoirs of Individuals who have been distinguished by their Writings, Character, and Efforts in the Cause of Liberal Christianity. Edited by William Ware. Vol. II. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 452.

Letters from Three Continents. By M., the Arkansas Correspondent of the Louisville Journal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 350.

Principles of Zoölogy; Touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, Living and Extinct, with Numerous Illustrations. Part I. Comparative Physiology. For the use of Schools and Colleges. By Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould. Revised Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851. 12mo. pp. 250.

Across the Atlantic. By the Author of "Sketches of Cantabs." London: George Earle. 1851. 12mo. pp. 274.

Tallulah, and other Poems, By Henry R. Jackson. Savannah: John M. Cooper. 1850. 12mo. pp. 235.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements. By David A. Wells, A. M., and George Bliss, Jr. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851. 12mo. pp. 428.

The Old Red Sandstone: or New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851. 12mo. pp. 288.

Christ in Hades: a Poem. By William W. Lord. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 183.

A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund: with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. 8vo. pp. 1663.

Report of a General Plan for the Promotion of Public and Personal Health, revised, prepared, and recommended by the Commissioners appointed under a Resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, relating to a Sanitary Survey of the State. Presented April 25, 1850. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1850. 8vo. pp. 544.

Geology and Industrial Resources of California. By Philip T. Tyson. Baltimore: Wm. Minifie & Co. 1851. 8vo. pp. 164.

Parental Wisdom: or the Philosophy and Social Bearings of Education, with Historical Illustrations of its Power, its Political Importance, &c. By J. Antrobus. Second Edition, carefully revised and reconstructed. London: Saunder & Otley. 1850. 8vo. pp. 276.

History of Greece. 1. Legendary Greece. 2. Grecian History in the Reign of Pisistratus at Athens. By George Grote, Esq. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1851. 2 vols. 12mo.

Essays on Exchange, Interest, Money, and other Subjects. By J. R. McCulloch. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 8vo. pp. 144.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange. By John Francis. First American Edition. To which are added Stock Tables from 1732 to 1846; Dividends on Bank of England Stock from 1694 to 1847, &c. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 8vo. pp. 167.

A Practical Treatise on Banking. By James William Gilbart, F. R. S. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851. 8vo. pp. 450.

The Banker's Common-Place Book. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 137.

The American Union: a Discourse delivered on Thursday, December 12, 1850, and repeated on Thursday, December 19. By Henry A. Boardman, D. D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1851. 8vo. pp. 56.

Brief Remarks on the Hygiene of Massachusetts: being a Report to the American Medical Association. By Josiah Curtis, M. D. Philadelphia. T. K. & P. G. Collins. 1849. 8vo. pp. 70.

The Signs of the Times: or the Popery of Protestantism. London: H. J. Gibbs. 1850. 12mo. pp. 55.

An Address on Popular Education in Virginia, in connection with the proposed Changes in the Organic Law. Delivered July 13, 1850. By John Howard, Esq. Richmond: Elliott & Nye. 1850. 8vo. pp. 34.

Objections to the Act of Congress, commonly called the Fugitive Slave Law, answered, in a Letter to Hon. Washington Hunt. By James A. Dorr. New York. 1850. 8vo. pp. 15.

Address delivered on the Dedication of Magnolia Cemetery, on the 19th of November, 1850. By. Charles Frazer. Charleston, S. C. 1850. 8vo. pp. 23.

The Dove and the Eagle. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1851. 12mo. pp. 27.

The Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession: an Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at its Thirteenth Anniversary, November 13, 1850. By George S. Hillard. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1851. 12mo. pp. 67.

The New Dido. New York: Henry Kernot. 1851. 12mo. pp. 24.

An Address delivered at Topsfield in Massachusetts, August 28, 1850, the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town. By Nehemiah Cleaveland. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1851. 8vo. pp. 113.

On the Velocity of the Galvanic Current in Telegraph Wires. By B. A. Gould, Jr. New Haven: B. L. Hamlen. 1851. 8vo. pp. 28.

The Transfiguration: an Exegetical Homily. By Rev. C. Porterfield, A. M. Gettysburg: H. C. Neinstedt. 1850. 8vo. pp. 36.

The Banker's Magazine, and Statistical Register, for 1850. Edited by J. Smith Homans. Boston: J. Smith Homans. 8vo.

The Cæsars. By Thomas de Quincey, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1851. 12mo. pp. 295.

Poems. By Henry Theodore Tuckerman. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1851. 12mo. pp. 175.

Warreniana: with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by the Editor of a Quarterly Review. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, 1851. 12mo. pp. 192.

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